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THE
LAST HOURS
OF
EMINENT CHRISTIANS,

43.

FROM THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN ÆRA

TO THE
DEATH OF GEORGE III.

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COMPILED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES, AND CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.

BY THE
REV. HENRY CLISSOLD, M.A.
MINISTER OF STOCKWELL CHAPEL; LAMBETH.

Ποῦ σου, θάνατε, τὸ κέντρον; Ποῦ σου, ἄδη, τὸ νίκος; Τῷ Θεῷ χάρις
διδόντι ἡμῖν τὸ νίκος, διὰ τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ.

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A WORK of this nature must be necessarily a compilation; but the time devoted to the completion of it has scarcely been less than that required in the production of an original composition. The reader may conceive some portion of the difficulty which has attended the execution of this useful design, but inglorious occupation, when it is stated that but few biographical memoirs of any note, in our language, have escaped my perusal, and that a minute examination of those voluminous publications, the *Biographia Britannica* and the French Dictionaries, by Bayle and Moreri, has formed, comparatively, but a very small portion of my researches. To make the series more complete, I have spared no pains to collect narratives from foreign sources. It is hoped they will be found to convey some interesting information to the literary, and much religious instruction to the Christian reader. The Last Hours of eminent Divines, Senators, Physicians, Advocates, and others, who have been most esteemed for their learning and piety, in Holland, France, Switzerland, and Germany, are here brought into one view. A few of these have previously appeared in our language, but by far the greater number are now for the first time presented to the English reader.

The origin of this design may be found in the "Appendix" of "Prayers of Eminent Persons." The subject appeared, on

further investigation, sufficiently important to merit a separate work. I soon began to collect materials, and among them the narratives given by Isaac Walton. In the course of my researches, I found that two distinguished individuals had designed a publication similar to the present. Of these Henry Kirke White had actually written the preface, when his hand was stayed by death. The Rev. David Brown, Provost of the College of Fort-William, (whose writings have furnished me with some of the particulars respecting Sir William Jones,) was also prevented from offering a work upon the same subject. When I had made a considerable progress toward the completion of this volume, I communicated its nature to Alexander Chalmers, Esq., a gentleman so well known to the literary world for his Biographical Dictionary, one of the great standard works in our language. Mr. Chalmers informed me that he also, at one time, had designed a work somewhat similar, which his engagements had not allowed him to finish. He then placed in my hands a recent and anonymous publication, "The Book of Death," which, by its title, led me to conclude, that my own labours had been superseded. A more minute investigation of it considerably stimulated my exertions. It was acknowledged that *original biographical memoirs had not been consulted in its composition*; that its narratives were taken exclusively from one work, and it was evident that no attention had been paid to arrangement. But a more essential difference between the two books was perceptible. The present volume was designed to be of an exclusively religious tendency, while the other was evidently of a general and miscellaneous nature.

My object being chiefly to shew the beneficial influence of religious sentiments on the mind in the most trying moments of our existence, I have been led to narrate the pious

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deaths of those among the nonconformists, who, like a Doddridge or a Lardner, may have been an ornament to the Christian community; and, for the same reasons, I have not omitted the last hours of Fenelon, Pascal, and many of the same church, who, with us, bear the common appellation of Christians; particular care has nevertheless been taken to exclude the reveries of the fanatic and enthusiast.

The title of my work, together with its limits, prevented me from contrasting the deaths of Christians with those of Paine, Voltaire, and others, whose names and writings are associated with the subversion of moral principles, social order, and human happiness. A supplementary volume of this nature would not be without its use. It would set forth the advantages of religion at the hour of death, even in a stronger light*.

* If on its perusal, some few among unbelievers in futurity shall be found to have departed this life in a state of unconcern, and thoughtless security, let not this state of mind be confounded with that rational tranquillity which distinguishes religious men. The one only shuts his eyes to danger, the other considers calmly its present extent, traces its future consequences, and prudently adopts the means of preservation. The wide and just distinction between the senseless security of that man, and the rational serenity of this, together with the causes even of a trembling anxiety in the latter, as compared with the unconcern of the former, who is dead whilst he liveth, have not escaped the notice even of unenlightened heathens. (See p. 533. of Appendix). The causes of such trembling anxiety in Christians, may thus be classed: First, A deep feeling of humility and unworthiness, arising, perhaps, from a higher degree of self-knowledge, and a deeper sense of the heinousness of sin, than other less serious men have acquired. Secondly, Notion is somewhat too exclusive of God's retributive justice, without a due consideration of the extent of divine mercy. Thirdly, A view too partial of divine favour and reprobation; and not uncommonly, Fourthly, the operation of one or more of these causes on a morbid and melancholy state of the constitution. To ask why this state of mind and body is permitted, is to bring forward the more general inquiry, in which that question is contained: Why are trials and adversities of any kind sanctioned? The answer to which may be found even in the moral treatises of

The narratives of the last hours of those who have been eminently distinguished for their attainments in the arts and sciences, and but little for their religious acquirements, might be included in the same work, for the illustration of the same truth. To those who would be desirous to keep this object in view, and at the same time to complete a general design of "the deaths of eminent persons," I shall be glad to furnish ample materials.

The instances adduced in this volume are to be considered as incontrovertible evidences of the sincerity and constancy even to death of those who have professed the Christian Faith; it, therefore, appeared to me of the first importance that such statements should preserve the utmost authenticity. Many were the opportunities in which useful reflections and practical advice occurred to my mind, and which would have given me occasion to present this volume in a more attractive form. By how much the statements would have gained perhaps in interest, by so much would they have lost in genuineness and the freshness of the original scenes. Subjects for consideration will be suggested

heathen writers, (Lucius Annæus Seneca de Providentiâ,) who have sufficient light from nature and experience to know that the school of affliction is more favourable to the cultivation of every virtue than the most uninterrupted course of worldly prosperity. Christianity proceeds on this principle of nature, shews this life to be only a state of probation for another, and affliction a means designed by a merciful parent to discipline the mind for a future state of existence*. Thus it is, that trials of every kind, when rightly considered, are discerned to be a part of the dispensation of mercy, falling in with the noblest designs displayed in the moral administration of the universe; that objections, however speciously urged against them, when minutely examined, are clearly proved to arise from mistaken views of the nature of things, and that the principles at which those objections are aimed, are shewn to be a link in the golden chain of designs in the moral, as clearly as the apparently complicated, yet appointed motions of the heavenly bodies in the material world.

* Heb. xii. 5, 6, 7, 8, &c.

by the narratives themselves; the selected sentences in italics, are designed as aids to reflection.

I have thought it necessary to adduce the examples of Martyrs in their last moments; they are interwoven with the history of the Church of Christ; are the noblest monuments of faith, fortitude, and Christian triumph; may be adduced as the best evidence of sincerity in the cause they advocated; and are set forth to be read as illustrious proofs of our capability to bear the lesser evils of life with a like patience and resignation to the divine will.

Let it not be supposed that these, however numerous, are the only instances in which the advantages of Christianity might be seen at the close of life. When it is remembered that the last words even of Wickliffe, Bacon, Boyle, and Newton, do not appear to have been recorded with sufficient care; it may readily be conceived that many unobtrusive Christians, who have trod the humbler walks of life, have expired without a biographer to note down their fervent prayers, their affectionate advice, and their pious conduct.

The instances to be adduced might also have been more numerous, if a sense of delicacy towards the memory of departed friends had not prevented the survivors from publishing to the world that information which chiefly concerned the private feelings of the domestic circle. Sudden deaths and excruciating pains, with the infirmities of age, have prevented many others, as Archbishops Tillotson and Whitgift, Bishops Berkeley and Burnet, with Dr. S. Clarke, from instructing the world by their dying words and examples. In this *terra incognita* may be included the names of Cudworth, Kepler, Leland, Leibnitz, Bishop Atterbury, Earl Clarendon, Erasmus, Leslie, Jeremy Taylor, Lightfoot,

Milton, Limborch, St. Bernard, Lardner, Chillingworth, Hoadley, and Bishop Watson, with many others, too numerous for insertion, especially among the early Fathers of the Christian Church. The design also of this publication, which is to offer the narratives of those only who have been most eminent for their station or public works, necessarily shuts out a vast number of interesting and useful statements. And, lastly, it should be mentioned, that this volume contains but a portion of the instances which the author of it has collected: sufficient it is presumed are here offered to shew the advantages of being a Christian.

The nature and limits of an introduction and advertisement necessarily deter me from treating on the duty and advantages of a preparation for death. Sherlock's admirable work will be found to anticipate all advice and argument on the subject, and yet I cannot but commend "Farewell to Time," as a well written and very useful modern publication. Prayers for the use of persons in every stage of sickness, composed by Bishop Andrews, Dean Stanhope, and the ablest divines of our Church, may be found in "Prayers of Eminent Persons."

In taking this occasion of returning my best acknowledgments to those of my friends (especially to Alexander Chalmers, Esq.) who may have favoured me with their suggestions, and the use of their publications, I am desirous at the same time to state, that among so great a variety of names, dates, and references, it is likely some inaccuracies may be noticed. I shall, therefore, feel most grateful to those of my readers who will point them out to me, desirous at some future time, to avail myself of this, or any other information they may communicate upon a subject of general interest.

The volume is now presented to the reader, with the hope that the devotion of many may be kindled by reading the last pious reflections, and tranquil behaviour of Bede, Hooker, and Sancroft; that the man of literature will feel some interest as he peruses whatever gleanings of information can be offered respecting the concluding scenes in the lives of Boyle, Selden, and Newton; that the science of mind will have discovered high sources of reflection in the dying sensations and sublime thoughts of Raleigh, Sydney, Boerhaave, and Maclaine; and that every Christian, not excepting the younger part of the community, but especially the sick, the aged and infirm, who are drawing down to the gates of death, may receive some moral and religious instruction from *a work designed to bring into one view, whatever examples upon record relate to that universally important event—Death.*

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN I was compiling the Book of "Prayers of Eminent Persons," shewing how they conversed with God in their closets, and by what spiritual means they prepared their minds for that awful change when this mortal shall put on immortality, it occurred to me that a companion work would be useful to present examples of the deaths of eminent Christians, calculated to impress the mind of every reader with the beneficial effects of a due preparation for a future state by such holy exercises of devotion. The connexion between the two works will be seen to consist in this,—that as man was separated from God by the fall, so communion with God since the fall has been kept up by the appointed means of Prayer, (how good men have used those means I have already shewn,) and that good men are to be again united to God by Death, the appointed means for that re-union. This work has, therefore, been composed, in order to shew how good men conduct themselves when that re-union is about to take place.

Upon examination into biography it will be ascertained that whatever narratives of last hours tend to elevate the mind and improve the heart, almost exclusively record the behaviour and advice of eminently pious Christians: from which the inference will be of no little importance, in a moral point of view, to the man desirous of making human nature under every circumstance the object of his study. One

might almost be led to suspect that a secret of no little importance lies concealed under this extraordinary circumstance, and that many whom the world to this day celebrate for their deeds, whether in the study, the camp, or the forum, have at last found out how evanescent, delusive, and full of sickening disappointment are all human schemes and occupations, which have not kept in view, as their supreme good and ultimate object, the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. The praises of irreligion and sensuality, avarice and ambition, have been seldom found to proceed from the lips of man when lying on his bed of sickness. As time recedes and eternity advances, he begins to learn that the only desirable possession is the consciousness that he has been guided through this transitory state of existence by the soundest of moral and religious principles, that he has cultivated the habits of piety and the dispositions of benevolence, and that, through the mercies of his Redeemer, he entertains the well-grounded, though humble hope of a joyful resurrection. Almost it seems as though the exhaling breaths of the sepulchre, casting their blight and mildew on the vanities of this world, withered away the hopes of the earthly minded, just in proportion as they drew near the brink of the grave; and that religion, like her divine Author, then appeared immortal; her honours unfading in their nature, and her light as the light of the rising sun, increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

The chamber of sickness and death exhibits in one awful view the fragility of our nature, the precarious tenure of time, the realities of eternity, and the fearful eclipse of all sublunary grandeur. A death-bed scene excites in most minds those impressions of seriousness which are commonly the forerunners of a moral improvement and a religious sense: some there are who have no leisure, and too many

the disinclination, to visit the apartments of lingering disease and approaching dissolution ; and even those to whom this school of wisdom would be most beneficial are commonly the most reluctant to enter it and receive instruction, while the sick man's domestic, the medical attendant, and the parochial clergy, are the only persons called in to behold spectacles of mortality that might soften the hardened heart of a sceptic, or shame the grovelling pursuits of the worthless libertine. Who so fallen among the sons of ambition and pride, vanity and avarice, sensuality and profaneness, as to return from the couch of an expiring fellow mortal without having some one of those moral sensibilities called into action, which had been lulled to sleep by habitual thoughtlessness, or paralysed by the force of sinful passions ? What sight in the universe has been deemed more awfully sublime than that of some disembodied spirit *entering* the world as a warning voice to the sons of men ? And yet is not the spectacle almost equally solemn, (perhaps more permanent in its impression,) of a spirit *quitting* this world, its condition in eternity yet undetermined ? If one risen from the dead were sent to persuade those men to repentance who have despised the means of salvation, we doubt if success would attend the mission ; but if they be led to mark the tranquillity of the departing Christian in the one chamber, or to endure in the other the agonising shrieks of remorse and despair of a conscience overwhelmed with a sense of sin and shame, little doubt can be entertained from actual experience as to the effect of such scenes on the human mind *.

This work will have answered one of its purposes if it

* Let these observations and the perusal of whatever narratives concern the last hours of the righteous, induce men not to lose any opportunity that may be presented of witnessing a death-bed scene, as one of the most effectual means of moral and religious improvement.

move these scenes of mortality somewhat nearer the view of such characters, and of too many who in this age of fashion and polite literature, of commercial enterprise and general attainment in the sciences, are so commonly drawn aside from even an occasional consideration of subjects awfully important to all, mostly so to those who least think of them.

If to the thoughtless and dissipated this work may haply prove a timely monitor, for the aged, the infirm, and sick, it may be found a not unsuitable companion. From a reflection on the experience of ages, and the testimony of the wisest and most learned adduced in this book, let it be inferred that Divine Providence alone can safely conduct men through the dark valley of the shadow of death, that faith and hope are the only beacon fires in the midnight of affliction, and that religion is the sole rod and staff to support the faltering limbs.

Let the aged learn from the instances herein adduced, that when the feeble frame of a man comes bending down under the weight of threescore years and ten, drawing nearer and still nearer to the home of his fathers, the most desirable objects of human life will be found to centre in a preparedness to die the death of the righteous, and to enter upon a new and glorified state of existence.

Let the sick and infirm assuredly know from this cloud of witnesses, that in the last great conflict with the king of terrors, the Holy Spirit has alleviated the pangs of the pious, changed their sorrows into joy of heart, and their complainings into songs of triumph. If such have been the effects in the instances adduced, why may they not be so in others? Let the same means be used: the same results

under similar circumstances will follow. While moralists and divines have incessantly laboured to impress the minds of men with a just sense of the duty of patience and resignation in the hour of sickness; is it not much to be regretted that they have but seldom brought forward the most striking and appropriate illustrations from the pages of history and biography? especially as experience abundantly proves, that men's habits of thinking and acting are influenced by example more than the force of reasoning. I have, therefore, thought it desirable to devote the most particular attention to a selection of the best models of Christian behaviour under the severest trials of pain and sickness. These excellent examples will have answered one part of their design when they shall have been instrumental in producing a like resignation and patience under the chastening hand of Providence; for who can suppose that the aged, the sick, and infirm, can behold the divine lights of faith, hope, and fortitude, which shone so brightly in the chambers of the expiring Hooker and Sancroft, without receiving an emanation therefrom?

Blessed, thrice blessed the man who, from a timely reflection on these scenes of sickness, death, and eternity, draws the practical inference that the duties of religion should be the chief business of life; and correcting his notions of human felicity and greatness, accounts him alone the truly wise and happy man, who, as the evening shades of life approach, shall have secured that invaluable and permanent blessing, the approbation of the Supreme Being for a well spent life, as that alone which will gladden his soul in the night of death, and the glorious morn of the resurrection.

It signifies but little that the lot of one is in this life to

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abide in the fields watching the flocks by night ; of another that he is tracing the planetary orbs throughout their mazy courses, calling the stars by their names, and thus unveiling the mysteries of nature ; of a third, that he bears on his brow the crown of united empire, or in his hand the sword to clear his path to universal dominion ; the expectations and fears of all must soon be reduced to the same plain principles : the characters of all will be judged by the same common standard : the bodies of all will be resolved into the same simple elements ; and kings and princes, however exalted ; the rich and learned, however flattered and adored, with the poor and illiterate, however despised or unknown, must all pass through the gate of death ere they can enter the kingdom of life.

To inculcate the value of time from the brevity and uncertainty of life, to mortify the insatiable desires of the avaricious with the sensual pleasures of the libertine, to disclose the shattered hopes of ill-directed ambition, to present to the infirm and aged for their imitation, the most perfect examples of faith, fortitude, hope, and resignation in the hour of sickness and death,—in a word, to advance the wisdom of being religious beyond all other objects of our regard, is the author's immediate design in conducting his followers into the chamber of sickness and death.

MONTPELLIER, SOUTH LAMBETH,

Feb. 2d, 1829.

**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.**

Although the following Narrative, by Sir Herbert Taylor, relates to a circumstance which has taken place subsequent to the period of time this work was designed to comprehend, I felt that I could not with propriety omit the statement of an event, more deeply deplored, and more nationally important, than any other recorded in this volume.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

Died January 5, 1827.

I HAVE, upon due consideration, been induced to draw up, from minutes taken during the distressing and trying period of my attendance upon His Royal Highness, a statement of such circumstances and facts as will shew the condition of his Royal Highness's mind, under the awful visitation of Providence—will do justice to the exemplary resolution and pious resignation with which he met and submitted to it—and will satisfy his attached friends, that His Royal Highness was, *in every point of view*, deserving of the respect and the affection which have so strongly marked their sentiments towards him, and of the deep grief and regret which his death has occasioned in their minds, and in those of the respectable and well-thinking individuals of every class in this country.

Upon the 24th June, 1826, His Royal Highness removed for change of air to Brompton Park, the residence of Mr. Greenwood, who kindly lent it to him, and upon that day he sent for me, and told me that he had been unwell for some weeks, and that he did not think that he gained ground—that he did not feel alarmed—and that he had perfect confidence in the attention given to

his case, and the skill of his medical advisers : but that he knew that they might entertain apprehensions, which they would consider it their professional duty not to communicate to their patients, and he might therefore remain ignorant of that which ought not to be concealed from him, and which he trusted he should learn without apprehension, although he did not deny that he should learn it with regret—that there were duties to be performed, and arrangements to be made, which ought not to be deferred to the last moment, and he felt that it was due to his character and station, to his comfort, and even to his feelings on this subject, that he should not be taken by surprise upon so serious an occasion. He considered it probable that the physicians would be less reserved with me than with him, and he charged me, if I should learn from them directly, or should have reason to draw such inference from any expression that might drop from them, that his situation had become one of danger, not to withhold such knowledge from him. He appealed to me upon this occasion for an act of friendship, he would add, for the discharge of a duty, which he claimed from the person who had been with him, and enjoyed his confidence during so many years ; he called upon me to promise that I would perform it whenever the period should arrive to which he alluded, and he desired that I would bear in mind, that he wished me to deal by him as he was certain I should desire, under similar circumstances, to be dealt with. I made the promise without hesitation, and it was received with a warm expression of thanks, and an affectionate pressure of the hand.

His Royal Highness removed to Brighton on the 14th of August, for the benefit of further change of air ; and I learnt from Mr. Macgregor, on the 17th of that month, that a change had taken place in his general state, and that symptoms had appeared which rendered his situation one of danger.

I saw the Duke of York, who entered fully into his situation. I did not disguise from him that, bearing in mind the engagement I had contracted, I had determined to go to Brighton in consequence of the accounts I had received on the 17th, which had alarmed me, but I was happy to find on my arrival, that his Royal Highness's state had since been improving, and that much of the uneasiness which then prevailed had been removed ; at the same time, it was my duty to confirm the impression which he appeared himself to have received, that his complaint had assumed a more serious character, although great confidence appeared to be felt, that the extraordinary resources of his constitution, and the strength he had gained since his removal to Brighton, would enable him to struggle successfully with the disorder. Then, said he, I was not mistaken in my suspicions, and my case is not wholly free from danger ; but I depend upon your honour, and you tell me there is more to hope than to fear.

I assured him that such was decidedly the impression I had received from what Mr. Macgregor had said to me. He thanked me, and proceeded to look over and give directions upon some official papers with his usual attention and accuracy.

His Royal Highness returned from Brighton on the

afternoon of the 26th of August, to the Duke of Rutland's house.

On Sunday, the 27th of August, his Royal Highness again spoke to me very quietly, in regard to his situation, and told me, that although not alarmed, and although he had heard nothing that should shake his hopes of ultimate recovery, he could not conceal from himself that his situation called for serious contemplation. Whatever might be the result, there would be time for certain arrangements, and the settlement of his affairs, but there was one duty he did not wish to defer; he felt, indeed, that it ought not to be deferred until it should seem to be imposed by a conviction of immediate danger, and resorted to when hope had ceased to exist. He had, therefore, determined to take the Sacrament upon an early day, and to request his friend, the Bishop of London, to administer it to him.

He told me that he had well considered of this act. He was sure that, under any circumstances, it would tend to his satisfaction, comfort, and relief, and that he ought not to postpone it.

I went to the Bishop of London (at Fulham), who received the communication with great emotion, and spoke in the highest terms of the exemplary feeling which had dictated his Royal Highness's wish, and said that he would come quietly to Arlington-street on Tuesday, at twelve, without robes (as upon ordinary occasions,) and without notice to any one, and I engaged to have all prepared.

When I saw Batchelor, I learnt from him (what I had never previously known) that his Royal Highness, when he did not go to church, never missed devoting some

time to his prayers, which he read to himself, in general early, that he might not be disturbed, but if disturbed in the morning, in the afternoon or evening ; and, that when travelling on Sunday, he always took a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage, and was very particular as to their being placed within his immediate reach ; and that although he did not object to a travelling companion on other days, nothing annoyed him more than any one proposing to be his companion on a Sunday.

His Royal Highness saw Sir Henry Halford on that day, and questioned him very closely as to his situation. Sir Henry told me that he had answered his questions fairly, that he had found his Royal Highness in an excellent state of mind, and that he could not sufficiently admire the resolution and composure with which he sought for information, and dwelt upon the question of danger. He observed that there was no difficulty in dealing with such a patient.

On the 29th of August the Bishop of London came, at a little before twelve, and his Royal Highness was alone with him for a short time, after which I was called in, and his Lordship administered the Sacrament to us.

The Duke's deportment was serious, as became the occasion, but firm, and quite free from agitation. He did not appear nervous or affected, although he must have perceived that neither the Bishop nor I were free from either feeling.

The Bishop of London told me afterwards, that nothing could be more correct or satisfactory than all his Royal Highness had said to him when they were alone, and that his state of mind was that in which he would

wish, under such circumstances, to find that of any person in whose welfare he felt interested.

When I returned to the Duke of York, he appeared more affected, and he assured me that he felt a comfort and relief which he could not describe, and that, whatever might be the issue of his illness, he had done what he ought to do.

In the afternoon, when I saw him again, he expressed to me how much he had been pleased with the Bishop of London's mild and encouraging discourse ; that he had stated to his Lordship, unreservedly, that he knew his situation to be a very serious, though, he trusted, not a hopeless one ; but that he did not choose to postpone a duty which he conceived ought to be performed while he was in the full possession of his faculties, which might yield to disease sooner than he was aware of ; that he had, in the course of his life, faced death in various shapes, and was now doomed to view its approach in a slow and lingering form ; that he did not deny that he should resign his existence with regret, though he felt no alarm ; he admitted, that his life had not been pure ; and that there had been much in his course of life he wished had been otherwise. He had not thought so seriously on some subjects as he might have done, still he had endeavoured to discharge his public duties correctly. He had forbore from injuring or deceiving any one, and he felt in peace and charity with all.

Under these circumstances he hoped he might look with confidence to mercy, through the merits of his Redeemer ; and he had appealed to him (the Bishop) on this occasion, not only to receive the confession of his

unworthiness, but to administer that comfort which his situation required. His reliance and his faith in the Christian Religion were firm and decided, and his adherence to the pure doctrine, professed and established in this country, was unshaken, as it had ever been. As he had declared these sentiments in a political discussion of the Roman Catholic question, he was anxious that it should be understood, and that the Bishop of London should be enabled to state hereafter, if the occasion should call for it, that those sentiments were not professed in a political sense, and from prejudice and party feelings, but they were firmly fixed in his mind, and were the result of due consideration and conviction, and produced by an earnest solicitude for the continued welfare of his country.

After saying this, his Royal Highness told me that he felt very comfortable; and that if it should please God to restore him to health, he was sure he should be a better man ever after. He considered this trial as a mercy, for which he ought to feel grateful: it afforded him time for serious reflection, and he trusted that the time would not be ill applied.

His Royal Highness frequently spoke to me of his own situation and feelings, more especially on the 22d of September, when he told me he did his best to submit with patience and resignation; that he tried to keep up his spirits, he met his friends cheerfully, endeavoured to go through correctly what he had to do, and to occupy himself at other times with reading; but when left to his own thoughts, when he went to bed and lay awake, the situation was not agreeable; the contempla-

tion of one's end, not to be met at once, but protracted possibly for months, required a struggle, and tried one's resolution. But, after all, he did not know that he regretted it, or that he regretted that time was given to him which had turned his mind to serious reflection, and which he was certain had been very beneficial to him. If it should please God that he should recover, he would become a better man; if he did not recover, he would have to thank God for the time afforded for reflection.

Towards the beginning of December his Royal Highness again rallied, so far as the legs were concerned, but his frame and his constitution had evidently become weaker, and his Royal Highness himself expressed his apprehensions that his strength would not carry him through the protracted struggle.

On the 20th of December, the legs resumed the appearance of mortification to an alarming extent, and the medical attendants agreed that his situation had become very critical.

I became very anxious that His Royal Highness should be made aware of the increased danger of his situation. I urged this point with Sir Henry Halford and Sir Astley Cooper, assured them that they mistook His Royal Highness's character, if they apprehended any ill effect from the disclosure, and represented that it was due to his character, and to his wish, to discharge the duties which he still had to perform. In the course of the day they yielded to my representations, and authorized me to avail myself of any opening which his Royal Highness might give me to make him sensible of the increased anxiety and alarm which I had observed

in his physicians. I was to use my discretion as to the mode, the nature, and the extent of the disclosure; it would probably produce reference to them, and they would then confirm the impression conveyed by me.

I saw his Royal Highness at five o'clock, when I took my official papers to him. He gave me the desired opportunity at once, by asking what the doctors said to me. His servant being in the room, I gave no immediate answer, and he waited quietly until he had left the room, and then repeated the question.

I spoke to him as had been agreed with Sir Henry Hallford, adding, that my own anxiety and the uneasiness I had already expressed to him, had led me to watch the physicians, and to endeavour to extract from them what their real opinion was, but that they were cautious, and were evidently unwilling to authorise me to express their alarm. I could not, however, forget his Royal Highness's appeal to me in Audley-square, nor the pledge I had given him; that I knew his Royal Highness did not wish to be taken by surprise; that I felt he ought not to be taken by surprise; and therefore I had considered it my duty to disclose to him the uneasiness I felt. He listened with composure, and without betraying any agitation, but asked me whether the danger was immediate, whether it was a question of days?

I repeated that I was not authorised to say so, and I trusted it was not. He said—"God's will be done, I am not afraid of dying, I trust I have done my duty; I have endeavoured to do so: I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful, his ways are

inscrutable; I bow with submission to his will. I have at least not to reproach myself with not having done all I could to avert this crisis; but I own it has come upon me by surprise. I knew that my case had not ceased to be free from danger; I have always been told so, but I did not suspect immediate danger; and, had I been a timid or a nervous man, the effect might have been trying. I trust I have received this communication with becoming resolution." I observed that I had not for many days seen his Royal Highness more free from nervous agitation, and that I had not been disappointed in my expectation that he would bear this communication as he did that which I had been called upon to make to him at Brighton. He desired me to feel his pulse, which was low, but even and steady.

He then put various questions to me, with a view to ascertain the causes of what he considered so sudden a change in his state. I accounted for it by what I had learnt from the physicians, and ended by repeating, that I had felt it my duty, however painful, to speak out. He thanked me, gave me his hand, and said I had acted as I ought, and as he expected, but he pressed me again to state "what was the extent of danger, and whether immediate?" I repeated, that I had been assured it was not immediate: "whether his case was without hope of recovery?" I gave no decided answer, but said, that I could not extract from the physicians any positive opinion, but that their language was not encouraging. He said, "I understand you; I may go on for a short time, but may end rapidly: God's will be done, I am resigned." He

afterwards resumed the previous painful subject. I spoke to him about his private papers, and he confirmed some of the directions previously given to me upon that subject. He then spoke most kindly, took me again by the hand, and said, "thank you, God bless you." I had hitherto succeeded in controlling my feelings, but I could do so no longer, and I left the room.

His Majesty came to his Royal Highness on the afternoon of the 27th, and found him very weak and languid, but he rallied in the evening, and looked over his official papers.

On the morning of the 28th, his Royal Highness appeared very weak, and had some attacks of nervous faintness, which, together with other unfavourable symptoms, satisfied the physicians that the danger was becoming more imminent. The Bishop of London (now his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,) came at twelve, according to previous arrangements, and desired that three persons should assist at the holy ceremony, and proposed that Sir Henry Halford and I should be added to the Princess Sophia, which was mentioned to his Royal Highness, who readily agreed. Upon this occasion he came publicly, and put on his robes; his Royal Highness was quite composed, and nothing could exceed his pious attention and calm devotion throughout the solemn ceremony. He repeated the prayers, and made the responses, in a firm voice. Part of the prayers for the sick were read, but the service was, at the suggestion of Sir Henry Halford, the short service. The Bishop was very much

affected, particularly when pronouncing the concluding blessing. The Princess Sophia supported herself wonderfully throughout the trying scene, and the Duke was quite free from agitation. After the service was over he kissed his sister, and shook hands most affectionately with the Bishop, Sir H. Halford, and me, thanking us, and as if taking leave of all. He expressed great satisfaction at having taken the Sacrament, and told me that the Princess Sophia had staid with him, and borne up to the last moment. He then asked me whether his physicians thought much worse of him; he really felt better. I replied, they considered his situation as having become more doubtful than it had been, but that they had not at any time authorised me to say his case was hopeless. He observed that he thought it was wrong to abandon hope, or to despair; but, setting aside that feeling, he was resigned to God's will.

On the following day, the 29th, when Sir H. Halford came, he announced to his Royal Highness the King's intention to pay him a visit on that day, and his Royal Highness dressed and shaved himself, which he had not been able to do on the preceding day.

The physicians told me that the state of the legs had become more unfavourable. His Royal Highness saw the Adjutant-General, and Quarter-Master-General, and transacted business with them as usual.

His Majesty came at two, and staid an hour with his Royal Highness. His Majesty thought him looking better and stronger than on the 27th, but this was the

last time he saw him, his Majesty's own indisposition having disappointed his anxious wish to have come again to him.

On the 30th his Royal Highness saw the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, and Sir William Knighton, who was going to Windsor, and, through whom, he sent an affectionate message to the King. To the dukes of Clarence and Sussex he spoke cheerfully on the state of Portugal and other matters of public interest. The Princess Sophia was also with him for a considerable time.

Upon the whole, the physicians thought he might linger on longer than they had expected, such was the extraordinary resistance which his constitution opposed to the progress of the disease. The dukes of Clarence and Sussex again saw him, and he received them affectionately, but did not speak, and they left him immediately. The Princess Sophia then went to him; he kissed her, and said—"God bless you, my dear love—to-morrow, to-morrow"—and she left him. He continued in the same quiet and composed state throughout the day, and occasionally told his medical attendants that he felt no pain, and was very comfortable. I did not see him.

The report on the following morning, the 2d January, was, that the night had been quiet, and that he continued free from pain, and perfectly sensible, though he seldom spoke. Soon after nine he had a shivering attack which was very alarming, and his pulse was hardly perceptible, but he rallied. He had been moved nearer to the window, was quite himself, and asked whether the day was not a frost, which was the case. He became slightly delirious at twenty minutes past one, and other symp-

toms had become more alarming; still he was quite sensible at intervals. The Princess Sophia was with him for a short time, and he knew her.

January the 3d. Sir Wm. Knighton having come from Windsor, and been named to his Royal Highness, he desired to see him, that he might enquire after the King, and requested him to assure his Majesty of his affectionate duty.

Towards the evening his Royal Highness shewed symptoms of returning strength, and the physicians reported to his Majesty, that he continued in the same state, without appearance of immediate dissolution, but without hope. Between ten and twelve he was very quiet and inclined to sleep.

Between one and two, Mr. Macgregor came to tell me that his Royal Highness had named me frequently, and at last made them understand that he wished to see me. I immediately went to him. I found him dreadfully changed, very feeble, much oppressed, and evidently unable to distinguish objects clearly. Batchelor named me to him, and I sat down close by his right side. He looked at me with a kind smile, took me by the hand, and I told him that I had not left the house since I had last seen him. He asked me with difficulty, and in a faint, though steady voice, whether Colonel Stephenson was in the house. I said he was, and asked whether he wished to see him; he nodded assent, and I immediately sent for him. Colonel Stephenson went to his left side; but, as his Royal Highness could not see him, I beckoned to him to come to the right side, and I moved back, so as to enable him to come close up, while

I supported his Royal Highness, by placing my hand against the pillow behind his back. He then gave his hand to Colonel Stephenson. After some interval, during which his Royal Highness breathed with great difficulty, and was very faint, and during which Batchelor bathed his temples with Cologne water, he collected his strength, and said in a steady, firm, tone of voice, but so low as to be hardly audible to Colonel Stephenson, whose head was further removed than mine, "*I am now dying.*" After this, he dropped his head, and his lips moved for about a minute, *as if in prayer*. He then looked at us again, and appeared to wish to speak, but an attack of faintness came on, and his respiration was so difficult, and he seemed so weak and exhausted, that I thought he was dying, and expressed that apprehension to Colonel Stephenson, who partook of it. Batchelor bathed his temples again, and he rallied; after which he again took Colonel Stephenson's hand, and nodded to Batchelor, who told us he meant we should leave him.

The scene was most affecting and trying, but yet in some respects satisfactory, as it shewed that he was perfectly aware of his situation, and we concluded that he had seen us together, as being his executors, and meant to take leave of us.

In the course of the night he had so serious an attack of faintness, that Mr. Macgregor thought he would not have recovered from it; but he rallied again towards the morning of the 5th, and had taken some nourishment. The breathing had, however, become extremely difficult. About eleven, Mr. Simpson came to me to say that the symptoms of approaching death had

come on, and that the medical attendants wished me to be in the room adjoining that in which his Royal Highness lay. I brought in the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, and Colonel Stephenson, and we continued in the room, expecting every moment to be called in by the medical attendants (who werẽ all with his Royal Highness) to witness his death. Sir Henry Halford came to us occasionally, and stated, that his Royal Highness's pulse was hardly perceptible, his extremities were cold; he was speechless, and had with difficulty swallowed a little milk and rum, but, nevertheless, appeared to retain his senses. Of this, indeed, he gave proof at twelve, for Mr. Macgregor came in to say that his Royal Highness had insisted on having his legs dressed (which they naturally wished to avoid at such a period,) for he had looked at him several times, had pointed at the clock, then at his legs, and had pushed off the covering, thus showing his determination to go through all that was required to the last moment. When he found that he was understood, and that Mr. Macgregor was preparing for the dressing, he signified his thanks to him with a kind smile, threw back his head, and hardly noticed any thing afterwards.

The pulse became more feeble, the attacks of faintness more frequent: but his Royal Highness struggled on, and between eight and nine this state appeared so likely to last for some hours, that the Duke of Clarence was persuaded to go home, and I returned to my room to answer some inquiries. At twenty minutes past nine Colonel Stephenson called me out, and told me that he was in the last agonies. I hastened down, but my dear

master had expired before I could reach his room ; and I had the comfort of learning that he had expired without any struggle or apparent pain. His countenance, indeed, confirmed this ; it was as calm as possible, and quite free from any distortion ; indeed it almost looked as if he had died with a smile upon it.

The medical attendants, the Duke of Sussex, Batchelor, and another servant, were in the room, looking at him in silence, and with countenances strongly expressive of their feelings.

Such was the end of this amiable, kind, and excellent man, after a long and painful struggle, borne with exemplary resolution and resignation, and I am confident that the details into which I have entered of the last circumstances of that struggle, will not prove uninteresting to those who were sincerely attached to him.

Of the resolution and resignation with which his Royal Highness submitted to protracted confinement and a painful disorder, my statement offers ample proof ; but I have not stated, that during all this period, during this serious trial, his excellent temper and kind disposition to all who approached him continued unimpaired. I appeal to his medical attendants, I appeal to his servants—to those who transacted business with him, official or personal—whether at any time he betrayed a symptom of irritability, whether a sharp word escaped him, whether a murmur or complaint was uttered.

XX H. R. H. FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK.

Every attention, from whatever quarter, was kindly received, and gratefully acknowledged. Great anxiety was shown by him to avoid giving trouble ; and, at the later periods of his illness, that which seemed to distress him most, was his being reduced to the necessity of requesting others to do for him that which he had ceased to be able to do for himself*.

* *Sir Herbert Taylor's Memorandum (abridged).*

THE
LAST HOURS
or
EMINENT CHRISTIANS.

SECOND CENTURY.

“ These are they which came out of great tribulation.”

Vide *Rev.* vii. 14—17.

ST. IGNATIUS.

He died December 20th, about the year 107, or according to others, 116.

BISHOP of Antioch, educated under the apostle and evangelist St. John, intimately acquainted with some others of the apostles, and especially St. Peter and St. Paul. As bishop of Antioch, he continued upwards of forty years, both an honour and safeguard to the Christian religion, in the midst of very stormy and tempestuous times, undaunted by the prospect of suffering a cruel death. The emperor Trajan entering Antioch, prepared to carry on a war against the Parthians and Armenians; as he had already commenced a persecution against the Christians in other parts of the empire, he now resolved to carry

it on here. Ignatius presenting himself before him, avowed his opinions, was cast into prison, and sentenced to be sent to Rome, and devoured by wild beasts. Ignatius, so far from being dismayed, heartily rejoiced at the fatal decree. "I thank thee, O Lord," said he, "that thou hast condescended to honour me with thy love, and hast thought me worthy, with thy apostle St. Paul, to be bound in iron chains." With these words he cheerfully embraced his chains, and having frequently prayed for his church and recommended it to the divine care and providence, he delivered up himself into the hands of his keepers.

The Christians at Rome, daily expecting his arrival, had come out to meet and entertain him, and accordingly received him with an equal mixture of joy and sorrow : but when some of them intimated that possibly the populace might be dissuaded from desiring his death, he expressed a pious indignation, *intreating them to cast no obstacle in his way, nor do any thing that might hinder him now he was hastening to his crown.* The interval before his martyrdom was spent in prayers for the peace and prosperity of the church. December the 20th, in the year 107, or as some think in 116, he was brought out into the amphitheatre, and the lions being let loose upon him, quickly dispatched their meal, leaving nothing but a few of the hardest of his bones. These remains were gathered up by two deacons, who had been the companions of his jour-

ney, transported to Antioch, and interred in the cemetery without the gate, but afterwards, by command of the emperor Theodosius, were removed to the Tycheon, a temple within the city, now consecrated to the memory of St. Ignatius *.



POLYCARP.

He died, it is supposed, in May, anno 167.

AN apostolic father of the Christian Church and bishop of Smyrna; to which he appears to have been consecrated by St. John; who also, according to archbishop Usher, directed one of his seven apocalyptic Epistles to him, under the title of the Angel of the Church of Smyrna. Ignatius commended the see of Antioch to the care of Polycarp. The persecution growing violent at Smyrna, and many having already sealed their confession with their blood, the general outcry was, "away with the impious; let Polycarp be sought for." On this he withdrew privately into a neighbouring village, where he lay concealed for some time, continuing night and day in prayer for the peace of the Church. In order to escape the search which was carried on incessantly after him, he retired into another village, where he was discovered: some say that he had time to escape, but he refused it, saying, "the will of the Lord be done." Accordingly, he saluted his persecutors

* Chalmers and Cave.

with a cheerful countenance ; and ordering a table to be set with provisions, invited them to partake of them, only requesting for himself one hour for prayer, which being ended, the magistrate taking him up in his chariot, tried to undermine his constancy, and being defeated in the attempt, thrust him out of the chariot with so much violence, that he bruised his thigh with the fall. Being brought before the tribunal, he was urged to swear by the genius of Cæsar. "Repent," continues the pro-consul, "and say with us, take away the impious." On this, the martyr looking round the Stadium, and beholding the crowd with a severe and angry countenance, beckoned with his hand, and looking up to heaven, said with a sigh, quite in another tone than they intended, "take away the impious : " at last, confessing himself to be a Christian, proclamation was made thrice of his confession by the crier, at which the people shouted, "this is the great teacher of Asia, and the father of the Christians ; this is the destroyer of our gods, that teaches men not to sacrifice or worship the deities."

The fire being prepared, Polycarp untied his girdle, laid aside his garments, and began to put off his shoes. The officers that were employed in his execution, having disposed all other things, came according to custom to nail him to the stake, which he desired them to omit, assuring them, that he who gave him strength to endure the fire, would enable him, without pailing, to stand immoveable in the hottest flames. So they only tied him, who stand-

ing like a sheep ready for the slaughter, designed as a grateful sacrifice to the Almighty, clasping his hands, which were bound behind him, he poured out his soul to heaven in prayer. Having done his prayer, the ministers of execution blew up the fire, when shortly he died.

It is related of Polycarp, that when before his accusers in the Stadium, and required to *blaspheme* Christ, (a temptation with which they were accustomed to try Christians, and thereby to ascertain the sincerity of their professions; a course which Pliny, in his famous letter respecting the Christians, tells us he observed towards them, though he confesses that none of them that were really Christians ever did, even for the sake of their lives, blaspheme Christ) the motion was resented with scorn, and drew from Polycarp this noble confession. "Four-score and six years I have served him, and he never did me any harm, how then shall I now blaspheme my King and Saviour?"

The amphitheatre wherein he suffered, was remaining, in a great measure, not many years ago, and his tomb is in a little chapel, in the side of a mountain, on the south-east part of the city, and it is solemnly visited by the Greeks on his festival day; and for the maintenance and repairing of it, travellers were wont to throw a few aspers into an earthen vessel, which stands there for the purpose *.

* Cave, Chalmers, and Usher.

THIRD CENTURY.

ORIGEN.

Born about the year 185, died aged 69.

SURNAMED Adamantius, a native of Alexandria, and one of the most eminent among the fathers of the third century. So great was the desire of martyrdom, which occupied the mind of Origen in his earliest years, that he willingly encountered danger, bounding forward, as it were, and rushing to the contest. Immediate death, without doubt, had now befallen him, if the providence of God, consulting the utility of many, had not, through the means of maternal affection, restrained him. His mother first implored him to be influenced by some respect to a parent's feelings. But when she perceived that he was more vehemently excited, from the time that his father was detained and bound in chains, she concealed each article of her son's clothing, and compelled him, however unwillingly, to remain at home. Perceiving that nothing was left him, he sent letters to his father, in which he earnestly exhorted him to martyrdom, admonishing him with these, among other words: "Beware, oh! my father, lest you change your opinion in our cause." Leonides, animated by his son, resolved to persist even to martyrdom, and was accordingly beheaded soon after. (*Eusebii Hist. Eccles.* Lib. VI. fol. 202. 209.) Under the perse-

cution of Decius, Origen himself suffered with great constancy for the faith. He was seized, put into prison, loaded with irons, had his feet in the stocks for several days. He was threatened to be burned alive, racked with various tortures; but he bore all with resolution and firmness. Being released from prison, he held several conferences, and behaved in every respect like a confessor of Jesus Christ; and, lastly, after having laboured so much, and suffered with such credit and glory, he died at Tyre, in the reign of Gallus, aged 69*.

ST. CYPRIAN.

He was born about the beginning of the third century, and died
Sept. 14, anno 258.

BISHOP of Carthage. In the year 249, the Emperor Decius began to issue out very severe edicts against the Christians, which particularly affected those living upon the coasts of Africa: and in the beginning of the year 250, the heathens in the circus and amphitheatre at Carthage loudly insisted upon Cyprian's being thrown to the lions; a common method, as it is well known, of destroying the primitive Christians. Cyprian upon this withdrew from his Church at Carthage, and fled into retirement, to avoid the fury of the persecution. As soon as Cyprian had withdrawn himself, he was proscribed by name, and

* Chalmers.

his goods were confiscated. He lay concealed, but not inactive; for he continued to write from time to time to the clergy and to the laity such letters as their unhappy situation and occasions required. He exhorted the clergy to take care of the discipline of the Church, of the poor, and especially of those who suffered for the Gospel, and he gave them particular directions upon each of these heads. He exhorted the people to be of good courage, to stand fast in the faith, and to persevere against all the terrors of persecution, even unto death; assuring them, in the words of the Apostle, "that the present afflictions, which were but for a moment, would work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." When the persecution ceased, either in 251 or 252, Cyprian returned to Carthage, and appeared again at the head of his clergy. In 257 another persecution of the Christians commenced under Valerian. Cyprian was summoned to appear before Paternus the proconsul of Carthage; by whom, after he had confessed himself a Christian, and refused to sacrifice to idols, he was condemned to be banished. He was sent to Curebis, a little town fifty miles from Carthage, situated by the sea, over against Sicily. After having resided there eleven months, he was cited by Galerius Maximus, a new proconsul, publicly to appear at Carthage. Cyprian came forth and presented himself to the guards, who were commissioned and ready to seize him. He was carried to the proconsul, who ordered him to be brought

again on the morrow. Cyprian being introduced, the proconsul put several questions to him, which he replied to with unchangeable fortitude; the former then pronounced upon him this sentence of death, out of a table-book, "I will that Thascius Cyprian be beheaded." To which the martyr only answered, "I heartily thank Almighty God, who is pleased to set me free from the chains of the body." Sentence being passed, he was led away from the tribunal, with a strong guard of soldiers, infinite numbers of people crowding after, the Christians weeping, and mourning, and crying out, "let us also be beheaded with him." The place of execution was Sextus's field, a large circuit of ground, where the trees (whereof the place was full) were loaded with persons to behold the spectacle. The martyr began presently to unstrip himself, first putting off his cloak, which he folded up and laid at his feet, and falling down upon his knees, recommended his soul to God in prayer. After which he put off his Dalmatic, or under coat, which he delivered to the deacons, and so standing in nothing but a linen vestment, expected the headsman, to whom he commanded a sum of the value of six pounds to be given; the brethren spreading linen cloth about him, to preserve his blood from being spread upon the ground. He covered his eyes with his own hands, and the executioner did his office*.

* Cave and Chalmers.

A short time before his death, St. Cyprian said to one who desired to be of service to him in his situation, "*we seek to cure complaints and sorrows which, perhaps, to day shall be no more for ever.*" St. Justin said, when called upon to blaspheme, "*No man that is in his right mind, will desert true religion to fall into error and impiety.*"

ST. GREGORY THAUMATURGUS.

Died A.D. 264-5.

BISHOP of Neocæsaria, a pupil of Origen, and a very eminent Father of the third century. A little before his death, being sensible that his time drew near, he sent up and down the city and the vicinity to make a strict inquiry whether there were any that yet were strangers to the Christian faith; and being told that there were but seventeen in all, he sighed, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, appealed to God how much it troubled him, that he should leave any part of men's salvation incomplete, but that withal it was a mercy that challenged the most grateful remembrance that when he himself had found but seventeen Christians at his first coming thither, he should leave but seventeen idolaters to his successor. Having heartily prayed for the conversion of infidels and the increase and consummation of those that were converted, he calmly and peaceably resigned up his soul to God: having first

enjoined his friends to make no trouble about his funeral, nor procure him any proper and peculiar place of burial, but that as in his life-time he had carried himself as a pilgrim and sojourner in the world, claiming nothing for himself, so after death he might enjoy the portion of a stranger, and be cast into the common lot*.



FOURTH CENTURY.

ST. ALBAN.

He died, according to Bede, anno 286, according to Usher, 303.

CELEBRATED for having been the first Christian on record who suffered martyrdom for Christianity in this island. The story of his martyrdom is briefly related by Gildas, but more circumstantially by the venerable Bede. Being yet a Pagan (or at least it not being known that he had become a Christian,) he entertained, or secreted Amphiabalus in his house. This Amphiabalus had by his example and instructions caused St. Alban to renounce the errors of paganism, and to become a thorough convert to the Christian religion. When therefore the Roman governor was informed that St. Alban harboured a Christian, he sent a party of soldiers to apprehend him; *but Alban putting on the habit of his guest presented himself to the officers in his stead*, and was carried

* Cave.

before that magistrate. The noble freedom with which he behaved, and the declaration he made of his conversion to Christianity, so enraged the judge, that he ordered him immediately to be beheaded. It happened at the time that Alban was brought before the judge, that magistrate was standing by an altar and offering sacrifice to his gods. When he saw Alban, and perceived the cheat he had put upon him, he ordered him to be dragged before the image of his gods, saying to him, because you have chosen to conceal a sacrilegious person and a blasphemer, rather than deliver him up to suffer the just reward of his blasphemy, the punishment due to him shall be inflicted on you if you refuse to comply with the ceremonies of our religion. Alban, not in the least terrified with these threats, boldly declared he would not obey the judge's commands. The magistrate then asked him of what family he was? Alban replied, to what purpose do you enquire of my family? if you would know my religion, I am a Christian. Then the judge asked him his name; to which he answered, "my name is Alban, and I worship the only true and living God, who created all things." The magistrate returned, "if you would enjoy the happiness of life, delay not to sacrifice to the great gods." Alban answered, "the sacrifices you offer are made to devils; neither can they help the needy, nor grant the petitions of their votaries." The judge was now enraged beyond measure, and commanded the holy confessor to be

beaten, in hopes thereby to shake his constancy, but finding all means ineffectual, he ordered him to be taken away, and led to immediate execution. St. Amphiabalus himself afterwards suffered martyrdom at Rudburn, three miles distant from Verulam. Offa, king of the Mercians, built a monastery in the place where St. Alban suffered martyrdom. St. Alban was put to death in the year of Christ 303, during the tenth and last persecution of the Church, under the emperor Dioclesian*.

ST. BASIL.

Born 326. Died 379, aged about 53.

HE succeeded Eusebius as Bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, and was surnamed the Great, on account of his learning and piety. *As his body became enfeebled by increasing distempers, his mind seems to have collected more vigour.* Finding himself rapidly declining, after he had governed the Church of Cæsarea eight years and some months, he ordained some of his followers, and then was obliged to take to his bed. The people flocked about his house, sensible of the value of such a Pastor. For a time he discoursed piously to those about him, and sealed his last breath with the ejaculation, “Into thy hands I commend my spirit †.”

* Biog. Brit.

† Chalmers and Cave.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

Died A.D. 389, aged 65.

THE friend of St. Basil, and Bishop of Constantinople. He probably received his surname from Nazianzum, a city of Cappadocia, near which he was born. Falling sick he was visited by crowds of his friends, who all departed when they had made their compliments, except a young man with a pale look, long hair, in squalid and tattered clothes, who standing at the bed's feet made all the dumb signs of the bitterest sorrow and lamentation. Nazianzen starting, asked him, "Who he was? whence he came? what he wanted?" to which he returned no answer, but expressed so much the more passion and resentment, howling, wringing his hands, and beating his breast, in such a manner that the bishop himself was moved to tears. Being at length forced aside by one who stood by, he told the bishop, "This, Sir, is the assassin whom some had suborned to murder you; but his conscience has molested him, and he is here come ingenuously to confess his fault, and to beg your pardon." The bishop replied, "Friend, God Almighty be propitious to you; his gracious preservation of me obliges me freely to forgive you; the desperate attempt you designed has made you mine, nor do I require any other reparation than that henceforth you desert your party, and sincerely give up yourself to God." At vacant hours he re-

freshed the weariness of old age with poetry. He died in 389, aged 65 *.

FIFTH CENTURY.

ST. AUGUSTIN.

Born A.D. 354. Died A.D. 430, aged 76.

BISHOP of Hippo, and one of the most eminent Fathers of the Christian Church. In the year 418, a general council was held at Carthage against the Pelagians. Augustin, who had formerly refuted their errors, now prepared nine articles against them, and evinced a zeal on the subject which procured him the title of the Doctor of Grace. After having thus triumphed over the enemies of the Church, he had to contend with those of the empire. The Vandals, who had passed from Africa into Spain, under the conduct of their king Genseric, in the year 428, made themselves masters of a considerable part of that country, but Carthage and Hippo resisted them a long time. Augustin, when consulted by his associates whether they ought to escape by flight, or wait for the barbarians, gave his opinion for the latter, as more becoming their duty; and when the episcopal city was besieged by a great army, he encouraged his flock by his example and exhortations. He dreaded, nevertheless, lest Hippo should fall into the hands of the enemy, and *prayed to God that he might be taken away before that*

* Chalmers. Gorton.

•

calamity happened. His prayer it would appear was answered, as he was cut off during the siege by a violent fever, in the year 430, aged 76 *.



SEVENTH CENTURY.

ST. AUGUSTIN, OR ST. AUSTIN.

Died A.D. 604—8, or 16.

SOMETIMES called the Apostle of the English. Gregory the First formed the design of converting the Anglo-Saxons, and sent Augustin with forty monks to execute his plan. St. Augustin therefore landed in the isle of Thanet, and obtained an audience with Ethelbert, surrounded by his attendants. The procession, speeches, and the nature of the reception, are described by Southey, in his “History of the Church.” St. Augustin having been successful, was appointed the first Archbishop of Canterbury. He died about the year 604, at Canterbury, and was buried in the Church-yard of the monastery that was called after his name, the cathedral not being then finished; but after the consecration of that church, his remains were taken up and deposited in the north porch, where they lay, till in 1091, they were removed, and placed in the church, by Wido, abbot of Canterbury †.

* Chalmers.

† Bede. Chalmers. Gorton.

EIGHTH CENTURY.

BEDA, OR BEDE.

Born A.D. 672 or 673, died about A.D. 735, aged 62-3.

*Te deprecor, ut cui propitius donasti verba tuæ scientiæ
dulciter haurire, dones etiam benignus aliquando ad Te fontem
omnis scientiæ pervenire, et parere semper ante faciem tuam.*

BEDA.

AUTHOR of an Ecclesiastical History of England, and many other very early and invaluable works, the brightest ornament of the eighth century, and one of the most eminent Fathers of the English Church, whose talents and virtues have procured him the surname of The Venerable. The last stage of his disorder was an asthma, which he supported with great firmness of mind, although in much weakness and pain for six weeks, during which he continued his usual pious labours among the youth in the monastery; and occasionally prosecuted some of his writings, that he might be able to leave them complete. *In all the nights of his sickness*, in which, from the nature of his disease, he had little sleep, *he sung hymns and praises.* His last days were partly employed on his translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Saxon language, and some passages he was extracting from the works of St. Isidore. The day before his death, he passed the night as usual, and continued dictating to the person who wrote for him, who observing his weakness,

said, "there remains now only one chapter, but it seems very irksome for you to speak;" to which he answered, "it is easy, take another pen, dip it in the ink, and write as fast as you can." About nine o'clock he sent for some of his brethren, to divide among them some incense, and other things of little value, which were in his chest. While he was speaking to them, the young man, Wilberch, who wrote for him, said, "there is now, master, but one sentence wanting," upon which he bid him write quick; and soon after the young man said, "it is now done;" to which he replied, "well! thou hast said the truth, *it is now done.* Take up my head between your hands, and lift me, because *it pleases me much to sit over against the place where I was wont to pray, and where now sitting I may yet invoke my Father.*" Being thus seated, according to his desire, upon the floor of his cell, he said, "Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;" and as he pronounced the last word, expired*.

As it is not improbable that the reader may be desirous to learn some further particulars respecting the last hours of Bede, I have translated the following account from the Biography affixed to some of his works, in which another account may be found, by an anonymous and very old writer.

When, therefore, he (Bede) had published these works, and that with the most indefatigable dili-

* Alexander Chalmers.

gence, he died on the 7th of June, in Gyrwe, and was there buried: but, after the lapse of many years, his bones were transferred thence, and were deposited beside the body of the holy Father Cuthbert, which was even yet undecayed. The Venerable Bede died on the anniversary of our Lord's ascension. His decease is better described in the words of Cuthbert his scholar, who thus writes to a fellow student.

A LETTER CONCERNING THE SICKNESS AND DEATH OF
THE VENERABLE BEDE.

“ Cuthbert a fellow disciple in God: eternal salvation to his fellow student Cutherin, beloved in Christ. The little present which thou didst send me I thankfully accepted, and with much satisfaction read thy pious and learned epistles, in which I found exactly what I would desire, that the masses and religious discourses by our beloved Father in God and master, Bede, were highly extolled by thee: whence I shall be delighted from the love I bore him, to describe in a few lines the manner in which he departed this life, especially since I learn that such is thy desire and request. He was oppressed by a very quick breathing unattended with pain, for a fortnight preceding the anniversary of our Lord's ascension. In this state he lived with joy and gladness, returning thanks to the Supreme Being every day and every night, indeed every hour until the 7th of June,

the anniversary of our Lord's ascension. Daily he was engaged in giving lectures to us, his disciples, and whatever portion of time remained he spent in chaunting psalms : he dedicated the whole night to joy and gratitude, unless when some short slumber prevented him. On waking, he immediately resumed his pious frame of mind, and with expanded hands ceased not to return thanks to God ; I declare that I never beheld or heard any other person so diligently returning thanks to the living God. Oh truly happy man ! He would sing the verse of the blessed St. Paul, " it is dreadful to fall into the hands of the living God," and many other passages from holy Scripture, in which *he admonished us to awake from the death of the soul by meditating beforehand on our last hour.* And in our own language, that is in the English, in which he was well skilled, he repeated some things in our poetry. For even then, composing in English verse, he would say with much feeling what may thus be rendered, *consider before the soul departeth hence what good or evil it hath done, and how it will be adjudged hereafter.* He would also chaunt the responses according to his custom, and our own, of which the following is one. ' Oh King of Glory, Lord of Virtues, who as on this day didst triumphantly ascend above the highest heavens, leave us not orphans, but send the promised Comforter to us, even the Spirit of Truth, Alleluia !' When he came to the expression, ' leave us not orphans,' he burst into tears and wept bitterly. An hour

afterwards he began to repeat what he had before spoken, and when we heard him thus express himself we wept with him. At one time we read, at another we wept, and whenever we did read our reading was interrupted with tears. In this manner we spent the time preceding the day above mentioned. He frequently rejoiced and gave thanks to God, in that, he had deserved this affliction. He referred to; and frequently would repeat the passage, 'God chasteneth every son whom he receiveth,' and many other sentences from the holy Scriptures; another also from St. Ambrose, 'I have not so lived, that I am ashamed to live among you, but neither do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord.' In those days he was endeavouring to make two small works, well worth remembering, from which and the psalms, our lectures were taken which we received from him, namely, for the benefit of our church he translated the Gospel of St. John into our language, until he came to the passage in which it is said, 'but what are these among so many?' and made extracts from the writings of Isidore, saying, I am unwilling that my disciples should read a lie, and after my death labour without avail. But when the third day before the anniversary of our Lord's ascension arrived, he began to be more seriously afflicted with asthma, and a little swelling appeared in his feet. But the whole of that day he spent in cheerfully dictating to the scribe, and among other things, he occasionally said, 'Acquire knowledge without delay. I know not

how long I may live, although my Creator may soon call me away.' To us it seemed that he had some presentiment of his departure. He spent the whole of that night in a watchful manner, and at dawn of day, i. e. the fourth, he directed that what we had commenced should be diligently written down. Having done this we walked in procession until the third hour, as the custom of the day required. But one of us was staying with him, who said to him, 'there is only one chapter more my dear master that is wanted. Does it seem difficult for you to be further questioned?' He replied, 'it is easy—Take up your pen and write quickly,' which he did. At the ninth hour he said to me, 'I have some valuable things in my chest, i. e. pepper, garments, and frankincense. But run quickly, and bring to me the old men of our monastery, that I may distribute to them those little presents which the Almighty hath given me. Rich men in this world strive to give gold and silver, and whatever things are precious. But I, with great love and gladness, will distribute to these my brethren whatever God may have given me.' He then addressed each of them, admonishing and imploring them to offer up prayers for him, and to preach, which they promised to do. All were weeping and mourning when he said 'they were not to see his face again in this world.' But they rejoiced when he said 'the time is come when I shall return to him who made me, who created me, and formed me of nothing: I have lived a con-

siderable time, my righteous judge beholds my life. The time of my dissolution is at hand, and I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.' Speaking these and many other sentences in a cheerful frame of mind he spent the day; the evening of which approaching, the 'above-named youth said 'dear master, there is only one sentence more that is not written.' He replied, 'write quickly.' After a little while the youth said, 'it is now finished;' when Bede said, 'thou hast told the truth, it *is* finished. Support my head in your hands, for I am much delighted to sit opposite that holy place where I have been accustomed to pray; that even whilst sitting I may be able to invoke my Father.' Thus reclining on the floor of his cell when he had chaunted, 'Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and the Holy Spirit,' and having pronounced the words Holy Spirit, he breathed his last, and departed to the celestial regions. All who beheld the death of this holy father said, they never saw any other person depart this life in so devout and tranquil a frame of mind. For as thou hast heard, so long as the soul was in his body he sang glory to the Father, and other praises to the glory of God, and with outstretched arms he ceased not to return thanks to the living God. Know, my dear brother, that I could mention many other things respecting him, but my unskilfulness in the language obliges me to be brief. I hope, however, by God's assistance, from time to time, to write you more respecting him of those

very things which I have seen with my own eyes or heard with my own ears *."



FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

WICKLIFFE.

Died A.D. 1384, aged about 60.

THE Morning Star of the Reformation. Pope Urban was so hot in his wars against Clement, the French Pope, his adversary, that he had no leisure, and less list to attend unto Wickliffe's matters. By the occasion of which schism God so provided for poor Wickliffe, that he was in some more rest and quietness, and returning again within short space, either from his banishment or from some other place, where he was secretly kept, he repaired to the parish of Lutterworth, of which he was Rector, and there quietly departing this mortal life, slept in peace in the Lord.

* Vita Bedæ et Epist. de ipsius morbo et obitu *Appendix* Hist. Eccl. Gen. Angl. Auctore sancto et venerab. Bedæ, una cum reliq. Oper. Hist. cura et studio Johannis Smith, S.T.P. 1722, fol. 792, et seq.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

JOHN HUSS.

Born about the year 1376, died A.D. 1415, aged 39.

The good man, even in the hour of death, considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition which stands betwixt his soul and the glorious presence of his God.—ADDISON.

A FAMOUS divine and martyr. Born in Bohemia, and educated at Prague. Huss was removed from prison to prison for six months; suffering great hardships from those who had the care of him, and at last was condemned of heresy by the council of Constance, in his absence, and without a hearing, for maintaining that the Eucharist ought to be administered to the people in both kinds. The emperor Sigismond complained of this. In pretended compliance, Huss was, on the 5th and 7th of June, 1415, brought before the council, and permitted to say what he could in behalf of himself and his doctrines; but every thing was carried on with noise and tumult, and Huss was soon given to understand that they were not disposed to hear any thing from him, but a recantation of his heresy, which, however, he absolutely refused, and was ordered back to prison. On July 6th, he was brought again before the council, when he was condemned of heresy, and ordered to be burned. Doctor Huss heard his sentence without the least emotion; he kneeled down, with his eyes

lifted upwards towards heaven, and said, with all the spirit of primitive martyrdom, "May thy infinite mercy, oh my God, pardon this injustice of my enemies; thou knowest the injustice of their accusations; how deformed with crimes I have been represented; how I have been oppressed by worthless witnesses, and an unjust condemnation: yet, oh my God, let that mercy of thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with thee not to avenge my wrongs." The bishops stripped him of his priest's garments: *a serenity, a joy, a composure, appeared in his looks*, which indicated that his soul had cut off many stages of tedious journey in her way to the point of eternal joy and everlasting peace. The bishops delivered Huss to the emperor, who put him into the hands of the duke of Bavaria. His books were burnt at the gate of the Church, and he was led to the suburbs to be burnt alive. When he came to the place of execution, he fell on his knees, sang portions of psalms, looked stedfastly towards heaven, and repeated these words: "Into thy hands, oh Lord! do I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, oh most good and faithful God. Lord Jesus Christ assist and help me, that with a firm and patient mind, by thy most powerful grace, I may undergo this most cruel and ignominious death, to which I am condemned for preaching the truth of thy most holy Gospel." When the chain was put about him at the stake he said, *with a smiling countenance*, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain

than this for my sake." When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure: "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." The flames were then applied to the fagots, when *the martyr sang a hymn*, with so loud and cheerful a voice that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles, and the noise of the multitude. At last his voice was cut short, after he had uttered, "Jesus Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy upon me!" and he was consumed in a most miserable manner. The duke of Bavaria ordered the executioner to throw all the martyrs clothes into the flames; after which his ashes were carefully collected, and cast into the Rhine*.



JEROME OF PRAGUE.

Died May 30th, 1416.

*Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust.*

A NOBLE champion for the cause of Protestantism in the fifteenth century, the intimate friend of John Huss; and, like him, a martyr to his zeal against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church, was

* Erasmus Middleton. Chalmers.

born at Prague. Poggius, the secretary of two successive popes, was present; and from his letter to Aretine, I have abridged the following interesting and affecting account of Jerome's death.

“ Since my return to Constance, my attention has been wholly engaged by Jerome of Bohemia. The eloquence and learning which this person has employed in his own defence, are so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear giving you a short account of him. To confess the truth, I never knew the art of speaking carried so near the model of ancient eloquence. It was, indeed, amazing to hear with what force of expression, with what fluency of language, and with what excellency of reasoning, he answered his adversaries; nor was I less struck with the gracefulness of his manner, the dignity of his action, and the firmness and constancy of his behaviour. His whole conduct was truly great and pious. Every one expected that he would now either retract his errors or apologize for them. He declared plainly that he had nothing to retract. Firm and intrepid he stood before the council, collected in himself, and not only contemning, but seeming even desirous of death. The greatest character in ancient history could not possibly go beyond him. If there is any justice in history, this man will be admired by all posterity. Two days were allowed him for reflection, during which time many persons of consequence, and particularly my Lord Cardinal of Florence, endeavoured to bring him to a better mind. But per-

sisting obstinately, he was condemned as a heretic. With a cheerful countenance, and more than stoical constancy, he met his fate, fearing neither death itself, nor the horrible form in which it appeared. When he came to the place, he pulled off his upper garment, and made a short prayer at the stake, to which he was soon after bound with wet cords and an iron chain, and inclosed as high as his breast with fagots.

“ Observing the executioner about to set fire to the wood behind his back, he cried out, ‘Bring thy torch hither; perform thy office before my face. *Had I feared death, I might have avoided it.*’ As the wood began to blaze, *he sang an hymn*, which the violence of the flame scarce interrupted. Thus died this wonderful man. His death was a lesson of philosophy*.”



JOHN WESSELUS.

Born A D. 1419, died A.D. 1489-90, aged 70.

“ *Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day.*”

AN eminent German scholar and philosopher of the fifteenth century, a native of Groningen. By some he has been denominated a light of the world, probably because he was accounted by them the fore-

* Poggius of Florence, Letter to Leonard Aretine.

runner of Luther. Sixtus the Fourth, who was his friend, and was well acquainted with his learning, desired him to come to Rome, and offered to give him whatever he requested. Wesselus asked for a Hebrew and Greek Bible, which he had seen in the Vatican. "Why do you not mention a bishopric?" inquired the Pontiff. "Because I do not want it," replied the modest Wesselus. A learned friend visited him when sick, and asked him how he felt himself; he replied, "that considering the infirmities of age, and the painfulness of his disorder, he thought himself as well as he could desire: but that one thing dwelt heavy on his mind: surrounded by various thoughts and arguments, he had begun to entertain doubts respecting the Christian religion." His friend was surprised beyond measure, and began to exhort the sick man that he would direct all his thoughts to Jesus, the only Saviour: but perceiving that advice of this nature was very disagreeable, he went away exceedingly sorrowful. An hour afterward, Wesselus seeing his friend approach, with a cheerful mind, said exultingly, "I thank God all my vain disputations are vanished, *I now know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.*" In this confession, he rendered his soul to God*.

* Adami Vitæ Philosophorum, fol. 11. Freheri Theatrum, fol. 1431.

PIUS THE SECOND.

Born A.D. 1405. Died A.D. 1464, aged 58-9.

A MAN of great talents, learning, and industry, whose original name was Æneas Sylvius, born at Corsignano, in Sienna. Wasted away by a slow but unremitting fever, which he caught at Ancona, he there expired; and some of the particulars respecting his last hours are so interesting, that in justice to my subject I cannot omit them. So great was the strength of his mind and body, so remarkable his constancy and fortitude, that during every period of his sickness he never omitted the duties of investigating the affairs and giving audience to the ambassadors of various nations; to pass judgment, threaten, and to advise, to honour and to punish, these were his constant employments during the hours of his last sickness. About two hours only before he drew his last breath, the cardinals were called into his presence, when he exhorted them to unity in the choice of his successor. Death he did not fear, he manifested no sign of a discomposed or inconstant mind*.

Pius well knowing that the hour was come in which he must restore his spirit to God, requested that his brethren might be invited to his couch.

* Platina, fol. 264.

When assembled around him, although so weak that he could scarcely address them, yet with broken sentences and faltering words, he gave them this admirable advice, so well suited to all in the pastoral office, that I cannot refrain from relating it.

“ Beloved brethren, my hour is at hand ; God calls me hence. I die in that faith wherein I have lived. I have done my best for the flock entrusted to my care. I have spared no labour, I have shunned no perils, having twice endangered my life, and that most willingly, for the protection of my people. Complete what I last commenced ; I have now no opportunity for finishing it. This I must now leave to you. *Uphold the cause of God, nor suffer by your slothfulness the Christian religion to fall.* Ye have been called into the church of Christ to support it in your day. Be mindful of your important duty, and serve God diligently, under whose eye are all things, and who rewards according to our deeds. He hath ever prospered a diligent ministry ; your dignity and honour have already, and must in future be advanced in proportion to your success in the ministry. *If ye seek the things which are yours; not those of Christ's religion, Christianity will not prosper at your hands.* Take into your care from this hour the good of others, and preserve it from injury. A dying father requesteth this duty of his sons : it was performed by him while life permitted. My conduct has not been sinless ; mortals are fallen and imperfect creatures. I have offended God and



your good feelings. My God will have mercy on me, and forgive me those transgressions which are displeasing in his sight. And, Oh! my beloved brethren, if, at any time I have offended you, I would implore your pardon in this my dying hour. To you I commend all my domestics and attendants—Farewell! The peace of God and his heavenly grace be with you.” These words were expressed with difficulty, and were interrupted by tears, which he shed in abundance. The cardinals surrounding the couch wept bitterly, and such was their excess of grief, that it was a considerable time before a sentence could be understood. At length Bessarion, the senior cardinal, addressed him. He lamented the dangerous illness of Pius, not only for his own sake but for that of the Christian world, who would lose in him a friend to their present welfare and future protection. He requested Pius to bestow his dying blessing on those around him.—Pius lifting up his hand, extended it from his couch; pressing it, and kneeling down, each asked his forgiveness, and received this last benediction from our father, “May the all-merciful God behold you and confirm a right spirit within you.” Having conferred this blessing on his brethren, he dismissed them. For two days past he had been warned by his physicians that he must be prepared equally for life or death. In receiving the sacrament the sincerity of his religion was very manifest; smiting his breast, weeping and confessing that he was utterly

unworthy to partake of such divine mysteries. Towards sun-set this good man began rapidly to decline. Having received the last sacrament, about midnight the cardinals departed to their respective homes. Anxious to perform every religious duty to him whom I esteemed as my father, I remained with him. Three others only were present, who, standing around, wept most bitterly at the expected departure of the good old man. Fixing his eyes on me, he beckoned that I should come nearer. I immediately approached. His voice now faltered, and I could scarcely hear him. "Pray, pray for me my son," said he, "for I am a miserable sinner.—Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, Oh my God! and forsake me not when my strength faileth me. In mercy receive my departing spirit." Again directing his eyes towards me, he said, "let my brethren finish the great work I have commenced, and do you assist them as much as possible. If you neglect it, the judgment of God will fall upon you." I endeavoured to reply, but excess of grief prevented me. His right hand falling on my shoulder, he thus implored me: "Oh my friend, pray to the Almighty for me!" These were his last words.—About three o'clock he appeared to slumber, you could not suppose he was dying. It is doubtful whether in life or death, he was happiest, who having arrived at the highest station in life, aimed at the eternal glory of religion *."

* Jacobus Cardinalis Papiensis, fol. 360. Oldoinus in additione ad Ciacconium, tom. ii. fol. 1025.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Born, 1476. Died, April 1524, aged 48.

*That shining shield invites death's fatal shaft,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.*

A CELEBRATED French captain, the Sir Philip Sydney of France, and, like him, illustrious for piety, heroic valour, generosity, and humanity. At the battle of Marignan, the conduct of the rear was committed to him, who though so much a stranger to the arts of a court, that he never rose to the chief command, was always called, in times of real danger, to the post of greatest difficulty and importance. He put himself at the head of the men at arms, and animating them by his presence and example, to sustain the whole shock of the enemy's troops, he gained time for the rest of his countrymen to make good their retreat. But in this service he received a wound which he immediately perceived to be mortal, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy : then *fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God*, and in this posture, which became his character both as a soldier

and as a Christian, he calmly awaited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. "Pity not me," cried the high spirited chevalier, "I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty. They indeed are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died notwithstanding their care*.



JOHN ŒCOLAMPADIUS.

Born 1482. Died 1531, aged 49.

The higher a Christian ascends above this dark dungeon of the body, the more that religion prevails within him, the more then shall he find himself as it were in a clear heaven, in a region that is for ever calm and serene. J. SMITH.

A GERMAN divine of considerable eminence, born at Reinsperg, in Franconia, professor of divinity at Basil, the opponent of Luther and supporter of Zuinglius in the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and

* Dr. Robertson. Gorton.

one of the champions of the Reformation. Although during the last year he had not enjoyed his usual health, he did not remit his wonted diligence in the performance of his duties until he was overcome by the vehemence of his disorder. When he was compelled to lie down, he warned his friends that his disease was mortal, and thenceforward ardently longed for the day of his departure into celestial light. Nor was he dependent on the consolation of others, but was the first to administer comfort, especially to those friends who surrounded him. Simon Grynæus, who was present, carefully wrote down this farewell address, which the illustrious Œcolampadius delivered to the assembled Clergy.

“ The Lord is at hand, he cometh and now taketh me away ; knowing this, I have invited you hither, anxious to be gratified by the sight of you, my dearest friends. Enjoying a true composure in the Lord, I receive a blessed consolation. What shall I say then in this my last farewell to you, O servants of Christ ! whom the same love towards our Lord, the same desire, the same doctrine, have joined in one. *From the truths of the Bible alone can the light be obtained to guide our steps unto salvation in the kingdom of God.* Despair of life, fear of death, with all doubt and error shall then flee away. This, this alone, my brethren, is the duty we should now perform, constantly and faithfully to press forward in that good road on which we have set out, and to preserve in purity the doctrine of the

Bible, conforming our lives, in all things, to the true word of God ; and he who is Omnipotent, even Christ our Lord, he who watches over all things for our good, shall order all other events to our advantage: He will protect the members of his church. Come, then, Oh my brethren, and may our lights so shine that God, the Father may be glorified in us. Let the name of Christ become illustrious, and shine forth in the light of life and the sincerity of faith. Entertain a truly Christian love toward each other. *Spend your whole life as though under the eye of Almighty God.* In vain do you endeavour to inculcate piety in words alone : if you especially desire to overthrow Satan and to turn this world unto Christ our Lord, *you must manifest the truth in the light of life, and in an unfeigned and celestial frame of spirit.* Oh my brethren, how dark the clouds now rising above the horizon, how gloomy the tempest which now broods around us, how great the impiety and falling away of our fellow creatures ! But it is our duty, my brethren, to stand firm and to endure unto the end. The Lord himself will prosper the work of his own hands. Oh that I were permitted to encounter those dangers, I would sacrifice my life for the truth !”

Such were his dying words on subjects relating to the common good : concerning himself he thus farther discoursed. “ I shall no longer be disturbed by the wickedness of those who maliciously impute to me the sin of corrupting the truth. *By the grace*

of God, with a good conscience I can now present myself before the tribunal of the Almighty. It will then be manifest that we have not drawn aside the church to heresy. Of those tenets we have entertained I leave you to be our witnesses, and for myself do now confirm them by this my dying testimony." This faithful servant of Jesus prepared no will, because having previously distributed all, he had now not any thing to leave to others. On the next day he desired that his children might be brought before him, and placed in his sight. Taking them by the hand, he laid his hand on each, and although from the tenderness of their age they could understand but little, for the eldest was only three years old, he said, "come my Eusebius, and you my Irenius, and you my Alethea, pledges of my love, may you each love God your Father." The mother assenting for her children, turning to her and their kinsfolk he said, "I this day place you under a solemn obligation that you exert yourselves to make my children what I myself do wish that they become, *pious, peaceful, and the followers of truth.*" When his friends had pledged themselves to an observance of his request, he desired them to lead away the children from before him. That night was his last. Ten brethren of the college came to see him. Enquiring of an intimate friend who came into his room what news he brought, and receiving for answer that he could not communicate any, he replied, "I will tell you something new." "What is it?" said he; he replied, "In a

short time I shall be with Christ, my Lord." As the day dawned, so the hour of this good man's departure approached. His last words were those which distinctly, though with a panting breath, he expressed for the remission of his sins; using that beautiful prayer of David, in the 51st Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness," &c. Surrounded by his friends, he repeated the Psalm entire from beginning to end. After he had rested a little and recovered his breath, rousing himself, he said, "Save me, O Christ, my Saviour!!" With these words he commended his soul to Christ. A little while after, with great tranquillity, he expired in the faith.



ULRICUS ZUINGLIUS.

Died 1531, aged 44—8.

And when he falls writes vici on his shield.

THE Martin Luther of Switzerland; who, as preacher at the famous convent of Einsiedlin, ventured to introduce those rational notions of religion, which were entertained by the reformers. He assisted Haller and others in the work of reformation in the city and canton of Berne, and other places in Switzerland. Œcolampadius on the part of Zurich, and Eckius on the part of the Roman Catholic cantons, having failed

* Adami Vitæ Theol. fol. 26.

in the endeavour to bring about a reconciliation, Zuinglius, on the 11th of October, 1531, with his fellow-citizens, went out armed and on horse-back ; not as a captain of war, but as a faithful pastor, who, in extreme danger, would not desert those whose faith he had built up. Fourteen days before he thus went out, he said twice, " I know, I know what must happen. All things are so arranged that I shall be taken away *."

The Zurichers being defeated, Zuinglius was found by some Roman Catholics, breathing, and was asked whether he would not expiate his past faults by a confession. Feigning to be dead, he answered nothing. These two Catholics did not know Zuinglius, but another coming up, recognized him, and inflicted a fatal wound. His body was burned by a public decree †.

The last words of the dying Zuinglius were, " This is no great evil : *they are able to kill the body, but they cannot injure the soul* ‡."

In the course of this work, I shall frequently refer to the authority of Melchior Adam, rector of a college at Heidelberg, and author of the lives of illustrious men who flourished in Germany and Flanders during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We learn from him the following details respecting the last hours of Zuinglius. Those who returned from

* Freheri Theatrum, fol. 106.

† Surius, fol. 212.

‡ Myconius in Vita ejus. Hofmanni lex.

the battle, relate that " he was thrown down by a rush of the multitude, he rose up three several times, but was at last pierced under the chin with a spear, and fell down on his knees, when he said, ' This is no great evil,' &c. In this position, surrounded by the dead bodies of the brave Zurichers, with clasped hands, and with uplifted eyes, he evidently prayed : his voice was not clear, but he gently moved his lips." A great part of the hostile army pursued the Zurichers, and wherever they found any of them prostrate and half alive, they pressed them to use the Roman Catholic confession, and to acknowledge the invocation of saints. Among others, Zuinglius was interrogated by them ; when, by a motion of his head, refusing to acknowledge their doctrine, and turning his eyes towards heaven, to signify that he invoked the God of heaven, one of the by-standers rushed forward with a great sword, and thrust it through his neck *.



JOHN FISHER.

Executed June 22d, 1535, aged about 76.

*Death has feigned evils, nature shall not feel ;
Life ill's substantial, wisdom cannot shun.*

BISHOP of Rochester. After his trial, he was conveyed back to the Tower, and when he arrived there, he turned round to the officers and persons who had attended and guarded him thither, and

* Adami Vitæ, fol. 17.

said to them with great cheerfulness, "My masters, I thank you all for the great labour and pains you have taken with me this day. I am not able to give you any thing in recompense, for I have nothing left, and, therefore, I pray you accept, in good part, my hearty thanks." While he remained in the Tower, after his condemnation, he applied himself very fervently to his devotions. Though he was in daily expectation of death, he discovered no uneasy apprehensions on that account, but behaved with great cheerfulness and fortitude. On the 22d of June, he was acquainted by the Lieutenant of the Tower, at five o'clock in the morning it was the king's pleasure he should be executed *that day*. *He received the news with great cheerfulness, thanked the lieutenant for his information, and slept soundly two hours after it.* And when he got up, he dressed himself in a much finer and neater manner than usual: at which his man expressed much wonder, seeing his lordship knew well enough that he must put all off again within two hours, and lose it. "*What of that?*" said the bishop, "*dost thou not mark that this is our marriage-day, and that it behoves us, therefore, to use more neatness for solemnity of the marriage sake?*"

About nine o'clock, the lieutenant came to him again, and finding him almost ready, told him he was now come for him. "I will wait upon you straight," said he, "as fast as this thin body of mine will give me leave." He then desired his man to reach him

his furred tippet, to put about his neck: and taking a New Testament in his hand, went along with the lieutenant. But he was so extremely weak, that he was scarcely able to go down stairs, and therefore, at the bottom of them, he was taken up in a chair by two of the lieutenant's men, and carried to the Tower gate, and while they were waiting to know whether the sheriffs were in readiness to receive him, he rose out of his chair, and leaning himself against the wall, opened his New Testament, and prayed (we are told) to this purpose: "that as that book had been his companion and chief comfort in his imprisonment, so then some place might turn up to him that might comfort him in his passage." Having said this, he opened the book, and read these words in St. John's Gospel, "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Upon which he shut the book, and said, "*Here is even learning enough for me to my life's end.*" And so the sheriffs being ready for him, he was taken up again among certain of the sheriffs' men, with a new and much greater company of weapons than was before, and carried to the scaffold on Tower Hill, himself praying all the way, and repeating the words he had just read. When he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs. On this he said, "Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone, and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough," and so went up the stairs, without any

help, so lively, that it was marvellous to them that knew before of his debility and weakness : but as he was mounting up the stairs, the south-east sun shined very bright in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands, “ Accedite ad eum,” &c.

By that time he was on the scaffold, it was about ten of the clock, and the executioner being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him, and asked him forgiveness: “ I forgive thee,” said he, “ with all my heart, and *I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.*” Then was his gown and tippet taken from him, and he stood in his doublet and hose in sight of all the people, whereof was no small number assembled to see this execution. When he came upon the scaffold, he spake to the people in effect as followeth. “ Christian people, I am come hither to die for the faith of Christ’s holy Catholic Church, and I thank God, hitherto my stomach hath served me very well thereunto, so that yet I have not feared death ; wherefore I desire you all to help and assist with your prayers, that at the very point and instant of death’s stroke, I may, in that very moment, stand stedfast, without fainting, in any one point of the Catholic faith, free from any fear. And I beseech Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, to save the king and this realm : and that it may please him to hold his hand over it, and send the king good counsel.”

These, or the like words, he spake with such a

cheerful countenance, such a stout and constant courage, and such a reverend gravity, that *he appeared to all men not only void of fear, but also glad of death*. Besides this, he uttered his words so distinctly, and with so loud and clear a voice, that the people were astonished thereat, and noted it for a miraculous thing, to hear so plain and audible a voice come from so weak and sickly an old body; for the youngest man in that presence, being in good and perfect health, could not have spoken to be better heard and perceived, than he was. Then after these few words by him uttered, he kneeled down on both his knees, and said certain prayers, among which one was the hymn of *Te Deum*, to the end, and the Psalm, "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped," &c. Then came the executioner, and bound a handkerchief about his eyes; and so this holy father, lifting up his hands and heart towards heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout; which being ended, the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body*.

* Biog. Brit. &c.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Born 1480. Died July 6th, 1535, aged 55.

The celestial spirit is always moving upwards in an even and steady way towards God, from whence it came, leaving under its feet the dark regions of hell and death.

J. SMITH.

AN illustrious statesman ; the successor to Cardinal Wolsey's honours and misfortunes. Early in the morning came to him Sir Thomas Pope, his very good friend, on a message from the king and his council, that he should prepare himself; for before nine o'clock the same morning he should lose his head. Knowing the time of his warfare presently to have an end, he left off his mourning, and disciplining of his body, which mightily he had done from the time of his condemnation till now, in this manner. *He wrapt himself in a linen sheet, like a body to be laid in the grave, so walked he most part of the night, and severely punished his body with a whip.* But now, in token of joy, and exultation of his mind, *he changed himself into his best apparel.*

Sir Thomas, fasting, and clad in an old ill-favoured frieze gown, which to him was his marriage-garment, and so meanly apparelled, the better to remember the poverty of his master Christ, was by the lieutenant brought from the Tower towards the place of execution. Thus he came to the scaffold, where taking the help of one of the officers to ascend, he

desired all the people thereabouts to pray for him ; and being forbidden to make any further speech, he desired all that were there present to bear witness that he should suffer in and for the faith of the Catholic Church. “ For I call heaven and earth to witness, I am the king’s true and faithful subject, the servant of Almighty God, and determined to die in the profession of his holy religion.” So he kneeled him down on his knees, and with a loud voice said the 50th Psalm, *Miserere mei Deus*, to the end, with some other prayers. After which he turned to the executioner, and with a cheerful countenance spake to him, saying, “ What man ! pull up thy spirits, and be not afraid to do thine office ;” who, as the manner is, asked him forgiveness. Sir Thomas kissed him, and told him no mortal man could give that he should receive at his hands. “ But I am sorry my neck is so short, therefore strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty.” So he took a napkin that he brought with him, wherewith he blindfolded his own eyes, stroking his beard, which was then grown long in the time of his durance, and laid it over the block, and thereon laid his head even and quiet. So with one blow of an axe, his sweet soul passed out of this world unto Almighty God *.

* From a MS. in the Lambeth Library, composed probably by Nicholas Harpsfield.

WILLIAM TYNDAL.

Born 1500, died 1536.

FEW men more essentially promoted the cause of the Reformation in England than did Tyndal by publishing his translation of the New Testament from the original Greek into English. Tunstal and Warham bought up and burnt all the copies they could find; by means of which Tyndal was enabled to print another edition, which was circulated very widely, and in conjunction with Miles Coverdale, he commenced translating the Pentateuch, and subsequently the Prophecy of Jonas, which, with the New Testament, previously translated by him and others, formed the whole of his labours on the Scriptures. He then returned to Antwerp, where he took up his residence with an English merchant, named Pointz. The detestable spirit of the times would not, however, leave the good Tyndal unmolested even in another country, and Henry the VIIIth, and his slavish council, employed a wretch of the name of Phillips, to betray Tyndal to the emperor's procurator.

Then came the procurer-general to the house of Pointz, and sent away all that was there of Mr. Tyndal's, as well his books as other things, and from thence Tyndal was had to the castle of Filford, eighteen English miles from Antwerp.

Good Tyndal could not escape their hands, but remained in prison still; who being brought unto

his answer, was offered to have an advocate, and a proctor; for in any criminal cause there, it shall be permitted to have counsel to make answer in the law. But he refused to have any such, saying, that he would answer for himself, and so he did.

At last, after much reasoning, when no reason would serve, although he deserved no death, he was condemned by virtue of the emperor's decree made in the assembly at Augsburgh; and upon the same brought forth to the place of execution, was there tied to the stake, and then strangled by the hangman, and afterwards with fire consumed, anno 1536. His last words were, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes." Thus perished a man of the most blameless life and manners, simply for facilitating to Christians the perusal of a book which is the foundation of their religion*.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Born 1483, died 1546, aged 63.

It is not unlikely that the souls of good men will hereafter mutually congratulate each other, that they have escaped the numerous rocks, and shelves, and quick-sands, and threatening storms, and no less dangerous calms, through which they are at length arrived at their peaceful haven.—BOYLE.

THE father of the reformation in Germany, born at Eysleben in Saxony. The last years of his life were chiefly spent in exhorting universities, and princes,

* Fox's Acts and Monuments. Gorton.

and states to uphold the reformation of religion, and in publishing from time to time such writings as might aid and encourage them in the arduous undertaking. A short time before his death, he is said thus to have prayed :—" Oh celestial Parent, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I give thee thanks that thou hast revealed thy beloved Son Christ to me, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom I have loved and praised, whom the pope and all impious persons blame, persecute, and even blaspheme." Thus he died *.

In the beginning of the year 1546 Martin Luther was unexpectedly taken ill. He suddenly swooned and fell, and his whole body was seized with such a violent shivering, that his speech and sensation forsook him for a time. He was bathed with cold water by his attendant Jonas, as had been directed : Luther then collected himself a little, and began ardently to pray, to make the confession of his faith, and to complain that he was unworthy of martyrdom, to which he had so often aspired. He prepared his will for his family in these words. " Oh Lord God, I give thee thanks, because it was thy good pleasure that I should be poor on earth. I have neither house, land, possession, nor treasure

* Surii Comment. Brev. Rer. in Orbe gest. fol. 411.

which I can leave. Thou hast given me a family. To thee I restore them : nourish, instruct, and preserve them, as thou hast myself ; Oh, Father, of Orphans ; Oh, Judge of Widows !” Having finished these prayers, he afterwards copiously perspired, from the continual use of fomentations ; the pain by degrees then subsided, so that he arose, on the evening of the same day, and took supper with his friends. “ On the next day, he said to Jonas his friend, “ The Lord bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up again *.”

Concerning the death of Martin Luther, many fabulous histories are narrated. Some say that he died a sudden death, others that he killed himself, and the Roman Catholics, that he was suffocated by Satan. Bayle thinks that my second account, originally given by Jonas, Luther’s friend and attendant, and recorded in the work *Adami Vitæ*, is true. The following particulars may be added on good authority.

Martin Luther, although seriously unwell, nevertheless dined and supped with his friends. In the interval, he conversed upon various subjects ; and among other questions, asked whether, in an eternal world, we shall mutually recognize each other ? His friends, who surrounded him, were desirous to know his opinion upon so important a subject. He said, “ we shall I think be renewed in the other life, through Christ,

* *Adami Vitæ*, fol. 64.

and shall much more perfectly recognize our parents, wives, and children." When he left the supper-table to offer up prayers, according to his custom, the pain in his stomach began to increase; some time after he slept sweetly for an hour. Awaking, he went into a chamber, and again composed himself to rest: to his kind friends who were present, he said, "*pray to God that he will preserve among us the doctrine of the Gospel*, for the pope and the council of Trent devise sadly against it." Having thus spoken, a silence ensued; he slept a little; but oppressed by the power of the disorder, he awoke in the middle of the night, complaining of a spasm in the chest. Perceiving that the end of his life drew near, he implored his God in these words * :

THE PRAYER OF MARTIN LUTHER IN THE PROSPECT OF
DEATH.

Oh, God of heaven; Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, source of all consolation; I give thee thanks that thou hast revealed to me thy Son Jesus Christ, whom I have believed, professed, loved and celebrated, whom the pope of Rome, and the whole multitude of impious persons, persecute and despise. I ask thee, O Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to receive my soul. Oh, my heavenly Father, although I am torn from life, although my body is to be laid in the grave, I know of a surety that I shall live for ever, and that I shall

* Sleidan, fol. 272. Thuanus, fol. 47.

never be taken from thy hand ; God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever should believe on him might have everlasting life. Our God is a God of salvation, and our Lord is the Lord who leadeth up out of death." Receiving some medicine, he said, " I go hence that I may restore my spirit to God and enter upon immortal life. Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit ; tkou hast redeemed me, Oh God of Truth !" Here he departed from life, as though in the act of slumber, and without the least pain of body as far as could be perceived. Jonas and Cælius were present at the time *.

Luther went out exceedingly unwell from the assembly at Smalcald, departing from it he could not refrain from turning round and saying to the princes and legates. " Oh may the Almighty fill you all with a detestation of the Pontiff †."

Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eysleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which, in a few days, put an end to his life in the sixty-third year of his age. Towards the close of his life, though without

* Adami Vitæ, fol. 74, &c.

† Journal des Sçavants de 1704, fol. 226, ex Loeberi Hist. Eccles.

any perceptible diminution of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he grew daily more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundations of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. Some time before his death, he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed the most uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death; *his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future life*, of which he spoke with the *fervour* and *delight* natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. He died at Eysleben, his native place, and was interred in the cathedral of Wittemberg, with a more extraordinary degree of pomp and magnificence than was ever perhaps displayed at the obsequies of any other private individual*.

* Dr. Robertson.

CASPAR CRUCIGER.

Born 1504, died 1548, aged 44.

The joys of Heaven are like its stars, which by reason of our remoteness from them appear extremely little; though really, in themselves, they are so vast, that the largest is much greater than the greatest object upon earth, nay, than the whole earth itself,—BOYLE.

ONE of the most learned men in Germany. He was the intimate friend of Luther; assisted him in translating the Bible, and in promoting the great work of the Reformation. He hastened his death by habits of unremitting study and thoughtfulness. Confined to his bed for more than three months, without any hope of recovering his health, he afforded a noble example of faith, patience, and piety. Manifesting no signs either of a discontented mind, or a repining disposition, but determining to obey the will of God, he awaited his dissolution with the greatest tranquillity. Nor did he altogether forsake his studies; the distribution of his time he arranged as well as the nature of his disorder would permit. In the morning he would call his two little daughters to him, and join with them in offering up their prayers. He himself fervently implored the Almighty with sighs and tears for the Church, for himself, and for his beloved children, frequently repeating these words, "I do beseech thee, Oh God, the eternal and only Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, and thy Holy Spirit, that thou wouldest have mercy on me, and forgive

me mine offences on account of thy Son Jesus Christ, who was crucified and raised for us, whom thou in thy mysterious counsels hast willed to become our propitiation. Sanctify me with thy Holy Spirit. Preserve thy church in these dominions, and suffer not the light of thy Gospel to be extinguished among us. Make my orphans vessels of divine mercy. I implore thee though with a feeble faith yet with a faith sincere. I do believe, Oh Son of God, thy promise which thou hast sealed with thine own blood and resurrection. Oh assist me to lift up my heart by faith." These words he was frequently heard to repeat. Having counselled his little daughters, he sent them away. On their departure he would return to his occupation, and in the time of his sickness assiduously devote himself to his work concerning the last words of David. In the stillness of night he stood for a long time in the open air contemplating the firmament, and appeared as though immediately about to enter the heaven of heavens, when he again addressed his Redeemer, repeating his accustomed invocation and confession. In his last hours he held discourses with his friends concerning each part of his doctrine, the wonderful government of the Church, the immortality of the soul, and the hope of our meeting again and recognising each other in the celestial church. *He died in the act of prayer* *.

* Adami Vitæ Theolog. fol. 95.

MARTIN BUCER.

Born 1491, died 1551, aged 60.

God's love is so far from resembling the usual sort of friends, who, when they have accompanied us to the grave, do there leave us ; that like the angels that carried Lazarus's soul into Abraham's bosom, its kindness, its activity, begin then most to appear, when our dark eyes are closed, and is then truest to the beloved soul when she forsakes the body.—BOYLE.

MARTIN BUCER was a very learned, judicious, and pious person. Perhaps he was inferior to none of all the German reformers in learning, but for zeal, true piety, moderation, and a most tender care of preserving unity among the foreign churches, Melancthon and he, without any injury to the rest, may be ranked apart by themselves. Such is the account given of Bucer's character by Burnet ; the narrative of his death is from Melchior Adam. A complication of disorders obliged him to keep his room for several months ; during that time his hours were always well employed. When his sickness prevented him from giving his lectures publicly, he delivered them in his own house. In the disease which, after a few days, carried him off, his mind was occupied in sacred meditation, and in continual aspirations after heaven. Requested by his medical attendants to take food, he refused, but his friends suggesting that he should consider himself born not for himself, but for the good of others, he said, " I will conform to custom." When H. John Bradford went to consult him, and said that he

wished to be remembered in his prayers, with tears Bucer said, "reject me not, Oh Lord, in my old age, when my strength faileth me. The Lord may severely chastise, but he *never* will reject me, never reject me." Advised to prepare himself against the attack of the prince of darkness, he replied, "I have no fellowship with Satan, my conversation is with Christ alone, and *may that day never arrive in which I shall be deprived of the sweet consolations of religion.*" When Bradford came to him again, and expressed the apprehension of his friends and medical attendants, lest at the waning of the moon his strength should fail, and he should be overcome by the force of the disorder—he is said to have *pointed his fingers upward, to have directed his eyes toward heaven, and to have exclaimed, He, He ruleth and governeth all things.* Bucer died at Cambridge*.

JOACHIM VADIAN.

Born 1485, died 1551, aged 66.

Retire and read thy Bible :

There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace.

A PHYSICIAN of St. Gāl, in Switzerland, who adorned the republic of letters with many valuable works, and who was honoured with the laurel crown by the Emperor of Germany : oppressed with anxiety and exertion he perceived that he daily approached nearer

* Burnet. *Adami Vitæ Theologorum*, fol. 106.

and nearer to the gate of death. Inviting the ministers of the Church and State, with the consuls and pro-consuls, into his sick room, he declared the grounds of his faith, and commended the care of the Church to the vigilance of its pastors. Then turning to the others present, he exhorted them to uphold the republic of Switzerland, and to perform their duties with equity and purity of heart. Free from every solicitude he now devoted himself to pious meditations and the consolations of Scripture. Whenever he found a passage which comforted him in his sickness, with clasped hands and eyes uplifted toward heaven he gave thanks to God, his Father, for his mercy manifested through Christ to fallen man, and bitterly regretted that he had not retained all those sentences in his memory. He desired his friends to read the discourse which Christ, when about to suffer death, delivered to his disciples. He was not anxious about the recovery of his health, and from the commencement of his illness disregarded worldly subjects. Well skilled in medicine he knew the fatal nature of his disorder. His strength now completely failed. He took up a copy of the New Testament, and giving it to his pastor, J. Kesler, he said, "*I present to you this gift, the most invaluable in the universe, for a perpetual memorial of our friendship.*" He slept in the Lord, Anno Domini, 1551 *.

* Adami Vitæ Medicorum, fol. 26. Jacob des Bibliotheques, fol. 225.

JOHN RIVIOUS.

Died 1553.

There is not a precept which the Son of God so often repeats and enforces as that which bids us watch and pray.

HAVING lost a son, a wife, a grandson, and two servants, who were cut off by the Plague, immediately his own strength failed, and a frequent depression of spirits succeeded. He said with great fortitude, "the Lord shall do with me according to his will." Alexius, the mayor, his son-in-law, came to visit him, and conversed with him on the uncertain tenure of human life, and the joys of an eternal world. These conversations the sick man said were most consoling to his mind. He complained less of pain than thirst, which day and night deprived him of comfort. After four days had elapsed several black spots appeared in each arm, perceiving this, he knew that his death was near. His son exhorting him to put all his trust in God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died and rose again for us, without the least emotion he replied; "my son, I have long since been accustomed to contemplate this subject of death, nor have I postponed it to the last moment of my life. *Indeed I feel assured that I have a merciful God in the heavens, who in the hour of death will not withdraw from me the light of his countenance.*" Then he repeated with a loud voice the words of Christ from St. John. "I am the re-

surrection and the life, he that believeth in me shall not die, for even if he be subject to death he shall live." Adding these words, " O God of infinite mercy, have mercy on me through the merits of Christ, thy Son. Wash me from my secret faults. Create in me a new spirit. Oh God confirm me more and more, and withdraw not thy Holy Spirit from me." *He repeated the Hymn*, " Come Holy Spirit, and shed on me a ray of celestial light: Oh! kind consoler come; thou faithful friend, thou sweet refresher of the wearied soul; Oh! come. Without thy divinity dwelling within us, there is nothing in our nature free from evil. Grant me thy salvation; Grant me eternal joys!" Then turning to those who stood around him, he said, " I commend you all to God," and with uplifted hands he thus continued, " Oh! Jesus Christ, thou Son of the eternal God, into thy hands I commend my spirit." A profuse perspiration then breaking forth in every limb, he said, " that he was almost suffocated by his disorder." Presently a chillness spread over his frame. Reclining himself at full length on his little bed, he drew his feet together and with clasped hands thus said. " Oh! merciful God, I would that I might leave this life; hasten my departure. Thou art my helper in the time of need *."

* Adami Vitæ Philosophorum, fol. 74.

LADY JANE GREY.

Born about 1537. Died Feb. 12, 1554.

He that relieved us even by his cross, will surely do more for us by his crown.—BOYLE.

DR. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, was sent to announce unto the Lady Jane Grey, that she must prepare herself to die the next day ; which message was so little displeasing to her, that she seemed rather to rejoice at it. He being earnest with her to leave her new religion, (Protestantism,) and to embrace the old, she answered “ that *she had now no time to think of any thing but preparing herself to God by prayer.*” Feckenham thinking she had spoken this to the end she might have some longer time of life, obtained a respite of the queen for three days longer, and then came and told so much to the Lady Jane ; whereat she smiling, said, “ You are much deceived if you think I had any desire of longer life ; for I assure you, since the time you went from me, my life has been so odious to me, that *I long for nothing so much as death* ; and since it is the queen’s pleasure, I am most ready to undergo it.”

COPY OF A LETTER WHICH SHE WROTE TO HER FATHER
BUT A FEW DAYS BEFORE SHE SUFFERED DEATH.

“ FATHER,

“ Although it pleaseth God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened ; yet can I so patiently take it, as I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woeful

days, than if all the world had been given into my possession with life lengthened to my will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and also as I hear, especially my unfortunate estate ; yet my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice in my mishaps, methinks in this I may account myself blessed ; that, washing my hands with the innocency of my fact, my guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, mercy to the innocent ; and yet though I must needs acknowledge that being constrained, and as you well know continually assayed, in taking the crown upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws ; yet do I assuredly trust, that this my offence towards God, is so much the less, in that being in so royal an estate as I was, mine enforced honour never mixed with my innocent heart. And thus good father, I have opened my state to you, whose death's at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem right woeful, *to me there is nothing more welcome, than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joys and pleasure with Christ our Saviour* ; in whose stedfast faith, if it be lawful for the daughter so to write to her father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue you, that at last we may meet in heaven, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

On Sunday evening, which was the last she was to spend in this world, she wrote an exhortation

in the Greek tongue, as some say, on the blank leaves at the end of a Testament in the same language, which she bequeathed as a legacy to her sister, the Lady Catharine Grey; a piece which, if we had no other left, it is said were sufficient to render her name immortal. In the morning, the Lord Guilford earnestly desired the officers, that he might take his last farewell of her; which though they willingly permitted, yet upon notice, she advised the contrary, assuring him that “such a meeting would rather add to his afflictions than increase the quiet, wherewith they had prepared their souls for the stroke of death; that he demanded a lenitive which would put fire into the wound, and that it was to be feared her presence would rather weaken than strengthen him; that he ought to take courage from his reason, and derive constancy from his own heart; that if his soul were not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words; that he would do well to remit this interview to the other world; that there, indeed, friendships were happy, and unions indissoluble, and that theirs would be eternal, if their souls carried with them nothing of terrestrial which might hinder them from rejoicing.” All she could do was, to give him a farewell out of a window, as he passed to the place of his dissolution, which he suffered on the scaffold on Tower Hill, with much Christian meekness. She beheld his dead body wrapped in a linen cloth, as it passed under her window to the Chapel

within the Tower. About an hour after, she was led to the scaffold ; she was attended by Feckenham, but was observed not to give much heed to his discourses, keeping her eyes stedfastly fixed on a book of prayers which she had in her hand. After some short meditation, she saluted those who were present, *with a countenance perfectly composed*; then taking leave of Dr. Feckenham, she said, " God will abundantly requite you, good Sir, for your humanity to me, though your discourses gave me more uneasiness than all the terrors of my approaching death." She next addressed herself to the spectators in a plain and short speech ; after which kneeling down she repeated the " Miserere" in English. This done, she stood up and gave to her women her gloves and handkerchief, and to the Lieutenant of the Tower her Prayer Book. The executioner, kneeling, desired her pardon, to which she answered " most willingly." He desired her to stand upon the straw ; which bringing her within sight of the block, she said, " I pray you dispatch me quickly;" adding presently afterwards, " will you take it off before I lay me down?" the executioner answered, " no madam." Upon this the handkerchief being bound close over her eyes, she began to feel for the block, to which she was guided by one of the spectators. When she felt it, she stretched herself forward, and said, " Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit ;" and immediately her head was separated at one stroke.

AN EXHORTATION WRITTEN BY LADY JANE DUDLEY, THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION, AT THE END OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, IN GREEK, WHICH SHE SENT TO HER SISTER, THE LADY CATHARINE GREY.

“ I have here sent you, my dear sister Catharine, a book which, although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, or the curious embroidery of the artfullest needles, yet inwardly it is more worth than all the precious mines which the vast world can boast of; it is the book, my only best, and best loved sister, of the Law of the Lord; it is the testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches and wretched sinners, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy; and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind follow, no doubt it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life; it will teach you to live, and learn you to die; it shall win you more and endow you with greater felicity, than you should have gained of our woeful father's lands; for as if God had prospered him, you should have inherited his honours and manors, so if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life according to the rule of the same, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt. Desire with David, my best sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God: live still to die, that you by death may purchase eternal life, and trust not that the tender-

ness of your age shall lengthen your life ; for unto God when he calleth, all hours, times, and seasons, are alike, and blessed are they whose lamps are furnished when he cometh, for as soon will the Lord be glorified in the young as the old. My good sister, once more again let me intreat you to learn to die ; deny the world, defy the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not ; be strong in faith, yet presume not ; and desire with St. Paul to be dissolved and to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death cometh and stealeth upon you, like a thief in the night, you be with the servants of darkness found sleeping ; and lest for lack of oil you be found like the five foolish virgins, or like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then you be cast into darkness, or banished from the marriage : rejoice in Christ, as I trust you do, and seeing you have the name of a Christian, as near as you can, follow the steps, and be a true imitator of your Master, Christ Jesus, and take up your cross, lay your sins upon his back, and always embrace him. Now as touching my death, rejoice as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption ; for I am assured that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, win one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting. The which I pray God grant you in his most blessed hour, and send you his all-saving

grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith ; from which, in God's name, I exhort you that you never swerve, neither through hope of life, nor fear of death ; for if you will deny his birth, to give length to a weary and corrupt breath, God himself will deny you ; and by vengeance make short what you by your soul's loss would prolong ; but if you will cleave to him, he will stretch forth your days to an uncircumscribed comfort, and to his own glory ; to the which glory, God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it shall please him to call you. Farewell once again, my beloved sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you. Amen.

Your loving Sister,

JANE DUDLEY*.



JOHN ROGERS.

Died Feb. 4, 1555.

AN eminent divine, the protomartyr of all the blessed company that suffered in the reign of Queen Mary, and the assistant of Coverdale and Tyndal in translating the Bible into English. When Queen Mary made her triumphal entry into London, August 3, 1553, Rogers had the boldness to preach a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, on the following Sunday, in which he warned the people against popery, and

* Baker's Chronicles. Strype. Remains of the Lady Jane Grey. Fox. Chalmers.

exhorted them to uphold the Reformation. He preferred giving his testimony to the truth of what he had believed and preached, at whatever risk. Wherefore he was condemned to be burnt on the 4th of February, on which day he was warned suddenly by the keeper's wife of Newgate, to prepare himself to the fire, who then being sound asleep, scarce with much shogging [shaking] could be awakened. At length being raised and waked, and bid to make haste, then said he, if it be so, I need not to tie my points, and so was had down first to Bonner, to be degraded; that done, he craved of Bonner but one petition. And Bonner asking what that should be, Nothing, (said he,) but that he might talk a few words with his wife, before his burning. But that could not be obtained of him. "Then (said he,) you declare your charity, what it is;" and so he was brought into Smithfield, by Master Chester and Master Woodrofe, then sheriffs of London, there to be burnt, where he shewed most constant patience, not using many words, for he could not be permitted, but only exhorting the people constantly to remain in that faith and true doctrine which he before had taught, and they had learned, and for the confirmation whereof he was not only content patiently to suffer and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been shewed him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and to give his flesh to the consuming fire, for the testimony of the same.

Now when the time came that he, being delivered to the sheriffs, should be brought out of Newgate to Smithfield, the place of his execution, first came to him Mr. Woodrofe, one of the foresaid sheriffs, and calling Mr. Rogers unto him, asked him if he would revoke his abominable doctrine, and his evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar, Mr. Rogers answered and said, "*That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.*" "Then (quoth Master Woodrofe,) thou art an heretic." "That shall be known (quoth Rogers,) at the day of judgment." "Well, (quoth Master Woodrofe,) I will never pray for thee." "But I will pray for you," quoth Master Rogers, and so was brought the same day, which was Monday the 4th of February, by the sheriffs towards Smithfield, saying the psalm "*Miserere*" by the way, all the people wonderfully rejoicing at his constancy, with great praises and thanks to God for the same. And there, in the presence of Master Rochester, comptroller of the queen's household, Sir Richard Southwell, both the sheriffs, and a wonderful number of people, he was burned into ashes, *washing his hands in the flame as he was in burning.*

A little before his burning at the stake, his pardon was brought, if he would have recanted, but he refused it *.

* Strype, Fox, and Southey.

BISHOP HOOPER.

Born 1495. Died February 9th, 1555.

The glory of faith shines with much greater brightness by our passing to immortality, through the shades of death.—PASCAL.

THE good Bishop of Gloucester, eminent for his piety and meekness of character. The same Monday at night, being the 4th of February, his keeper gave him an inkling that he should be sent to Gloucester to suffer death, whereat he rejoiced very much, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, and praising God that he saw it good to send him amongst the people over whom he was pastor, there to confirm with his death the truth which he had before taught them; not doubting but that the Lord would give him strength to perform the same to his glory; and immediately he sent to his servant's house for his boots, spurs, and cloak, that he might be in readiness to ride when he should be called.

The next day following, about four of the clock in the morning, before day, the keeper, with others, came to him, and searched him and the bed whereon he lay, to see if he had written any thing, and then he was led by the sheriffs of London, and other their officers, forth of Newgate, to a place appointed, not far from St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, where six of the Queen's guard were appointed to receive him, and carry him to Gloucester, there to be

delivered unto the sheriff, who, with the Lord Shandoyes, M. Wickes, and other commissioners, were appointed to see execution done. The which guard brought him to the Angel, where he brake his fast with them, eating his meat at that time more liberally than he had used to do a good while before. About the break of the day he went to horse, and leaped cheerfully on horseback without help, having a hood upon his head, under his hat, that he should not be known, and so took his journey joyfully towards Gloucester. Upon the Thursday following, he came to a town in his diocese called Ciceter, (Cirencester) fifteen miles from Gloucester. After dinner he rode forwards, and came to Gloucester about five of the clock, and a mile without the town was much people assembled, which cried, and lamented his estate. He was lodged at one Ingram's house in Gloucester, and amongst others that spake with him, Sir Anthony Kingstone, Knt. was one; who seeming in times past his very friend was then appointed by the Queen's letters to be one of the commissioners to see execution done upon him. Master Kingstone being brought into the chamber, found him at his prayers, and as soon as he saw Mr. Hooper, he burst forth into tears. Master Hooper, at the first blush, knew him not. Then said Master Kingstone, "Why, my lord, do ye not know me, an old friend of yours, Anthony Kingstone?" "Yes, Mr. Kingstone, I do now know you well: I am glad to see you in health, and do praise God for the same." He further said

afterwards, "*True it is, Master Kingstone, that death is bitter, and life is sweet, but consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet.*" Therefore, for the desire and love I have to the one, and the terror and fear of the other, I do not so much regard this death, nor esteem this life, but have settled myself, through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through the torments and extremities of the fire now prepared for me, rather than to deny the truth of his word, desiring you and others, in the mean time, to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers." After these, and many other words, the one took leave of the other, Mr. Kingstone with bitter tears, Mr. Hooper also with tears trickling down his cheeks.

The same day, in the afternoon, a blind boy, after long intercession made to the guard, obtained license to be brought unto Mr. Hooper. The same boy, not long before, had suffered imprisonment at Gloucester for confessing of the truth. Master Hooper, after he had examined him of his faith, and the cause of his imprisonment, beheld him stedfastly, and the water appearing in his eyes, said unto him, "*Ah, poor boy! God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what consideration he best knoweth, but he hath given thee another sight much more precious, for he hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith.*"

The same night he was committed by the guard,

their commission being then expired, unto the custody of the sheriffs of Gloucester. The name of the one was Jenkins, the other Bond, who with the mayor and aldermen repaired to Master Hooper's lodging, and at the first meeting saluted him, and took him by the hand. Notwithstanding the two sheriffs went aside to consult, and were determined to have lodged him in the common jail of the town, called Northgate, if the guard had not made earnest intercession for him, who declared at large how quietly, mildly, and patiently, he had behaved himself in the way, adding thereto, that any child might keep him well enough, and that they themselves would rather take pains to watch with him, than that he should be sent to the common prison. So it was determined at the length he should remain in Robert Ingram's house, and the sheriffs and the serjeants and other officers did appoint to watch with him that night themselves.

About eight of the clock, (in the next morning) came Sir John Bridges, Lord Shandoys, with a great band of men, Sir Anthony Kingstone, Sir Edmund Bridges, and other commissioners appointed to see execution done. At nine of the clock Mr. Hooper was willed to prepare himself to be in readiness, for the time was at hand. Immediately he was brought down from his chamber by the sheriffs, who were accompanied with bils, gleives, and weapons. Then he went forward led between the two sheriffs (as it were a lamb to the place of slaughter) in a gown of

his host's, his hat upon his head, and a staff in his hand to stay himself withal. He would sometimes lift up his eyes towards heaven, and look very cheerfully upon such as he knew, and he was never known during the time of his being amongst them, to look with so cheerful and ruddish a countenance as he did at that present. When he came to the place appointed where he should die, *smilingly he beheld the stake and preparation made for him*, which was near unto the great Elm-tree*, over against the College of Priests, where he was wont to preach. The place round about the houses, and the boughs of the tree were replenished with people; and in the chamber over the College gate stood the priests of the College. Then kneeled he down to pray. Prayer being done, he prepared himself to the stake, and put off his host's gown, and delivered it to the sheriffs, requiring them to see it restored unto the owner, and put off the rest of his gear unto his doublet and hose, wherein he would have burned. But the sheriffs would not permit that, unto whose pleasure he very obediently submitted himself, and his doublet and hose were taken off. Desiring the people to say the Lord's Prayer with him, and to pray for him, (who performed it with tears during the

* *The great Elm-tree.*] A monument has *lately* been erected there, bearing an inscription to the memory of Bishop Hooper. It marks the place where he suffered, which was within the boundary of the present Church-yard of St. Mary, in the square of that name.

time of his pains,) he went up to the stake. Now when he was at the stake, three irons made to bind him at the stake, were brought; one for his neck, another for his middle, and the third for his legs. But he refusing them said, "Ye have no need thus to trouble yourselves; for I doubt not but God will give strength sufficient to abide the extremity of the fire without bands;" notwithstanding, suspecting the frailty and weakness of the flesh, but having assured confidence in God's strength, I am content ye do as ye shall think good. So the hoop of iron prepared for his middle was brought. And when they offered to have bound his neck and his legs with the other two hoops of iron, he utterly refused them, and would have none, saying, "I am well assured I shall not trouble you."

Thus being ready, he looked upon the people, of whom he might be well seen, (for he was both tall, and stood also on an high stool,) and beheld round about him, and in every corner there was nothing to be seen but weeping and sorrowful people. Then lifting up his eyes and hands unto heaven, he prayed to himself. By and by he that was appointed to make the fire came to him, and did ask him forgiveness. Of whom he asked why he should forgive him, saying, that he knew never any offence he had committed against him. "Oh, Sir, (said the man,) I am appointed to make the fire." "Therein (said Mr. Hooper,) thou dost nothing offend me. God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray

thee." Then the reeds were cast up, and he received two bundles of them in his own hands, embraced them, kissed them, and put under either arm one of them, and shewed with his hand how the rest should be bestowed, and pointed to the place where any did lack. Anon commandment was given that the fire should be set to, and so it was. But because there were put to no fewer green fagots than two horses could carry upon their backs, it kindled not by and by, and was a pretty while also before it took the reeds upon the fagots. At length it burned about him, but the wind having full strength in that place, it was also a lowering and cold morning, it blew the flame from him, so that he was in a manner no more than touched by the fire. Within a space after a few dry fagots were brought, and a new fire kindled with fagots, (for there were no more reeds) and that burned at nether parts, but had small power above, because of the wind, saving that it did burn his hair and scorch his skin a little. In the time of which fire, even as at the first flame, saying mildly, and not very loud (but as one without pain,) "Oh Jesu the Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." After the second fire was spent, he did wipe both his eyes with his hands, and beholding the people, he said, with an indifferent loud voice, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire." And all this while his nether parts did burn, for the fagots were so few that the flame did not burn strongly at his upper parts.

The third fire was kindled within a while after, which was more extreme than the other two; and then the bladders of gunpowder brake, which did him small good, they were so placed, and the wind had such a power. In the which fire he prayed with somewhat a loud voice, " Lord Jesu have mercy upon me, Lord Jesu have mercy upon me, Lord Jesus receive my spirit, receive my spirit." And these were the last words he was heard to utter. But when he was black in the mouth, and his tongue swollen that he could not speak, yet his lips went till they were shrunk to the gums, and he knocked his breast with his hands, until one of his arms fell off, and then knocked still with the other, until, by renewing of the fire, his strength was gone, and his hand did cleave fast in knocking to the iron in his breast. So immediately bowing forwards, he yielded up his spirit, in the 60th year of his age *.

* Fox's Acts and Monuments, Southey, &c.

LAURENCE SAUNDERS.

Died A.D. 1555.

He who cheapens life, abates the fear of death.

A CELEBRATED divine and martyr in the Protestant cause under the reign of Queen Mary: he continued to preach the Gospel, disregarding the edict, and was thrown into prison, where he was confined fifteen months, whence he wrote several letters filled with religious consolations to his friends Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and his beloved wife. Whilst in prison she wished to visit him, but the gaoler keeping her back, allowed her son Samuel, whom she had brought in her arms, to see his father. Saunders received his child with heartfelt joy. When he was again examined before the Bishop, he openly professed the constancy of his faith, for which he was degraded, excommunicated, handed over to the secular power, and then shut up in a dungeon. When publicly degraded, he said, "I return thanks to God that *I am now separated from a Church to which I no longer can be united without the perdition of my soul.*" In the last letters which he wrote to his wife from his prison he thus declares: "I wish you to know the truth, that my Lord Jesus *hath so completely taken away all fear and sense of death, that I shall never be terrified by it.*" Brought on horseback from London to Coventry, he arrived there on the third day at dusk, and was thrown into the

common prison, where he spent all the night in prayers to God, and in religious discourses to his fellow prisoners. The next day, with his head and feet bare, and an old long cloak thrown over his coat, he was led out of the walls of the city to his place of martyrdom; *When he beheld the stake to which he was about to be bound, embracing it with both his arms, he exclaimed, "Oh! blessed cross of the beloved Jesu!"* Bound to the stake, when the flames had seized on his body, he uttered these last words, "*Hail! Oh life desired! Art thou coming?*" Thus nobly did this martyr expire in Christ *.

BISHOPS LATIMER AND RIDLEY †.

Died October 16th, 1555.

We should carry up our thoughts and meditations to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.—BOYLE.

Two eminent prelates, the former having been Bishop of Worcester, the latter Bishop of London. Latimer was converted to Protestantism by the famous Thomas Bilney, and assisted Cranmer in the composition of the Homilies. Ridley was instrumental in settling

* Freheri theatrum, fol. 164.

† The place appointed for the martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley, was a ditch over against Balliol College, Oxford.

the Thirty-nine Articles, the Liturgy, and the Homilies; and by his influence with the king, in some measure caused the establishment of Christ's Hospital, St. Thomas's, Southwark, St. Bartholomew's, and Bridewell. First came Bishop Ridley, dressed in a handsome black gown, furred, faced with points, and such as he used to wear in his episcopal character: about his neck was a tippet of velvet, furred likewise, his head covered with a velvet cap, and a square cap upon that, walking to the stake in a pair of slippers, between the mayor and one of the aldermen. Ridley then looked back to see if his brother Latimer were coming; whom he spied hastening after him in a Bristol frieze frock, all worn, with his cap buttoned, an handkerchief on his head, and a new long shroud hanging down to his feet, all ready for the fire. "O you be there," said Ridley, "Yes," returned Latimer, "I come after as fast as I can follow." They preserved their distance in walking, and Ridley arriving first at the stake, there earnestly lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, till he saw, shortly after, Latimer descending to the spot; upon which, with a most cheerful countenance, he ran to him, embraced and kissed him, and comforted him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." Then *moving to the stake, he kneeled down, and kissed it*, and prayed earnestly, as did Latimer likewise.

Bishop Ridley, taking off his gown and tippet,

gave them to his brother. Some part of his apparel, that was little worth, he gave elsewhere, and some the bailiffs took.

Latimer gave nothing, but, very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off all his dress but his shroud : in which he, who before in his old frieze coat and buttoned cap, seemed a withered and crooked old man, negligent of himself, now roused to play the man, stood bolt upright, and appeared a venerable comely person.

Dr. Ridley, being stripped to his linen, would have been burnt in it, but his brother Shipside prevailed on him to pull off the latter, as it would else increase his pain, and might do a poor man good. Then standing at the stake upon a stone, lifting up his hands towards heaven, he prayed, " Oh heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee even unto death. I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon the realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies." Next, the smith took an iron chain, and brought it round the middles of both the martyrs, and as he was driving in the staple, Dr. Ridley shook the chain, and said to the smith, " good fellow, knock it hard, for the flesh will have its course." And now his brother brought him some gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied it about his neck. The Bishop asked what it was : and being informed, said I take it to be sent of God, therefore I will receive it as sent of

him ; and have you any for my brother ?" meaning Latimer. And being answered in the affirmative, he bade him give it him betime, lest it should be late, which was done accordingly.

Then * they brought a fagot ready kindled, and laid it at Dr. Ridley's feet, to whom Latimer said, " Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE, BY GOD'S GRACE, IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."

The fire being given to them, when Ridley saw it flaming up towards him, he cried with an exceeding loud voice, " Into thy hands, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit. O Lord, receive my spirit." Latimer, on the other side, as earnestly praying, " O Father of heaven, receive my soul," and received the flame, as it were, embracing it. After he had stroked his face with his hand, he soon died, to appearance, with little or no pain.

But, on the other side, the fire was so ill managed by piling too great a quantity of fagots over the furze, that the fire first burnt beneath, being kept down by the wood. Which, when Dr. Ridley felt, he desired them, for Christ's sake, to let the fire come unto him. His brother hearing his earnest request, but not understanding well the reason of it,

* Some intermediate time between the delivery of the gunpowder, and the bringing a ready kindled fagot, was occupied by Ridley's interceding with Lord Williams, for his protection and charity, in behalf of several unbefriended poor people.

with an ill-advised kindness to rid him out of his pain, heaped more fagots upon him, quite covering him with them, which made the fire, smouldering beneath, so intense, that it burnt all his nether parts before it once touched the upper. This made him leap up and down under the fagots, and often desire them to let the fire come to him, saying, "I cannot burn." Yet, in all this torment, he forgot not to call upon God, having still in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me:" intermingling between whiles, "let the fire come to me, I cannot burn." Thus he continued crying out without relief, till one of the standers by, with his bill, pulled off the fagots above; and when the tortured martyr saw the fire flame up, he wrested himself to that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen to stir no more, but burned on the other side; and either from the chain loosing, or by the overpoise of his body, after his legs were consumed, fell over the chain down at Latimer's feet. They died anno 1555, in the eighty-fifth year of Latimer's, and the fifty-fourth of Ridley's age*. Julius Palmer, fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, witnessing this martyrdom, rose a convert from the innocent blood thus shed, and exclaimed against the tyranny and cruelty of the Roman Catholics, and suffered martyrdom under Queen Mary.

We are informed by Dr. Ridley, that Bishop

* Life of Bishop Ridley, by Dr. Gloucester Ridley.

Ridley prepared himself for his approaching death, which a sound judgment and a good conscience made him look upon as a matter of joy and triumph. *He called it his marriage*, and in the evening washed his beard and his feet, *and behaved with as much ease and cheerfulness as ever* : at supper, he invited Mrs. Irish, and the rest of the company, *to his marriage* the next morning. And wishing his sister to be there, he asked her husband, “whether she could find it in her heart to be there or no ?” who answered, “he believed she would, with all her heart :” at which Bishop Ridley expressed great satisfaction. This discourse melted even the obdurate Mrs. Irish into tears, who had before made a merit, and boasted of her severity towards him. On seeing her tears, the good bishop comforted her, and said, “O, Mrs. Irish, you love me not now, I see well enough. For in that you weep, it doth appear that you will not be at my marriage, neither be content therewith. Indeed, you be not my friend, as I thought you had been : but quiet yourself, *though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper shall be more pleasant and sweet.*”

When they arose from the table, his brother offered to watch all night with him ; but he would not suffer him, saying, “*that he minded (God willing) to go to bed, and to sleep as quietly that night as ever he did in his life.*”

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

Born 1489, died aged 67, 1556.

When once the soul has shaken off these (fears of death); when it is once able to look through a grave, and see beyond, it finds a vast immensity of being opening itself more and more before it, and the ineffable light and beauty thereof shining more and more into it.—J. SMITH, fol. 135. •

A ZEALOUS promoter of the Reformation, and the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. The first step which he took to bring about the Reformation was, to procure the Convocation to petition the king, that the Bible might be translated into English: when published, and recommended by royal authority, he dispersed it as much as possible. He forwarded the dissolution of monasteries, one of the greatest obstacles to a reformation. He crowned Edward the Sixth; caused the Homilies to be composed, and, through his means, the Book of Common Prayer was finished and settled by Act of Parliament, as were the Articles of the Church of England. On the accession of Mary, he was committed to the Tower, and a commission sent from Rome for his trial. They stripped him out of his gown into his jacket, and put upon him a poor yeoman beadle's gown, full bare and nearly worn, and as evil favourably made as one might lightly see, and a townsman's cap on his head; and so delivered him to the secular

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power *. Cranmer at the length cometh from the prison † Bocardo unto Saint Mary's Church, because it was a foul and rainy day, the chief Church in the University in this order. The mayor went before, next him the aldermen in their place and degree, after them was Cranmer brought between two friars, which, mumbling to and fro certain psalms in the street, answered one another until they came to the Church door, and there they began the song of Si-
meon, "Nunc dimittis," and entering into Church, the psalm-singing friars brought him to his standing, and there left him. There was a stage set over against the pulpit of a mean height from the ground, where Cranmer had his standing, waiting until Cole made him ready to his sermon.

The lamentable case and sight of that man gave

* He then lived in gentle confinement for some time afterwards, *but to save himself from a certain and cruel death signed his recantation.* Thus with St. Peter he denied his religion, and with St. Peter made the best atonement for this sin. Both sealing their contrition with their *tears*, and *blood*. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

† This Bocardo, to which reference has been made as a prison, was also the north gate, and was taken down according to the 11th act of his late Majesty in 1771. Bocardo was memorable for the *dungeon* called the Bishops' Hole, in which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were confined in the reign of Mary. The identical door of this dungeon was purchased by Mr. Alderman Fletcher, who has presented it very lately to the committee of the new gaol, Oxford, where it is now to be seen with a suitable inscription.

a sorrowful spectacle to all Christian eyes that beheld him. He that late was Archbishop, Metropolitan, and Primate of all England, and the King's privy counsellor, being now in a bare and ragged gown, and ill-favouredly clothed with an old square cap, exposed to the contempt of all men, did admonish men not only of his own calamity, but also of their state and fortune *. Cranmer in all this mean time, with what great grief of mind he stood, hearing this sermon, the outward shews of his body and countenance did better express than any man can declare: one while lifting up his hands and eyes unto heaven, and then again for shame letting them down to the earth. A man might have seen the very image and shape of perfect sorrow lively in him expressed. More than twenty several times the tears gushed out abundantly, dropping down marvellously from his fatherly face. They which were present do testify, that they never saw in any child more tears than *brast* † out from him at that time, all the sermon while, but especially when he recited his prayer before the people. It is marvellous what commiseration and pity moved all men's hearts, that beheld so heavy a countenance, and such abundance of tears, in an old man of so reverend a dignity ‡.

* A sermon was then preached by Cole, who promised Cranmer that after his death there should be dirges and masses for him in all the Churches of Oxford.

† Burst.

‡ The sermon ended, Cole called on Cranmer to read his re-

When he came to the place, opposite Balliol College, Oxford, where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Ridley, were burnt before him, for the confessing of the truth, kneeling down he prayed to God, and not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments, he prepared himself to his death. His linen was made long down to his feet. His feet were bare; likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was so bare that one hair could not be seen upon it. His beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravity. Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom, when they perceived to be more stedfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him. And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so stedfast and immoveable, saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face, that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame, with such constancy and stedfastness, that standing always in one place, without moving his body, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound; his eyes were lifted up unto heaven, and oftentimes he repeated "this unworthy right hand," so long as his voice

cantation openly. Cranmer having prayed, instead of recanting, to the surprise of all present, openly denounced the Church of Rome, the Pope, and their errors.

would suffer him; and using often the words of Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost *.

• *Fox's Acts*, &c. †

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† *John Fox*.] It has been the interest, and with it the endeavour of the Roman Catholics and their adherents, to throw discredit on the testimony of this venerable martyrologist. Infidels perhaps are not the only class of men who persuade themselves into a disbelief of that evidence which it is not their interest to receive. If in his exile at Basil, Fox had kept up but little communication with his fellow-countrymen at home and abroad; if he had published his narratives any considerable distance of time after these events, the statements of which the Roman Catholics would disbelieve; if there had been fewer facilities in obtaining information upon the subject of Marian deaths, for which the most public characters and the most public places of execution were selected, and which were on those occasions surrounded by multitudes of eye witnesses; and if all the outlines of his history had not been confirmed by the testimony of cotemporary and successive authors—the motives of those who attempt to lessen his authority would be less questionable than they now appear. In reply, it may be asserted, that he details cruelties which are improbable; we answer, this argument might have had its force if the later testimony of their own records and officers of the Inquisition in Spain, and other places, had not revealed the secrets of the prison-house. After reading these, who can affirm the cruelties related by Fox are improbable or untrue, because unnecessary? Is there any thing prophetic in these words of Grindal's letter to Fox?—"Boni de te benè loquentur, mali malè. Satis est laudari à laudatis viris."

## EXTRACTS FROM

*"The Life and Acts of Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By JOHN STRYPE. Clarendon Press Ed. 1821."

"One of Grindal's great businesses now was to collect together the writings and stories of the learned and pious sufferers in England, and to *publish them*, for which purpose he had a great correspondence here."—P. 16.

"The other great work our painful countryman (Fox) laboured in this time of his exile, and wherein he had the *concurrent* and *constant* assistance of Grindal, was the History of the Persecutions of the Church of Christ, and especially in the latter times of it. Many accounts of the acts and disputations, of the sufferings and ends of the godly men under Queen Mary, came from time to time to Grindal's hands, who had a correspondence with several in England for that end and purpose; and as they came to his hand he conveyed them to Fox. Nor did he only do this, but withal frequently gave Fox his thoughts concerning them, and his corrections and counsels about them; always shewing a most tender regard to truth, and suspending upon common reports and relations brought over, till more satisfactory evidence came from good hands."—P. 25.

In p. 26, we are informed that Grindal especially sent to Fox Bradford's martyrdom, together with information about the deaths of Cranmer, Philpots, and Mr. Stafford, also Ridley's disputations; by which, and also the circumstance of Grindal's asserting that "he had a great heap of such papers," we may conclude with Strype, "What a diligent collector Grindal was of the history and writings of the learned confessors and sufferers in those Marian days."—P. 28.

"In short, in all these particulars, which I have extracted *out of Grindal's and Fox's own letters*, we see how earnest an assistant the former was to the latter in compiling his martyrology, both by his continual counsel, and by supplying him with materials for it; much whereof he sent him drawn up and methodized



## OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA.

Born 1526. Died 1555, aged 29.

*This King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace.*

AN Italian lady, illustrious for her piety and learning, born at Ferrara. Her acquirements were so remarkable, that even at an early age she conversed in the Greek and Latin languages upon any given subject with great fluency, elegance, and erudition. After the death of her father she married a physician, who, incurring the displeasure of the Court, retired into Germany, whither Olympia followed him. There after suffering many severe calamities, which she bore with Christian fortitude, she expired. Her husband writing to a friend thus describes the manner in which she finished her life. “She departed with *great cheerfulness of mind, and even with the desire of dying*, fully persuaded that she was about to be called hence from her daily sufferings to never ending felicity. Having previously raised herself from a kind of slumber, an inexpressibly sweet smile appeared to play on her features. Approaching much nearer, I inquired the reason of her apparent happiness: she replied, ‘I distinctly behold a place

by his own pen into English, and *Fox’s was only to translate into Latin*. And by his advice also, Fox published there at Basil divers examinations and histories of the English Bishops and divines, at sundry times, in single pieces, soon after their respective martyrdoms.” Grindal’s promise of future assistance is also given.

filled with ineffable light.' Unable to discourse much, on account of her weakness, I said, 'be of good courage, for you, my beloved wife, will hereafter dwell in that kingdom of light.' With a smile on her countenance she seemed to assent to its truth. A little while after she said, 'I am perfectly happy.' Nor did she speak again, excepting when the pupil of her eye began to grow dim, she then confessed she could no longer recognise her friends. This, indeed, was her last observation, for soon after she breathed forth her spirit, having apparently fallen into a sweet slumber. For many preceding days she had frequently affirmed with great earnestness, that nothing was more ardently desired by her, than to be released from this world, that she might be with Christ, of whose infinite mercy toward her, in the whole course of her sickness, she would thus frequently discourse. '*In this, my affliction, he has illumined my soul with the knowledge of his word; he has released my mind from every fond attachment to worldly pleasures; he has kindled in my soul a longing desire after eternal life. Henceforth I doubt not that I am a daughter of my heavenly Father.*' Of the various means by which her friends in conversation wished to console her, none was more unwelcome than that of holding out the expectation of a speedy recovery. In reply she would say, 'the Supreme Being has appointed the course of the chariot wheels of my life, my days have been labour and vexation of spirit, and I cannot desire to retrace my

steps into my prison house.' About the same time she was asked by a pious friend, whether she had any burthen on her conscience. She answered, 'for the seven last years Satan has not ceased to use every means to induce me to relinquish my faith, but now it would appear that he had lost his darts, for *I have no other sensation in this my hour of departure, than of undisturbed repose, and tranquillity of soul in Jesus Christ.*' Time would fail were I to narrate those pious observations which she made: our attention and admiration were rivetted to the words which fell from her lips. She died on the 7th of November, about twenty-nine years of age, of which she had lived only five with me. I never beheld a human being who possessed greater candour and sincerity, with manners and conduct more holy and upright." Such is the account of the departure of this learned and pious lady, written by her afflicted husband, who soon after writing this interesting account was entombed with his beloved wife. The extraordinary acquirements in piety and learning made by her in years so few, may teach us how much can be effected in a long and well spent life \*.

\* Ex opusculis et epistolis Olympiæ collecta. Adami Vitæ Medicorum, fol. 77.

## PHILIP MELANCTHON.

Born Feb. 16, 1497. Died April 19, 1560.

*The death-bed of the just ! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand ; it merits a divine :  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there.*

THE celebrated reformer. The last letter<sup>he</sup> wrote was addressed to John Aurifalier in these words.

REVEREND SIR, AND DEAREST BROTHER,

Although I have heard that you were in the Principality of Breslau, where I indulge the hope of enjoying some intercourse with those learned and pious men, Crato, Adam, Peter Vincentius, &c., yet I write these few lines though I am in excruciating pain, from an intermittent fever, originating in a catarrh, which has troubled me for upwards of three years. You will pardon therefore the brevity of my letter. Feeling myself dying, I have commended your doctrine to the illustrious prince, and have written concerning the genuine and holy union of the principal churches. I commend also this doctrine to you, and implore you to receive David Voyt with kindness. I trust he will not disagree with you in opinion. Let me entreat you, if I live, to write to me soon. Farewell. I return you my thanks for every kind office, and in particular for your assistance in the case of Sickius and Daucis.

\* " Philip Melancthon will soon be no more."

About the same time he wrote down in two columns on a piece of paper the reasons why he should not be sorry to leave the world. One of these columns contains the blessings which death would procure, viz. 1st. that you will come to the light ; 2nd. that you will see God ; 3rd. that you will contemplate the Son of God ; 4th. that you will understand those admirable mysteries which you could not comprehend in the present life ; 5th. that we shall know why we are created such as we are ; 6th. that we shall comprehend the union of the two natures in Jesus Christ. The second column assigned two reasons why we should not regret departure from the world ; 1st. because you will sin no more ; 2nd. because you will be no longer exposed to the vexations of controversy, and the rage of theologians.

It appears from the testimony of the professors at Wittemberg, in their narrative of his death, that Melancthon frequently intimated his conviction that he should not survive his sixty-third year ; and a few months previous to his decease, he wrote a distich in an anticipation of the approaching event, containing a prayer that he might be enabled to the last to rejoice in his God.

The last journey he performed was to Leipsic on April 6th, for the purpose of attending the annual examination of the students of divinity, who were supported by the munificence of the Elector ; from which service he returned on the ninth. Although

the season was inclement he appeared to feel no inconvenience on his way thither, but while there he was suddenly seized during dinner with great illness, but the symptoms quickly disappeared. Upon his return he complained of the severity of the north wind, and the cold humidity of the atmosphere, which he said, he had not felt so much during the whole winter; and the motion of the carriage had made him painfully sensitive. The night of April 7, was the first in which his last fatal disorder manifested itself. He was restless from want of sleep, and became afflicted by a considerable and general debility. His cough was extremely troublesome, and the fever which eventually terminated his days began to attack him.

About six o'clock in the morning, his son-in-law, Dr. Peucer, came to see him, and immediately intimated the great alarm he felt at the situation of his father. It was determined instantly to send the melancholy information of his danger to the friend of his heart, Joachim Camerarius, with whom he had lived in the closest friendship for upwards of forty years.

After this he wrote several letters, and used the medical remedies which his son-in-law applied. Having been some time silent, he at length exclaimed. "If such be the will of God, I can willingly die; and I beseech him to grant me a joyful dismissal," alluding

to the song of Simeon, " Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He dwelt upon the word peace, and prayed for such a removal.

At nine, the usual hour for the commencement of his public duties in the University, he rose from his seat, and began to prepare for going down to deliver a lecture on logic, which exercise he thought he could endure for half an hour, if he afterwards used the bath; and he felt unwilling to desist from his public labours. When he was going to wash his hands, his weakness was such, that he almost fell by the effort upon his knees, which occasioning some bustle, " Oh!" said he, " my lamp is almost out." Some of his friends thought it would be expedient to prevent the attendance of the students by issuing private orders to them not to fill up their places, in order that when Melancthon went to lecture, he might be induced to return, and relinquish the idea of persevering; but he appeared so anxious that it was believed this proceeding would be likely to produce a worse effect, by agitating his mind, than the exertion itself; he was, therefore, allowed on this and some following days to attend in his place. But in delivering his lecture, his weakness rendered it impossible for him to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. Upon his return home he went into the warm bath, and after taking his dinner he slept very soundly for three hours, and was so revived that a hope was

entertained of his recovery. He employed himself before supper in writing, but his debility afterwards returning, annihilated the pleasing hopes that had been cherished.

He did not yet desist from any of his usual employments; and after this period continued to dictate in the second part of his Chronicon.

On the 10th of April he appeared to be totally free from his former disease, but was attacked by a semitertian fever or ague. Though it was of considerable importance he should be kept quiet, yet such was his ardour, that having discovered that the senate of the university was convened at the hour of twelve, he could not be dissuaded from attending what he believed to be his public duty. As several disputes arose he spoke with great zeal on the subject, for the purpose of promoting peace and reconciliation.

Although extremely debilitated, yet on the morning of the 11th of the month, he rose early, and at six as usual on festival days, delivered a lecture on the last prayer of the Saviour, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. He divided the prayer of Christ into three parts, as embracing so many distinct objects; namely, 1st. that a Church should exist in the world; 2nd. that it might be distinguished by its unity and concord; 3rd. that his people might be heirs of the salvation and eternal life which belongs to the heavenly Church. A few days previous to this he had en-



treated his hearers to remember after his decease some passage or passages to which he particularly directed their attention in this last prayer; and after repeating the above division, he said impressively, "I am a dying man, and these are the three subjects for intercession with God, which I leave to my children and their little ones:—*That they may form a part of his Church and worship him aright; that they may be one in him, and live in harmony with each other; and that they may be fellow heirs of eternal life!*"

On the 12th of April, 1560, he delivered his final lecture on the words of the prophet Isaiah, liii. 1: "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" *On the same day he wrote part of a hymn in Latin*, which his weakness rendered him incapable of finishing.

During the night he enjoyed a comfortable repose, and *was heard to chaunt in his sleep* in the same manner in which the same words were usually repeated in public, "*with desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.*" He rose at three in the morning, and applied himself to complete his Chronicon. But from this period he rapidly declined; still anxious however to persevere to the last in the assiduous discharge of his academical duties, two days afterwards, on the 14th of the same month, he would have attempted to deliver another public lecture, had he not been prevented by the urgent persuasions of his friend Camerarius, who

came from Leipsic to pay him all the attention which affectionate friendship could dictate.

He even put on his professor's gown, and would have crept to the lecture room to have delivered a discourse which he meditated on some portion of the Evangelical history, but after being informed by his son-in-law, that the students were not assembled, he desisted from his purpose. The fact was, they were dispersed after having crowded to hear him, by a proclamation which his friends, unknown to himself, had affixed to the door, stating his incapacity to attend. His mind was in a very cheerful state, and he often betrayed his characteristic humour. *He spoke of death with composure*, and of his friend Pomeranus, who had died about two years before. He said that he dreaded nothing so much as becoming a useless cumberer of the ground, and prayed that if his life were protracted, he might be serviceable to the youth under his care, and to the Church of Jesus Christ.

On the 15th he conversed with Camerarius on the language of St. Paul, which he appropriated, "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ." He criticised upon the Greek terms, which he said ought to be rendered, "Having a desire to remove, pass on, or set about proceeding on the journey," that is to go from this life of toil and wretchedness to the blessed rest of heaven.

When Camerarius thought of taking a final leave of him on the 16th, he said, "My dear Joachim, we

have been joined in the bond of friendship forty years, a friendship mutually sincere and affectionate. We have been helpers of each other with disinterested kindness in our respective stations and employments; as teachers of youth, and I trust our labours have been useful, and *though it be the will of God that I die, I trust that our friendship shall be perpetuated and cultivated in another world.*"

Camerarius however determined to remain a little longer with his departing friend, and accordingly disregarded, during this interesting interval, the claims both of his public and private affairs. Melancthon continued to manifest great cheerfulness, but if it were at any time disturbed, his distress appeared to arise rather from the sympathy he felt with the suffering Church, wherever its trials were reported to him, than from even the acute paroxysms of his disease. His friends had conversed with him on this subject during the evening repast, but he afterward enjoyed a calm night. In his sleep he said he had dreamed of the words of St. Paul, which were forcibly impressed upon his mind, and afforded him much consolation, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Early in the morning of the 17th, Camerarius took his final leave. Melancthon had finished some letters to the Duke of Prussia, and to several friends, which he had been preparing during the whole of his illness, and expressed his intention of writing more, but for the interdiction of his physician. When Ca-

merarius bid him farewell, with a last and affectionate benediction, he replied, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, and giveth gifts to men, preserve you and yours, and all of us."

Soon afterwards, having received information that the Roman Pontiff was meditating a general council, he said he would rather die than attend it, for it was easy to foresee both the dissensions it would occasion and the inutility of its meeting. Feeling the pressure of increasing pain and infirmity, he said, "Oh! Lord, make an end!"

On the 18th his bed was removed by his own desire into the library, which he had continually frequented during his illness, upon which occasion he said with great cheerfulness, as he was placed upon it, "This may be called, I think, my *travelling couch*, if (alluding to the criticism before mentioned,) I should remove into it." While several friends were standing about his bed, he said, "By the blessing of God I have now no particular domestic anxieties, for with respect to my grand-children whom I tenderly love, and who are now before my eyes, I am comforted to think they are in the hands of pious and beloved parents, who will be solicitous for their welfare, as much as I could ever be: but I feel for the state of public affairs, especially for the Church of Christ, in this cavilling and wicked age. Through the goodness of God, however, our doctrine is made public. A little afterwards he ad-

dressèd some present; "God bestows talents on our youth; do you see that they use them aright." In the course of the same day, seeing one of his grandchildren near him, "Dear child," said he, "I have loved you most affectionately, see that you reverence your parents, and always endeavour to please them and fear God, who will never forsake you. I pray you may share his constant regard and benediction." He spoke in similar terms of tenderness and piety to all the younger branches of his family, who were deeply sensible of his approaching departure.

After this he conferred with his son-in-law upon a diversity of subjects relative to the interests of the university, and expressed his wish that Peucer might be his successor in that institution. Letters having been transmitted to him from Frankfort, relative to the persecutions which at this period raged in France, he declared that "*his bodily disease was not comparable to the grief of his mind, on account of the miseries which the Church of Christ endured.*"

The 19th of April, after the usual medical inquiries of the morning, he adverted again to the calamitous state of the Church of Christ, but intimated his hope that the genuine doctrine of the Gospel would ultimately prevail, exclaiming, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" After this, he presented fervent supplications to heaven, mingled with groanings, for the welfare of the Church. In the intervals of sleep he conversed principally upon this subject with several of his visiting friends,

amongst whom were the pastor and other officers of the Church, and the professor of the university.

Soon after eight in the morning, awaking from a tranquil sleep, he distinctly, though with a feeble voice, repeated these prayers :—

MELANCTHON'S PRAYERS IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Almighty, Omnipotent, everlasting, and true God, Creator of heaven, and earth, and men, together with thy coeternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us, and rose again, and thy holy, true, living, and pure Spirit ; who art wise, good, faithful, merciful, just, the dispenser of life and truth, independent, holy, and our Redeemer ; who hast said thou wilt not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should return unto thee and live, and hast promised—" Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee." I confess myself before thy footstool a most miserable sinner and offender against thee in a great variety of respects, on which account I mourn with my very heart, and implore thy mercy for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, who was crucified, and rose again, seeking the remission of all my sins, and justification before thee, by and through thy Son, Jesus Christ, thy eternal word, and image, wonderful and inexpressible in counsel, infinite in wisdom and goodness ; and that thou wouldst sanctify me by thy true, living, pure, and Holy Spirit. May I truly acknowledge, and firmly believe in thee, obey thee, give thanks to thee,

fear thee, invoke thee, serve thee, and through grace, be admitted to Thy presence in eternity, the Almighty and only true God, Creator of heaven and earth, and men, the everlasting Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the presence of Jesus Christ thy Son, thy eternal word and image, and the holy, true, living, and pure Spirit, the Comforter. In thee have I hoped, Oh Lord ; let me never be confounded ; in thy righteousness deliver me. Make me righteous, and bring me into life eternal, thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Keep and over-rule our Churches, our government, and this university ; and bestow upon us a salutary peace and government. Rule and protect our princes. Cherish thy Church, gather and preserve it in these provinces : sanctify and unite thy people by thy Holy Spirit, that we may be one in thee, in the true knowledge and worship of thy Son, Jesus Christ, by and through him, thy eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us, and raised again. Amen.

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Almighty and eternal Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who art the eternal word and image of the eternal Father, our Mediator and Intercessor, crucified for us, and raised again, I give thee most hearty thanks that thou didst assume humanity, and art become my Redeemer, and having suffered and risen again in human nature, dost intercede on my behalf. I beseech thee, regard and have mercy on

me, for I am poor and defenceless. By thy Holy Spirit increase the light of faith in me, and weak as I am, sustain, rule, protect, and save me. In thee, Oh Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded.

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Almighty and Holy Spirit, the Comforter, pure, living, true! illuminate, govern, sanctify me, and confirm my heart and mind in the faith, and in all genuine consolation: preserve and rule over me, that dwelling in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, I may be, and remain for ever in the temple of God, and praise him with a joyful spirit, and in union with all the heavenly Church. Amen.

An interval of tranquil repose having elapsed after repeating this last prayer, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and turning to his son-in-law, he said, "I have been in the power of death, but the Lord has graciously delivered me." This was supposed to refer to some deep conflicts of mind, as he repeated the expression to others. When some of the bye-standers said, "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," he soon added, "Christ is made to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord," and often repeated, "Lord have mercy upon me." After this he took a little refreshment for the last time, and though he attempted to proceed with



the testamentary paper he had begun the preceding day, he found it impossible to support such an effort, but signified his acquiescence in the divine disposal.

The coldness of death was now creeping over him, but *his mental faculties continued unimpaired to the very last breath of mortal existence.* Having expressed a wish to hear some passages from the Old and New Testaments, his ministerial attendants read the 24th, 25th, and 26th Psalms, the 53d chapter of Isaiah, the 7th of St. John, the 5th of the Romans, and many other passages. The saying of John respecting the Son of God, he said was perpetually in his mind, "the world knew him not, but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name."

Besides the passage of Scripture already mentioned, he frequently solaced himself with the following, "God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life." "Whoso seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, hath everlasting life." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and expressed the great consolation they afforded his mind. He earnestly exhorted his son-in-law to the study of peace, and whenever the prevailing religious contentions were mentioned, he would continually reply in the language of the son of Jesse, "Let them curse, but bless thou;" and "my soul hath

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dwelt with him that hateth peace, I am for peace, but when I speak, they are for war."

In the afternoon a paper was written to the students by the professors, excusing their non-attendance to the usual duties of the day, on account of Melancthon's dangerous situation, with which they deeply sympathised, and entreating their united prayers, during the usual hours of study, on his behalf; for, they considered it impossible he should be able long to struggle with his disease, unless nature were divinely assisted and supported. It may easily be believed that this intimation made a powerful impression throughout the university, and that all the passages leading to the house of this beloved tutor, became crowded with anxious inquirers.

Upon being asked by his son-in-law if he would have any thing else, he replied, in these emphatic words, "*Nothing else but Heaven!*" and requested that he might not be any further interrupted. Soon afterwards he made a similar request, begging those around him who were endeavouring with officious kindness to adjust his clothes, "*not to disturb his delightful repose.*"

After some time, his friends united with the minister present in solemn prayer, and several passages of Scripture in which he was known always to have expressed peculiar pleasure, were read, such as "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." "My sheep hear my voice, and I

know them, and they follow me :” particularly the 5th of the Romans, and the triumphant close of the eighth chapter, commencing, “ If God be for us, who can be against us ?” Many other parts of Scripture were recited, and the last words he uttered was the German particle of affirmation “ ia,” in reply to Winshemius, who had inquired if he understood him while reading. *The last motion which his friends who surrounded him, to the number of, at least twenty, could discern, was a slight motion of the countenance, which was peculiar to him when deeply affected with religious joy !* Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. At length, in the midst of solemn vows and supplications, at a quarter of an hour before seven, in the evening, he gently breathed his last, and was buried by the side of his friend, Martin Luther \*.



#### WOLFGANG MUSCULUS.

Born 1497. Died 1563, aged 66.

*Truth is deposited with man's last hour.*

AN illustrious German divine and reformer, was born at Dieuz-upon-Lorraine, and appointed divinity professor at Berne, in Switzerland.

Perceiving the approach of death, he devoted all his thoughts to that important subject, and but a

\* Life by Coxé.

short time previous to his departure, wrote these Latin verses, which are so full of Christian hope and consolation, that I cannot but insert them.

Nil superest vitæ, frigus præcordia captat :  
 Sed Tu, Christe, mihi vita perennis ades.  
 Quid trepidas, anima, ad sedes abitura quietas ?  
 En tibi ductor adest angelus ille tuus.  
 Linque domum hanc miseram, nunc in sua fata ruentem,  
 Quam tibi fida Dei dextera restituet.  
 Peccasti ? scio : sed Christus credentibus in se  
 Peccata expurgat sanguine cuncta suo.  
 Horribilis mors est ? fateor : sed proxima vita est  
 Ad quam te Christi gratia certa vocat,  
 Præsto est de Satana, peccato et morte triumphans  
 Christus : ad hanc igitur læta alacrisque migra.

His disorder rapidly increasing ; he was advised by the illustrious Haller to arrange his temporal affairs. He said, “ I have no solicitude about them, and with regard to my doctrine, as I have written, so have I felt, do now feel, and must hereafter feel. As to my wife and children, I commend them to your care and that of my friends, and I pray that ye may be as so many fathers and protectors to them.” Haller said he would endeavour to perform this last request with all that care which the love and esteem he entertained for his friend would naturally require. The good professor returned his thanks, and felt no further solicitude on their behalf. As patience had been his characteristic during life, so did it accompany him in the hour of death. Whatever he said

was dignified by the gravity of age, prudence and piety. Haller was sitting on the bed of his departing friend, bemoaning the frailty of human life; when he said, "Ah, what *is human life?*" to this his dying friend replied, "*it is a transient vapour.*" Recovering a little, he was raised on his couch, and took some refreshment provided by his daughter. Soon afterwards, reposing on his bed, he slept a short time, but his breathings were interrupted, and he evidently appeared as one dying, thus renewing the fear and solicitude of his friends for his recovery. By degrees his strength failed him, the beating of his pulse began to falter, his extremities to grow colder and colder, his respiration to become more difficult and slower, his sight to fail, and every thing in short to portend his dissolution. He extended his hands, and said to those around him, "Peace be with you." Haller repeated over him, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." They who were then standing around the bed, falling on their knees, implored the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would mitigate the pains of their departing friend, and make his journey into the world of spirits as little distressing as possible. While they were praying, his spirit quitted the body, without much commotion. He crossed his hands over his bosom, and thus expired, Haller closed the eyes of his departed friend \*.

\* Ex narratione de vitâ et obitu, &c. Adami Vitæ, fol. 185, &c.

## CONRAD GESNER.

Born 1516. Died 1565, aged 49.

*The uncertainty of human life is a great proof of the divine wisdom, for it imposes a weighty obligation on every man to be always on his guard, and diligent in his duties.*—BELLARMIN.

AN illustrious scholar, physician, and philosopher, born at Zurich, in Switzerland. For the variety of his attainments and his erudition, he has been deservedly called the German Pliny. He was the forerunner of Linnæus, and was the first to class flowers and plants according to their properties. When the Plague was raging at Zurich, among others, the illustrious Theodore Bibliander fell a victim to its fury. Gesner was beginning to entertain a presentiment of his own death,—when he dreamed that he was bitten by a serpent. Awaking, he concluded that this serpent was an emblem of the plague, and wrote in a book the account of this dream. He now conjectured that his decease was nigh at hand; and daily prepared himself for a happy departure from this to a better life. “I am about to be called hence,” said he, “and I return my thanks to God, who hath blessed me with a mind most willing to obey the summons. I pray that he will strengthen me with his Holy Spirit.” Calling his friends around him, he made his will, and conversed with the physician on his own history of plants, and others of his works, which he commended to the care of his

friends. The ministers of the Church frequently visited him; he listened to their consolations, and conversed with them in the language of Scripture, on the blessed hope proposed to us in Christ.

The day before his departure from life, having conversed with his attached friend, the celebrated Henry Bullinger, in his presence he repeated the articles of his faith, and in a serious discourse declared that he died in that belief. On the fifth day from that on which he was first taken ill, he told some friends who were desirous to remain with him during the night, that as he was a little better, he needed not their assistance. Thus he, who during life had blessed many, and injured none, feared lest his disorder should inconvenience his attendants. Led to his couch, where he was wont to sleep, he poured forth his most ardent prayers to Almighty God, and then composed himself to rest. But at the eleventh hour of the night, perceiving that the force of his disorder had overpowered his feeble nature, calling up his wife, he requested to be led into his study, where the day before he had directed a little bed to be laid out, there he gently expired while leaning on the arm of his wife, and uttering fervent prayers.

During this illness his eternal salvation had been his chief and almost only care\*.

\* Thuani, 2. fol. 352. Ghilinus, fol. 40. Lorenzo Crasso elogii, fol. 28.

## ROGER ASCHAM.

Born 1515. Died December 30, 1568, aged 53.

*Tell those (said Sir William Forbes, when on his death-bed) that are drawing down to the bed of death, from my experience, that it has no terrors ; that in the hour, when it is most wanted, there is mercy with the Most High ; and that some change takes place which fits the soul to meet its God.*

PRECEPTOR to Queen Elizabeth. With a constitution subject to attacks of fever, and enfeebled by frequent returns of it, he imprudently sat up late, intent upon finishing a copy of verses, as a new year's gift for the queen, as well as letters to his friends ; when he contracted a cold, which brought on a dangerous malady in the beginning of December. The celebrated Dr. Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, often visited him during his illness, and supported and comforted him, by setting before him the sufferings of earth, and the prospects of heaven ; but in a strain and manner so divine, that when he had left the room, the sick man declared with joy, that the excellent dean *had sustained his soul with food that would never die !* His disease grew more oppressive, but his rich and happy memory did not forsake him, and *he rehearsed on his death-bed* before the dean and other surrounding friends, *a variety of passages expressive of the mercy and love of God* to mankind, and of his blessings bestowed on them.



Gravet, one of the prebendaries of St. Paul's, and vicar of St. Sepulchre's, came to him, not as he said to instruct him; "for I know you are amply employed on all points, by the words of that venerable man, Alexander Nowell, and by your own learning: but to administer comfort, and to perform my duty." "I am in great pain," said Ascham, "and my disorder is heavy. This is my confession and faith; this is my prayer, and all that I long for; I desire to depart and be with Christ," words which he had often repeated to Nowell, and they were now the last that he spoke\*.

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#### JOACHIM CURÆUS.

Born 1532. Died 1570-1, aged about 40.

*Happy the day that breaks our chain!*

*That manumits, that calls the exile home.*

AN eminent physician of Freystadt, in Silesia. Pity, kindness, amiability, and a remarkable placidity of manners and disposition, had shone conspicuously throughout the life of Curæus, who, in his last moments, possessed a mind so well framed to a religious, mild, and tranquil submission to the will of God, that his latter days were in perfect harmony with the tenor of his whole life; exemplifying the remark of Plato, that one's life and death mutually

\* Life by Graunt. Churton's Life by Nowell.—Biog. Dict.

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respond. While disease invaded his frame, he supported his mind in a wonderful manner, by meditating on the many noble precepts and examples recorded in the Holy Scriptures. He was not unmindful of the celebrated maxim uttered by Sócrates; who, when at the point of death, said "a man should die leaving a good name." Educated and regenerated as he had been, not in the school of Socrates, but in the Church of Christ, he was desirous that his last hours should be employed in prayer and religious discourses. Wherefore, he exhorted his wife and children, for whom he frequently sent, that they would endeavour to excel others in piety, reverential fear, faith, hope, and patience, and those other virtues which adorn the Christian character; enjoining them at the same time, to acquire a knowledge of truth. His merciful God answered these earnest entreaties by a happy event, for his two sons, imitating the example of the father, became pre-eminent for their virtue, piety, and learning. Many remarkable expressions were daily uttered by this good man, to which the Holy Spirit bore testimony; the most memorable, and those he most frequently repeated, we will here relate, that they may kindle in our hearts similar sentiments, when we may be leaving this transitory world. Called away as the Scripture saith in the midst of his days, he frequently used the words of Hezekiah, "I have cut off like a weaver my life, he hath shortened the residue of my days. I am afflicted, Oh Lord, but I submit, because thine

hand, and not the hand of an enemy hath done it. The body, indeed, suffereth for its sins. But the soul is supported with the hope and consolation of eternal life. I believe, I believe, Oh Lord, help thou mine unbelief. I have received the summons of death. And yet, I will wrestle with thee, Oh Lord, following the example of Jacob, until the morning of light shall arise and shine upon me : nor will I leave thee until thou shalt have blessed me, and granted me thy salvation. Therefore, bless me, and my soul shall live. Bestow on me the remission of my sins, justification, and eternal life. Come, Lord Jesus, and let all who love thee say, come ! Oh thou searcher of hearts, thou knowest that I love thee : And thou lovest me, and art my Redeemer, by thy merits and passion. Into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Oh Lord, thou God of Truth, At the commencement of a new era I will be with thee, and will be satisfied with thy likeness. I will drink the new wine of heavenly joy at thine own table, and in thine own mansion. Renew me, Oh Son of God, by the influence of thy Holy Spirit, and enliven me with thy presence. I come to thee, Oh Jesus Christ ; receive me according to thy word, which is my only solace and support. Now my mind expands with the sight of eternal life. This is life eternal, to know thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent. Influenced by thy grace, I have learned rightly to know thee, and have taught others so to do. Oh, Son of God,

acknowledge and receive me, and by thy blessed Spirit, save me. Present my soul to the eternal Father, who will accept it, if offered by thee. I long to appear before thy face. Every delay is tedious to me. Thou Sun of righteousness pour thine eternal light upon my path. With thine Apostle I wish to be dissolved, and to be with thee. Release my spirit, that it may dwell with thee. The fatigue of my pilgrimage overcomes me. I seek that heavenly home which has been revealed. As the way-worn traveller, who continues his journey through the gloom of night, longs for the break of day; so do I look out for thy light and glorious presence. When my tongue shall falter, may the Holy Spirit intercede for me with sighs unspeakable. In my dying hour may He abide with me, and draw down the divine compassion upon me. Oh Lord, Jesu Christ, who sittest at the right hand of God the Father, receive my spirit. In my flesh shall I see God, when I shall have been exalted to the right hand of the eternal Father. With a grateful heart will I return thanks for all the blessings which have been bestowed upon me. It is impossible that this body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and is enlivened by the effusion and communication of the Spirit of Christ, and thus united to Christ, can be annihilated, or sleep on in eternal death, and perpetually remain dust and ashes. But thou, the author of life, wilt demand thine image and likeness from the earth, and breath-

ing into it thy breath, wilt reframe my body, which, being arrayed in glory, shall become the habitation of a more divine nature to all eternity. Then will we follow the Lamb whithersoever he shall go. Oh thou glorious and divine Lamb of God! then will we sing the new song, and join in the Hallelujahs of the heavenly host. Come let us go out to meet the Saviour. Our citizenship is in heaven; but in this life we ought to begin the divine life, and walk in the path which Christ has appointed. We shall hereafter be clothed anew. The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, shall lead us forward to the living fountains of waters, and shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, hath God prepared for those who love him. *This life to me is death, but my true life is that which Christ hath now begun in me.* Henceforth it is not I who live, but Christ in me, therefore, Christ be praised. Oh! how blessed is that spirit in which Thou, Oh Christ, dwellest, as the guide and ruler of every action and motive. I see heaven open to me: now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Thou, Oh Christ, art the resurrection and the life. How lovely are thy tabernacles. Oh Lord my Redeemer, guard my spirit from the assaults of Satan. Guide my journey toward those who live in life immortal. O Lord my helper, befriend my widow and my orphans.

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Grant that they may have the necessities of life and the consolations of religion. My prayers, O Son of God, shall be addressed to thee in heaven, that my beloved wife and dear children, whom thou hast given me, may never perish. The Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, who thought nothing human foreign to himself, will hear me. He possessed the feelings of our nature. He is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Truly, therefore, does he sympathise with us who now feel and suffer that which he once endured." To one who said he doubted not that God would supply strength equal to the trial, he replied, "the Lord shall uphold me in my last hour. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, In the Lord I die, who is my life. In the knowledge of faith, and hope of the mediator Christ, who is to me my place of refuge, I depart. Therefore blessed shall I be, and holy will I be, for I shall be transformed from darkness to light, from death to life." Drawing as it were his last breath, he discoursed of truth piously and learnedly as he was wont to do; and with many tears deplored the temerity of those who corrupted it, adding this beautiful prayer, "*May the limpid fountains of divine truth never be fouled by the false and corrupt opinions of men, but may its waters flow in purity for the benefit of the whole world* \*."

\* Adami Vitæ Medicorum, fol. 93, et seq.

## BISHOP JEWELL.

Born May 24, 1522. Died 1571, aged 49.

*Greatly triumphant on time's farthest shore,  
Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears.*

AN English prelate, eminent for piety, learning, and meekness of disposition, the patron of Richard Hooker. Unto the end he ceased not to continue in the faith which he before professed. For as I, one of many yet living, can testify, in the day and night before his departure out of this world, he expounded the Lord's Prayer, and gave short notes upon the 71st Psalm to such as were by him. He thought good to say somewhat at that time of his books, written by him and set forth in print, and also of his preaching. In both which services done by him to the glory of God, he made protestation of his good conscience, which even then, as he declared, witnessed and should witness with him before God, that he dealt simply and plainly, having God only before his eyes, and seeking the defence of the Gospel of Christ, and that the truth thereof might be opened and maintained; and farther, gave thanks to God that made him his servant in so great a work, and then visited him by this messenger of death, while he was doing the message of God in visiting his diocese: that then he called him to rest from his labours, when his weak body was spent and worn out in setting forth the glory of God,

for which he many times prayed it would please God to let him be offered in sacrifice.

*He was at that time very fervent in prayer, which he poured out before the Lord abundantly, and in great faith, crying out often, "Lord let thy servant now depart in peace. Lord let thy servant now come to thee. I have not so lived, that I am ashamed to live : neither am I afraid to die, for we have a gracious Lord. There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. Christ is my righteousness. Thy will be done, Oh Lord ! for mine is frail"—with many other such godly speeches. In the extremity of his speech he shewed much patience ; and when his voice failed, that he lay speechless, he lifted up his hands and eyes in witness of his consent to those prayers which were made ; thus being virtuously occupied, and wholly resting himself upon the mercies of God, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, he rendered up his soul to God.*

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When urged not to exert himself too much, "It becometh best a Bishop to die preaching," said he, alluding perhaps to the apothegm of Vespasian, "*Oportet imperatorem stantem mori ;*" and seriously thinking upon the comfortable assurance of his Master, Happy art thou my servant, if when I come I find thee doing. Wherefore, that he might not deceive the people's expectation, he ascended the pul-



pit; and now nothing but spirit, (his flesh being pined away and exhausted) read his text out of the fifth of Galatians, "Walk in the Spirit;" and with much pain made an end of his discourse. Presently after the conclusion he was forced to take to his bed, and concluded that his dissolution was not far off.

The following Saturday, nature shrinking and failing, he called all his household about him, and after an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, Cantator *cygnus funeris ipse sui*, thus breathed forth his last words:

BISHOP JEWELL'S DYING ADDRESS.

"I see I am now to go the way of all flesh, and I feel the arrows of death already fastened in my body; wherefore I am desirous, in a few words, whilst yet my most merciful God vouchsafeth me the use of my tongue, to speak unto you all. It was my prayer always unto God, since I had my understanding, that I might honour his name with the sacrifice of my flesh, and confirm his truth with the oblation of this my body unto death, in the defence thereof; which seeing he hath not granted me in this, yet I somewhat rejoice and solace myself that it is worn away and exhausted in the labours of my calling. For while I visit the people of God—God, my God, hath visited me. I beseech you all that are about me, and all others whom I ever offended, to forgive me. And now that my hour is at hand, and

all my moisture dried up, I most earnestly desire of you all this last duty of love, to pray for me and help me, with the ardency of your affection, when you perceive me, through the infirmity of my flesh, to languish and wax cold in my prayers. Hitherto I have taught you and many others; now the time is come wherein I may, and desire to be taught and strengthened by every one of you." Having thus spoken, with something more to the like purpose, with much pain and interruption, *he desired them to sing the seventy-first Psalm*, which begins thus; *In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust, let me never be confounded*; himself joining with them, as well as his exhausted strength would permit. And when they recited those words; thou art my hope, O Lord God, my trust even from my youth; he added, "Thou only wast my whole hope:" and as they went forward, saying, cast me not off in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth me; yea, even to mine old age and grey head forsake me not, Oh, God; he made this application to himself: "He is an old man, he is truly grey headed, and his strength faileth him, who lieth on his death-bed." To which he added other short prayers, as if he were moved thereto by the power of God's Spirit, saying; "Lord take from me my spirit: Lord now let thy servant depart in peace: break off all delays; suffer thy servant to come unto thee; command him to be with thee; Lord receive my spirit."

At this time, when one of those who stood by,

prayed with tears that if it might stand with God's pleasure he would restore him to his former health : the pious Jewell overhearing him, turned his eyes, as it were offended, and spoke to him those words of Ambrose ; "*I have not lived so that I am ashamed to live longer, neither do I fear to die*, because we have a merciful Lord. A crown of righteousness is laid up for me. Christ is my righteousness. Father, let thy will be done : thy will, I say, and not my will ; which is imperfect and depraved. Lord, confound me not. This is my 'to-day.' This day let me quickly come to thee. This day let me see the Lord Jesus." *After a few fervent inward prayers of devotion, and sighs of longing desires, the soul returned to God that gave it.*—Mr. Ridley, the steward of his house, shut his eyes. Such was the death of Bishop Jewell, a most worthy trumpet of Christ's glorious Gospel\*.



#### JANE D'ALBERT, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

Born 1528. Died June 9, 1572, aged 44.

*The Cross——lights life in death,  
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms  
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb.*

THIS illustrious Queen was a pious Protestant, the mother of Henry the IVth. ; and was induced to

\* Rev. S. Isaacson. Garbrand.

come to Paris a little before the dreadful massacre in 1572. She was poisoned by an Italian, who was employed on this execrable work by the Queen Mother of France.

When she found that the poison began to operate, she requested that she might have some persons about her who might comfort her in her sickness from the word of God, and might also pray with her, and for her. Accordingly a minister came to her, and shewed her from the Scripture, that Christians ought in all things to submit to the will of God, as to the Father of their spirits, that they might live; and that though by reason of the sharpness of his chastisements, they may seem to our flesh as if they were inflicted for no other end but for our destruction, yet that we ought to consider that the just God can do nothing but what is just, and that being withal a merciful Father, he cannot in his corrections but intend the good of his afflicted children.

To this the Queen replied, "I take all this as sent from the hand of God, my most merciful Father, nor have I during this extremity, been afraid to die, much less have I murmured against God for inflicting this chastisement upon me, knowing that whatsoever he does, he so ordereth it, as that in the end it shall turn to my everlasting good."

The minister then observed, "that the causes of sickness and diseases must be sought beyond the course of physic, which always looks to the corrup-

tion of the humours, or the distemper in the more noble parts of the body, and that though it is not amiss to have respect to these things as second causes, yet that we ought to ascend higher, even to the first cause, God himself, who disposes of all creatures as it seems good in his sight. He wounds and heals, he kills and makes alive. And therefore that we ought to direct our prayers to him for comfort in all our sorrows and sufferings, and in the end to expect from him full deliverance, since it is easy with him to restore our health, if it is agreeable to his will."

To this speech the Queen answered, " That she depended wholly on the Providence of God, knowing that all things are wisely disposed of by him, and that therefore she besought him to vouchsafe her all such graces as he saw necessary for her salvation. As for this life," said she, " I am in a good measure weaned from it through the afflictions which have followed me from youth to the present hour, but especially because I cannot live without offending my God, with whom I desire to be with all my heart."

The minister remarked, " that long life, how full soever it may be of troubles, is to be esteemed among the blessings of God, seeing his promise implies as much, and not only so, but because our lives may in many ways promote his glory: And that long life, is not only an honour, but a pledge of the favour of God, even as it is an honour and token of

special regard to a person whom a prince long employs in his service, having had experience of his fidelity, for many years." He also requested the Queen to pray that if it was the will of God, he would employ her yet longer in his service for the further spread of his Gospel, and that he would grant her such a recovery of health, and such a good state of body, that with renewed strength she might be enabled to pursue her course better than she had done before."

To this she answered, that as to what concerned herself, her life was not dear unto her, since as long as she lived in this frail flesh, she was still prone and apt to sin against God, only she said she had a concern for the children whom God had given her, as they would, if she was now to die, be deprived of her in their earlier years; yet she said, "I doubt not though he should see fit to take me from them, but that he himself would be a Father to them, and a Protector over them, as I have ever experienced him to be to me, in my greatest afflictions, and therefore I commit them wholly to his government and fatherly care."

The minister then blessed God, for working in her mind this assurance of faith, and that ability to cast her care upon the divine Providence, entreating her still to persevere therein, which would seal to her the truth of her faith. "And thus," said she, "did the patriarchs in times past commit the care of their posterity into the hands of God, as appears by

the several blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." On this the minister observed, " that it was still very requisite that she should make choice of such who, from the purity of their doctrine, and the holiness of their lives, might continue to water in the young princes the seeds of piety that had been sown in them by her so great pains and labour, seeing it was to be hoped that the example of her faith and constancy in the service of God, in which she had gone before them, would serve as a perpetual inducement to them to follow her noble virtues."

She then declared to the minister, that "*death was not terrible to her, because it was the way to pass to her eternal rest.*" The minister on this observed, " That Christians had little cause to fear death, since they should not die, according to what our Saviour says, ' that he that lives and believes in me, shall never die.' " " For," added the minister, " to speak properly, death is no death to true believers, but a sweet sleep, being often so called in the Scriptures, and therefore Christ for their sakes hath overcome and triumphed over death in his own person, so that now we may cry out with St. Paul, " O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

After this the minister admonished her to make confession of her sins before God, shewing that bodily diseases tend to the dissolution of nature, and that death is the wages of sin: further saying, that by this, her chastisement, she might learn what she

had deserved, if God should enter into judgment with her, not only in regard of the fall of our first parents, in which guilt she was involved, as well as others, but also by her own personal sins, seeing that the best in the world are in themselves but poor, miserable, and wretched sinners; and that if the Lord should punish us according to our demerits, we could expect nothing at his hands but condemnation.

At these words, the queen, with her hands and eyes lifted up towards heaven, began to acknowledge, "that the sins she had committed against the Lord were innumerable, and therefore more than she could reckon up; but that she hoped that God, for Christ's sake, in whom she put her whole trust, would be merciful to her." Hence the minister took occasion to open at large upon what ground she was to expect the mercy of God in Christ, adding, "that the whole have no need of a physician, but such as are sick; and that Christ said, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and that he is ready to fill the hungry with good things, while he sends the rich empty away. Of these things," said he, "you ought so much the rather to be persuaded in your conscience, by how much the more the Spirit of God witnesses to your Spirit that you are the child of God, and makes you say, Abba, Father: for what is faith but a firm trust and assurance of the good will of God manifested towards us in his blessed Son?" But fearing lest by his long dis-



course he might be troublesome to her, or too much exhaust her spirits, the minister would have given over, which she taking notice of, earnestly requested of him not to forbear speaking to her about these matters of life and eternal salvation, adding, "that now she felt the want of such discourses, for that since her coming to Paris she had been somewhat remiss in hearing such exhortations from the word of God, and therefore," said she, "I am more glad to receive comfort thence, in this my great extremity."

On this the minister endeavoured to set before her the happiness of heaven, and what those joys were which the saints possess in the beatific presence of God, which the Scriptures, intending to discover, assure us that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love him. "For," said he, "it is as if a being intending greatly to honour some noble personage, should bring him to his court, and there shew his state and attendance, his treasures, and his most precious jewels. In like manner the Lord will one day reveal to all his people his magnificence and glory, with all the riches of his kingdom, after he has gathered them home to himself, arraying and adorning them with light, incorruption, and immortality. Therefore," added he, "since this happiness is so great, your highness ought to be the less solicitous about leaving this transitory life, and know that you are to exchange an earthly kingdom for an heavenly inheritance,

those temporal good things which consume and perish in the using, to enjoy those things which are incorruptible and everlasting, for your faith being firmly fixed upon the Lord Jesus Christ, you may be certain of obtaining eternal salvation by him." He then proceeded to propose to her these questions. "Do you verily believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save you? and do you expect the full forgiveness of your sins by the shedding of his blood for you?" "Yes," replied she, "I do, believing that he is my only Saviour and Mediator, and I look for salvation from none other, knowing that he hath made abundant satisfaction for the sins of his people, and therefore I am assured that God, for his sake, according to his gracious promise in him, will have mercy upon me."

. During all the time of her sickness, she ceased not such edifying and comfortable discourses; sometimes intermixing them with most affectionate aspirations to God as a testimony of the hope and desire she had of enjoying him; often uttering these words, "O my God! in thy due time deliver me from this body of death, and from the miseries of the present life, that I may no more offend thee, and that I may attain to that felicity, which thou, in thy word, hast promised to bestow upon me." Neither did she manifest her pious affection by words only, but by her serene and cheerful countenance, as far as the decrease of her strength would allow, thereby giving a full evidence to all who beheld her, that no appre-

hensions of death could unhinge the steadfastness of her faith. The minister also often prayed with her.

During the time of prayer she ceased not with hands and eyes uplifted to heaven to fetch many sighs, especially when mention was made of the mercy of God in Christ, which he extends to poor sinners, so that all who were present might evidently see that her heart and affections were united in the prayer which was offered for her, and while she thus lay, she continued in her holy desires to depart hence, that she might be with Christ, taking great delight in the holy and Christian exhortations which were given her by many godly and learned men who came to visit her, to whom also she manifested no small testimonies of her faith and hope in God, as to the salvation of her soul, by her holy and savoury speeches. It was observed that although the Lord exercised her much with the feeling of her inward disease, yet that there was no word that at any time fell from her bordering upon discontent or impatience; nay, scarcely did she utter so much as a groan.

It may also be added that if at any time she found any intermissions of the violence of her distemper, she declared her willingness to obtain the recovery of her former health, and for that purpose she refused no proper means prescribed for her by her learned physicians; and that on the other hand when she perceived her disease to increase upon her, and that she grew worse, she shewed that she was armed

with an invincible constancy to undergo the utmost that death could do against her, willingly preparing herself for that last conflict.

When she saw the ladies and gentlemen with her weeping about her bed, she blamed them for it, saying, “ I pray you do not weep for me, since *God doth by this sickness call me hence to the enjoyment of a better life*, and I am now entering the desired haven, towards which this frail vessel of mine has been so long steering.”

In the end, perceiving her strength more and more decaying, she gave orders for making her last will and testament, and thus settled her outward estate. On the 8th of June, the day before she left the world, she called for a minister, and finding that she was drawing near her end, she desired him to discourse to her somewhat largely of the temptations with which Satan is used to assault the people of God in their last conflict. He having done this at some length, asked whether she placed her whole trust and confidence upon Christ crucified, who died for her sins, and rose again for her justification. To which she answered, “ that she expected neither salvation, nor righteousness, nor life, from any else, but only from her Saviour, Jesus Christ, being assured that his merits alone abundantly sufficed for the full satisfaction for all her sins, although they were innumerable.” “ This being your faith,” replied the minister, you cannot come into condemnation, but are passed from death to life: *neither*

*need you to be afraid of God's seat of justice, since it is turned into a throne of grace and mercy to you, and, therefore, the hour of death will be exceeding welcome to you, as death will be a sweet passage into a far better life, and the time in which all tears shall be wiped away from your eyes. I beseech you, therefore, madam, think often on that delightful text, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.'* Now the time approaches when you shall enjoy the beatifical vision of God, the society of your Head and Saviour, the Lord Jesus, the fellowship of the blessed angels, and celestial spirits, with the holy patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs for Christ, partaking with them in the same felicity and glory." He also added, "Madam, if it should please God, by this your sickness, to put an end to this weary pilgrimage of yours, and call you home to himself, as by some evident signs, it appears he will, are you willing to go to him?" To which she answered with much christian courage, "with all my heart." Upon which the minister said, "then, madam, open the eye of faith, and behold Jesus, your Redeemer, sitting at the right hand of his Father, reaching out his hand to receive you to himself; are you willing madam, to go to him?" "Yes, I assure you;" said she, "much more willing than to linger here below in this world, where I see nothing but vanity." He then asked her if they should pray with her, upon which they did, while the

pious lady manifested her ardent affection in calling upon God.

Not long after came in the Admiral Coligni, and with him a minister, to whom the queen attended for a considerable time, the minister's speech tending to prepare her for her dissolution. When he had finished his address, he also prayed with her, to which she listened with great attention. Upon this, she requested that these two ministers would continue all night with her in her chamber, and that they would by no means leave her.

The greater part of the night was employed in holy advices, which these ministers gave to the lady, one after another: besides which, she desired them to read some chapters of the Holy Scriptures, pertaining to her condition, and accordingly they read to her out of St. John's Gospel, from the 14th to the end of the 17th chapter. After which they prayed with her. Prayer being ended, the queen desired to take some rest, but it was not long before she bade them read again. Upon which, one of the ministers made choice of some particular Psalms of David, full of ardent and affectionate prayers, suited to the queen's present circumstances, and, for a conclusion, read the 31st psalm, in which the prophet, among other things, commends his spirit into the hands of God, because, saith he, "thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth."

The queen then signified her desire that they would pray with her again. And, thus, the greater

part of the night was spent in these holy exercises. during all which time the ministers never discerned in her the least signs of impatience, notwithstanding the violence of her affliction. It was also worthy of observation, that whereas, immediately before her sickness, she had shown how much she was concerned to provide most magnificently for the day of her son's marriage (Henry the Fourth), according as the nature of so grand an alliance required, yet, that as soon as this sickness had seized upon her, she seemed to have such a total neglect and forgetfulness of all such matters, that she never discovered so much as one thought about them.

The night being thus spent by this noble queen, who persevered in the expressions of such like affections and ardency of faith, the next morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she departed this life, to take possession of a far better, yielding up her spirit into the hands of God \*.

\* Dr. Gibbons.

## JOACHIM CAMERARIUS.

Died 1574.

*The meanest herb we trample in the field,  
Or in the garden nurture, when its leaf  
In autumn dies, forebodes another spring,  
And from short slumber wakes to life again.*

GISBORNE'S PARAPHRASE OF MOSCUSA.

THE friend of Erasmus, Luther, and Melancthon, and designated by Vossius, as the Phoenix of German Literature. On the 17th day before his death, he said to his son, *I feel an assurance that this frail body will be protected by the Supreme Being, and that its principle of life will survive to behold His glory.* On the 5th day before his death, he wrote these verses—

Morte nihil tempestivâ esse optatius, aiunt,  
Sed tempestivam quis putet esse suam ?  
*Qui putat, ille sapit.* Namque ut fatalia vitæ  
Sic et quisque suæ tempora mortis habet.

He was borne to his grave on the shoulders of his own pupils.\* The last hours of his son Joachim, an eminent physician of Nuremberg, deserve some notice. Perceiving that his days would probably be few, he devoted his attention more to the salvation of the soul, than to the preservation of the body. He diligently read the paraphrases of the most eminent divines on the Book of Psalms, and frequently

\* Adami vitæ Philosoph., fol. 122.



repeated various passages from the writings of the Greek Fathers, whose works he had formerly read. But, well acquainted with the true source of consolation, *the Holy Bible he had almost always in his hand, and assiduously meditated thereon.* His pains, which had become excruciating, were borne with a patience becoming a Christian. With piety and constancy he restored his soul in the most tranquil manner to his Redeemer. *He desired these words to be added to his epitaph,*

*"Life to me is Death. Death to me is Life."*

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#### ARCHBISHOP PARKER.

Born A.D. 1504. Died A.D. 1575, aged 71, but according to John le Neve, 77.

*A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is, indeed, of the utmost efficacy, to the just and rational regulation of our lives.—DR. JOHNSON.*

THE second Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a prelate of great piety and learning, and a liberal patron of the literature of his country. Foreseeing his approaching dissolution, he made his last will and testament. His disease was mortal. He wrote to the Lord Treasurer that he trusted that should be one of the last letters which he should write to him. And it may be, said he, whereas I

have a great while provided for death, yet God will, per-adventure, have me continue awhile, to exercise myself in these contemplations of grief. *His death was no surprise to him, for it employed very often his serious meditations.* In his sermons he used frequently to exhort his auditory, that *death should not find them unprovided.* And being a man much loving order and decency, he prescribed and set down in writing, after what method and order things should be conducted at his death and funeral. He appointed his tomb-stone to be of black marble, and to be fitted up before his death, *that he might look upon it while he lived,* and that it might be ready to be laid upon his corpse when he should be buried. His tomb, also, he procured to be made and erected while he was alive; the workmanship whereof was not exquisite but plain. It was his mindfulness of his mortality, and of the dreadful judgment that followed it, that made him choose that sentence of Scripture, spoken by St. John; *Mundus transit et concupiscentia ejus,* (the world passeth away and the lust thereof,) which he had very often occasionally in his mouth, and wrote in his letters, had it engraven round his coat of arms, and described on the walls of his house, and on the glass of his windows. Whereby, in the midst of his worldly greatness he called to mind his own brittle, frail condition, and the vanity of the most pompous state; and that he might be reminded to direct his thoughts upon a more stable and lasting inheritance,

to be possessed in another world. And to put him in mind of judgment as well as death, he had engraven on the seal of his See *the manner of the last judgment*, where Christ sat gloriously and with majesty to judge the quick and the dead, uttering these words to his elect, *venite benedicti*, ‘come ye blessed,’ and to the reprobate, *Ite maledicti*, ‘depart ye cursed.’ Here, also, the dead were represented rising out of their graves to receive their sentence. That by these remembrances *he might quicken himself to do God’s will*, and discharge his high function; that he might have good hope against the time when God should call him to give account of his stewardship. “This meditation of death and the day of judgment, being deeply infixed in him, he had nothing else either in his purposes or wishes, but whether this troublesome race of human life be lengthened or shortened to him: contented therewith, as it shall please God, he doth wholly repose and commit himself to the protection of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost: whose honour and glory hath no end, and is extended to all eternity, Amen\*.”

\* Strype’s life and acts of Archbishop Parker.

## HENRY BULLINGER.

Born 1504. Died 1575, aged 71.

*We know not what irradiations there may be from God upon souls in glory, that may raise them into a state of perfection, surpassing all our imagination.*—SMITH.

A VERY learned and zealous champion for the reformation in Switzerland, who succeeded the celebrated Zuinglius as chief pastor at Zurich. During four entire months he was afflicted with a severe and painful disorder, on which occasion he afforded a noble example of that fortitude and resignation which so become the Christian character. However acute were his sufferings, not an unguarded word escaped from his lips. By how much the more intense were his sufferings, by so much the more fervently he prayed to his God. Whenever a temporary cessation of his malady occurred, apparently free from all disorder, he discoursed in a cheerful manner with those around him, whether they were domestics or strangers, many of the latter having come for the purpose of seeing him, and paying him this mark of respect. Concerning himself, he said, "if it should please God to make a further use of my ministry in the church, he will give me strength, and I will willingly comply: but if he call me out of this life, which I ardently desire, I am prepared to obey his will, and there is nothing which could happen more agreeably to me than to depart from this

corrupt and sinful world, to dwell with Christ, my Saviour. Socrates rejoiced at the approach of death, in the expectation that the hour was come when he should hold converse with Homer and Hesiod, and all those exalted characters which had gone before him ; by how much the more may not I be gladdened, who feel assured that I shall behold my Saviour face to face, with all the company of venerable patriarchs, great prophets, and blessed apostles of our Saviour, and those other illustrious men who have shone like lights in the Christian Church. Since I know that I shall see and associate with this blessed company, and hope to be a partaker with them of the felicity which they enjoy, why should I not gladly depart from this life ?" It seemed as though every faculty was thenceforth directed to a contemplation of futurity, yet, in such a manner, as shewed that he would bear patiently the cross, if it should please God for him to live longer, and to be engaged in the arduous duties of the ministry. The disorder not abating, on the 16th of August, he invited all the ministers of the Church, and the various professors to his house. When they were assembled together in his study, for there he was wont to receive them, he delivered to them this excellent discourse. " First, in the most affectionate manner, I return thanks to each of you, because, that having been invited to meet me, you came at the hour appointed : I have determined to bid you farewell, while I possess the perfect use of my reason.

I well know the fatal nature of my disorder, which, nevertheless, the Almighty can easily overcome; but, even if I should be restored to health, I hope my discourse will not be useless or disagreeable to you." When, in the opening of this, his last oration, he referred to his bidding them farewell, he could not refrain from tears, for which he apologised, declaring that he wept not from fear of death, but from that love which he entertained for every one of these his brethren; adducing the example of St. Paul, who, when he had convoked the ministers of the Church at Miletus, took his leave of them with many tears, Not that he compared himself with the Apostle, for he was fully aware of his own infirmity, but that they might infer from such an example it was not to be urged as a weakness, that he took his last farewell of them with much regret. Referring to his doctrine, he declared that he died in the true apostolic and orthodox faith, and that it might appear to all what were his principles, he repeated the Apostles' creed. He then exhorted them never to indulge in evil speaking, hatred, or envy, for that such habits were exceedingly unbecoming, and ought to be discarded from the ministry of the Church; it was their duty, said he, mutually to love each other, and mutually to uphold and increase their authority wherever, as ministers, the vices of other men, were rebuked, always remembering there were some who would scarcely submit to reproof, without complaining of the strictness of the clergy. He considered it as

disgraceful should ministers countenance such persons, and bring down hatred on those of their brethren who reprov'd those vices, only to secure to themselves the favour of wicked men. He then exhorted them to love and revere the senate who hitherto had constantly defended the true doctrines; and if they had opportunity, *he hoped each minister would acquire information on every subject which could advance the interests of the Church.* And, since many injurious reports were spread, even concerning the most exalted and respectable of their countrymen, he cautioned them not to credit imprudently, or spread injuriously any ill report, but always *to speak with modesty even of things known and ascertained.* In the last place, he testified concerning his love, and declared that he esteemed them all as so many brethren and sisters, he sincerely loved them, and devoutly pray'd to the Almighty for their future welfare. He now implored, that *whoever might be admitted into the ministry, would not prefer himself to others, but strive to love and esteem them more than himself: others in return, would esteem and reverence them.* With acts of kindness, and the repetition of a few precautionary observations, he concluded his discourse. He survived thirty-two days after the advice, which he had thus delivered to the ministers assembled in his study; having first repeated in a low tone of voice the 51st, the 16th, and 42nd psalms, he died about sunset\*.

\* Adami Vitæ Theolog. fol. 241.

## BERNARD GILPIN, B.D.

Died March 4, 1583, aged 65-6.

*If I must suffer a violent death, with my Saviour, it is but mortality crowned with martyrdom.* EIKON BASILIKE.

AN English divine, exemplary for his piety, useful labours, and unbounded benevolence. On account of his great zeal and piety he was styled the Apostle of the north. Having read the works of Erasmus, he supported the Reformation in England; and was consequently marked out for destruction by Bonner. Anticipating the fate of martyrdom, he ordered his steward to provide him with a long garment to wear as a shroud. Summoned to London, he already prepared to march to the stake; when the death of Mary stopped the hand of his persecutors, and he was restored to his beloved parishioners. After a life devoted to every virtue that can dignify the character of an ecclesiastic, he found himself, in February 1583, so weak from a fall, and the infirmities of age, as to be sensible that his end was drawing near. He told his friends of his apprehensions, and *spoke of his death with great composure*. He was soon confined to his chamber, but retained his senses to the last. A few days before his death, he desired that his friends, acquaintance, and dependants, might be called into his chamber, *and being raised on his bed, addressed himself to them on matters of eternal concern*. To his scholars called in by his



request, he said, " that this was their time, if they had any desire to qualify themselves for being of use in the world; that *learning was well worth their attention, but virtue much more so.*" He also sent for several persons, who had hitherto made no good use of his advice, and *upon whom he imagined his dying words might have a better effect*; but his speech began to falter before he had finished his exhortations. *The remaining hours of his life he spent in prayer and broken conversation with some select friends, mentioning often the consolations of the Gospel; declaring they were the only true ones, and that nothing else could bring a man peace at the last \*.*

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### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Died Oct. 16, 1586, aged 32.

*Death sheathes his shafts in all the pride of life.*

AN illustrious patriot and pious Christian. A detachment from the English army accidentally met with a convoy sent by the enemy to Zutphen, a strong town in Guelderland, then besieged by the Spaniards. The battle, which immediately ensued, was fought on the 22d day of September, 1586, with such impetuosity, that it became a proverbial expression among the Belgian soldiers to denote a most severe and ardent conflict. The English troops, far inferior in number to those of the enemy, though

\* Chalmers. Gorton.

they gained a decisive victory, sustained an irreparable loss by the death of Sir<sup>1</sup> Philip Sidney. Having one horse shot under him he mounted a second. Seeing Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy and in imminent danger, he rushed forward to rescue him. Having accomplished his purpose, he continued the fight with great spirit, until he was himself wounded by a bullet on the left knee. Among the rest, says Stow, Sir Philip Sidney so behaved himself that it was wonder to see, for he charged the enemy thrice in one skirmish, and in the last charge he was shot through the left thigh; to the great grief of his excellency and the whole camp, who being brought to the Lord Lieutenant, his excellency said, "O Philip, I am sorry for thy hurt." Sir Philip answered, "this have I done to do you honour, and her majesty service."

It may be truly asserted that the pages of ancient and modern biography are not illuminated with a brighter pattern of benevolence, fortitude, and invincible patience than that which was exhibited by Sir Philip Sidney at this most awful season. As he was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought, and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice, speaking those ever memorable words, "*this man's necessity is greater than mine.*"

An ode, which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm. It is unfortunately not in existence.

Lady Sidney attended him in his last illness, and administered all that assistance and soothing consolation which the tenderest sympathy could bestow. Suffering under extreme misery and pain, he had now languished sixteen days on the bed of sickness. *At length he declared that he smelt the smell of death.*

A soldier dying a *Christian death*, is a noble and animating spectacle. The military character is then really great, when it is exalted by the genuine virtues of a Christian. Our illustrious and gallant knight, while he retained a calm and undisturbed spirit, made a public confession of his faith to the holy ministers of religion who encircled his bed, to men eminent for their goodness and edifying piety. This confession is said to have been such as no book but the heart could truly and feelingly deliver. They then accompanied him, at his own earnest request, in a devout prayer dictated by himself, and uttered with much energy and affection, the free and fervent effusion of a heart deeply penetrated with a true sense of sin. "His sins," he said, "were best known to himself, and out of that true sense he was more perfectly instructed to apply the eternal sacrifice of our Saviour's passion and merits to himself."

In the course of his illness he introduced a topic

of conversation, the most serious and the most sublime that can engage the attention of man, *the immortality of the soul*. The conjectures of pagan philosophy on this interesting theme, were compared with the sacred truths of revelation, comprised in the Old and New Testament. This discussion was not undertaken to remove doubt, or to satisfy a vain and idle curiosity; but rather to exhilarate his drooping spirits, to increase his faith, and to enliven his expectations of future blessedness.

*The day on which he died he called for music to compose his disordered frame.* His mind was soothed and tranquillized, anticipating, as it were, those delightful strains of celestial melody, with which the angelic choir encompass the throne of God. With a patient submission to the divine will, that could proceed only from the retrospect of a good life, he bade adieu to his most afflicted brother, in words which deserve to be engraven in letters of gold. Love my memory, cherish my friends; their faith to me may insure you that they are honest. *But above all, govern your will and affection by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities.* He died in the arms of his dear friend, Mr. William Temple\*.

\* Dr. Zouch.

## THEODORE ZUINGER.

Died 1588, aged about 54.

*Death is a gate to enter into everlasting life. No man can come to everlasting life but he must first die bodily.* LATIMER.

A VERY celebrated physician of Basil. In the year 1588 he was attacked with a severe illness. His faith, hope, and Christian patience shone conspicuously in his last hours ; of which the following composition, written originally in Latin verse, *on his death-bed*, abundantly testifies, evincing at the same time his piety and fortitude. “ Oh ! glorious light, which maketh known to me the hour of my joyful departure, and through the merits of Christ openeth to me the gate of eternal life. My appointed day is come. It calls me to the glorious mansion of the Lord. Soon shall I tread the sacred threshold of the celestial temple. Soon shall I behold the lofty towers of the heavenly Jerusalem, the dwelling-place of angelic hosts, the city of saints, to which Christians aspire ; where the Lord is praised with unceasing hymns, and within whose walls peace ever dwells. Oh ! blessed home of all true Christians, enrol me as one of thy new citizens ; accompanied by hope, faith, and charity, I bid adieu to earthly scenes \*.”

\* Freherus, fol. 1290, &c.

## TORQUATO TASSO.

Died April 25, 1595, aged 50-1.

*A pillar or a verse, is a poor sorry monument. But good men while they work with God, and endeavour to bring themselves and all their actions to a unity with God, enrol themselves in the annals of eternity.* SMITH.

THE celebrated author of "Jerusalem Delivered." On the 10th of April, this eminent poet was seized with a violent fever, occasioned perhaps by his having taken some milk, of which kind of aliment he was fond, and from which he had sometimes derived benefit. His life now seemed in imminent danger; and he himself, who, amidst all his disorders, had still borne up, from the first imagined that his present disease was mortal. He was attended by the best advice in Rome; and the Cardinal Cynthio, who had flattered himself at first, that this was one of the many distempers of the poet, from which he would soon recover, often himself visited and consoled him. Every attention, however, and remedy was in vain; the distemper continually waxed stronger and stronger, and on the seventh day the physicians ceased their attempt to oppose it. At length, Cassalpino, one of their number, and an old acquaintance of Tasso, undertook the awful office of informing him that his last hour was at hand. *The poet received the warning not only without alarm, but embracing the physi-*

*cian, thanked him for tidings so agreeable. After which, raising his eyes to heaven, he gave devout and tender thanks to Almighty God that he had now brought him to a harbour, after so dreadful and tempestuous a course.* From this period, he spoke not willingly on terrestrial subjects, nor even of fame after death; but intent upon the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem, he prepared by acts of warmest piety, for his flight to that abode of eternal felicity. Tasso had led (and especially since the beginning of his misfortunes) a very devout and religious life; so that now he could without difficulty be resigned to the divine will. He confessed with great contrition, and, on the following morning, entreated to be carried to the Chapel below, for the purpose of receiving the Holy Sacrament. Being lifted back to bed in the arms of the fathers, he was asked by the Prior, where he wished to be interred. He replied, “in the Church of the convent, if they would do that honour to his ashes.” Being requested to make a will, and to dictate something as an epitaph, he smiled and said, “that as to the first he had very little to leave, and as to the second, a plain stone would be sufficient to cover him.” Turning however, to Gabriel Toritti, his confessor, he entreated him to mark down, “that he left the Cardinal Cynthio heir of his writings, and of his little property.” To Manso he bequeathed his portrait, which had been painted by the direction of that nobleman; and to the monastery of St. Onofrio, where he then

was, and in which he was to be interred, a metal crucifix of singular workmanship, which had been given him by the Pope. During other seven days, and till the fourteenth of his distemper, Tasso lay principally contemplating the crucifix, and engaged in prayer; so abstracted from human, and so intent upon divine objects, that his visitors, who were many, and of the highest quality, were edified, while they were afflicted. This his father confessor, who had an opportunity of being acquainted, as well with his past conduct, as with his present sentiments, testified to some friends after the death of the poet, that, "for many of the latter years of his life, he had been free from the taint of any mortal sin." On the fourteenth day of his distemper, and the last but one of his life, Tasso, perceiving that his departure was at hand, wished to be again strengthened by the blessed Sacrament; and as from his weakness he was unable to lift himself from his bed, it was brought to his chamber by the Prior. Seeing its approach, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "Expectans, expectavi Dominum," and received it with such sentiments of devotion and humility, as affected every beholder: and thus, being fortified with all the ceremonies prescribed by his religion, he expected his last summons with hope and resignation.

Meanwhile, the Cardinal Cynthio, hearing from the physicians that his friend was at the last extremity, hastened to the Pontiff for the papal benediction. Clement, as we are told in a letter of Cataneo,



groaned and sighed over the fate of such a man. Being asked if he had any request to make, or any injunction to command, " he entreated that the Cardinal would collect, if possible, all the copies of his works, (and especially of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, the most imperfect of them all,) and would commit them to the flames. He knew," he said, " that the copies were many, and far diffused, that the task might be difficult, but was not impossible." Tasso persisted in his request with so much earnestness, that the Cardinal, unwilling to embitter his last moments by a direct refusal, gave him such an answer, as led him to think his desire would be complied with. The poet then added, that having, from the benignity of the Pontiff, and Cynthio's kindness, obtained all that he could now wish for in this world, he entreated that, " during the short period of life which still remained, he might be left alone with the crucifix, and with one or two of the fathers to assist him in his devotion." This was done; the Cardinal, who could scarcely refrain his tears, took an affectionate farewell, and on coming from the chamber wept bitterly. Nobody was afterward admitted to Tasso but his Confessor, and a few of the fathers most distinguished for learning and piety. These by turns sung psalms, *in which they were occasionally joined by Tasso*: and when his spirits failed, he ceased not to contemplate the image of his Redeemer. Thus the night passed away, and at the eleventh hour of the day following, (April 25, 1595,)

feeling the approach of the agony, he closely embraced the crucifix and uttered these words, "In manus tuas Domine," (Into thy hands, O Lord.) Unable to finish the sentence, he, in a few moments, expired \*.

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### RICHARD HOOKER.

~ Died November, 1600, aged about 47.

*Concerning death, to them that are God's dear children, what other thing is it, than the dispatcher of all displeasure, the door of desires, the gate of gladness, the port of Paradise, the heaven of heavens, the rail of rest and quietness, the entrance to felicity, the end of all travail, and the beginning of all bliss?*

BRADFORD, THE MARTYR.

AN English divine, eminent for humility, piety, and learning, the celebrated author of "Ecclesiastical Polity." About the year 1600, and of his age 46, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend; from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time till his death he was never free from thoughtful days and restless nights; but *a submission to His will that makes the sick man's bed easy by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable*; and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia (who saw him daily, and was

\* Black's Life of Tasso.

the chief comfort of his life) “ that he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish his three remaining books of Ecclesiastical Polity; and then, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace,” which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the Church the benefit of them, as completed by himself; and it is thought that he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his own books; but this is certain, that *the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts and resolutions.* About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered the pleasures of the palate, began first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food; inso-much, that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian Angel seemed to foretel him, that the day of his dissolution drew near; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst. In this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, “ Are my books and written papers safe?” and being answered, “ That they were,” his reply was, “ then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me.” About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, came to him, and after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church’s absolution, it was resolved that the Dr. should give him

both that and the sacrament the following day. To which end, the Doctor came, and after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company, and then the Dr. gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus. Which being performed, the Dr. *thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face*; but it lasted not long: for, his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the Dr. apprehended death ready to seize him; yet after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse; which gave the Dr. occasion to require his present thoughts; to which he replied, that *he was meditating the number and nature of Angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven; and oh that it might be so on earth!* after which words he said, “I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and, though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? and therefore,

where I have failed, Lord show mercy unto me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners : and since I owe thee a death, Lord let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it ; let not mine, O Lord, but let thy will be done ;” with which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber ; dangerous, as to his recovery ; yet recover he did ; but it was to speak only these few words, “ Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me ; and from that blessed assurance *I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me* : my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service, but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not.” More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him ; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham’s bosom : let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the Patriarchs and Apostles, and the most noble army of Martyrs and Confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man, shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity ; and with it, a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of. In the mean time, bless

O Lord ! Lord bless his brethren the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation ; for, these will bring peace at the last : and Lord ! let his most excellent writings be blest with what he designed, when he undertook them : which was, glory to thee O God on high, peace in thy Church, and good-will to mankind. Amen. Amen. Richard Hooker died anno 1600, in the 47th year of his age\*.



## SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### TYCHO BRAHE.

Died 1601, aged 54—55.

*It is true religion only that teaches and enables men to die to this world, and to all earthly things, and to rise above that vaporous sphere which darkens the mind and hinders it from soaring upwards to enjoy the brightness of heavenly light. T. SMITH.*

THE celebrated astronomer. He had a very good state of health till the year previous to his death, when his constitution was somewhat weakened by the intenseness of his application. At that period he began to experience symptoms of complaints which announced his approaching dissolution, but which he concealed as much as possible from his friends. He was reduced however to a very low

\* Isaac Walton.

state, and was affected with the most trifling circumstances, *and would frequently interrupt his sallies of wit with sudden reflections on death.* In the midst of pain he was heard repeatedly to cry out, “*Ne frustra vixisse videar.*” Being extremely debilitated by the violence of his disorder, he perceived that he had not many hours to live. Accordingly he gave orders with the utmost coolness and resignation; *even amusing himself with composing an extempore copy of verses, sung various hymns, offered up prayers and supplication to the Supreme Being*; recommended to his family and friends piety and resignation to the divine will: exhorted his pupils to persevere in their studies, and conversed with Kepler on the most abstruse parts of Astronomy. Thus *amidst prayers, exhortations, and literary conversation, he expired so peaceably*, that he was not heard by any of those who were present to breathe his last \*.

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FRANCIS JUNIUS.

Died 1602, aged 57.

*We must needs temporally die, that is, mortify our affections, to escape the spiritual death, and by natural death, not only escape eternal death of soul and body, but also by it, as by a door, enter into eternal life.*

BRADFORD.

A VERY eminent professor of divinity in the Univer-

\* Chalmers.

sity of Leyden, who died of the plague. Melchior Adam describes him as "remarkable for his learning, zeal, and piety." When Gommarus visited his friend and neighbour in his sickness, in order to afford the consolations of religion, the Professor answered, "I resign myself to the will of God. The Lord will mercifully perform whatever is most conducive to his glory and my salvation." His sleepless hours, the pains of his disorder, and the fear of death, were alleviated by reading and meditating on the Holy Scriptures, and the exercise of fervent devotion. When his friend Gommarus, on another occasion, advised him to call to mind, and apply to himself those consolations with which he had so frequently comforted others, he replied, "I remember that I have a compassionate Father in heaven; a Saviour, Jesus; a home, a country, and an inheritance, hereafter. And in my heart I feel a sacred pledge of the existence of the Holy Spirit dwelling within me. *Death is to me the gate of heaven, and life immortal* \*."

\* Adami Vitæ Theol. fol. 100.



## DANIEL TOSSANUS.

Died 1602, aged 60—61.

*By thinking upon death our minds are often in manner oppressed with darkness, because we do but remember the night of the grave, forgetting the light of heaven, at the morn of the resurrection.*

RECTOR of the university of Heidelberg, and an able promoter of the Reformation. He was much esteemed for his learning and moderation. His latter occupation had been that of reading the History of Martyrs, and the Theatre of the World, by Launæus, which roused him to expatiate beautifully on the subject of death; and his last nights were passed in expressing his pious sentiments. On one occasion he observed, that as martyrs had endured the *most excruciating tortures* in the cause of true religion, so he ought to be able to suffer a *natural* death with equanimity. During the continuance of his fatal disorder, many religious friends of every rank came to comfort him, who all acknowledged they had themselves derived consolation from this dying Christian. He delivered his sentiments in such pious ejaculations that he proved the sincerity and steadfastness of his faith; and whenever a sentence of Holy Scripture was quoted in his hearing, he made appropriate observations on the passage. The sight of this brave and invincible soldier contending against Satan with his panoply, elevated

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the minds of those who stood around. These are the parts of Scripture which he most frequently repeated, and which, as they may be useful to good men in the hour of sickness, I will transcribe. "We are always confident, knowing that whilst we are in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life. I have fought a good fight. Here I have no abiding city, but I seek one to come. Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth up until now : therefore will I tell of thy wondrous works. Forsake me not, Oh God, in mine old age, when I am grey-headed, until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation. When my strength faileth do not leave me. Thou hast redeemed me, Oh Lord, thou God of truth. In thine hands are all my ways. Oh Lord, in thee have I trusted, I shall never be confounded, for I have called upon thee. How great the goodness which thou hast laid up for them who fear thee, and which thou hast shewn to them who trust in thee even before the sons of men. Let thy mercy be my consolation in the house of my pilgrimage. Let thy loving kindness come unto me that I may live, for thy truth is my delight. If thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who can stand ? but with thee is mercy, that thou mayest be feared. My soul looketh unto the Lord before the morning watch." He recited from

St. Cyprian's treatise on mortality, "let him fear to die who refuses to depart for Christ, to return to his country, and to rely on the merits of the death of Christ. *Let us hail the day which gives to each a home, and places him in a blissful abode freed from the snares, the temptations, and afflictions of this lower world.* However decorated with gold, and pearl, and gems, thou hast neither form nor comeliness unless adorned with Christian graces." From Hieronymus he repeated, "the man who daily remembers that he must die, holds in contempt things present, and hastens forward to those which are in futurity. Journeying onward to our last home, we ought to turn a deaf ear to those fatal songs of alluring syrens, the temptations of the world. And you, my sons-in-law and dearest children, never be ashamed of the Gospel truths, from a servile fear either of disgrace or persecution. Truth may be oppressed and trodden down, but never can it be annihilated. I have been young and now am old, and always have I experienced that the Lord God wonderfully succours them who walk before Him, and who in their vocation conduct themselves faithfully and with integrity, although for a time they may be assailed by the shafts of open hatred and dissembled malice. For you, my children, and my sons-in-law, and for every one of your posterity, I implore my heavenly Father, whose mercies have followed me all the days of my life, and who appointed me as a means for promoting his glory in

France and Germany, to grant you His blessing in constancy of faith, divine protection, and a willingness of mind, to follow your great captain, Jesus, that when ye shall leave this field of military combat ye may arrive at your heavenly home and be with Christ. May the God of mercies grant that I may close mine eyes in peace, calling upon his holy name, and comforted by the influence of the Holy Ghost. Amen. I call God to witness, before whose judgment-seat I shall soon be placed, that while discharging my duties in this Church and University, I have boldly rebuked hypocrisy, ambition, and ingratitude toward God, together with extravagance in things both great and small. *I have courted in the performance of my duty, rather the anger of man, than the vengeance of God \* !"*

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BEZA.

Died 1605, aged 86.

*Death is like sailing over a sea to thy home and country.*

H. J. BRADFORD.

A CELEBRATED promoter of the Reformation, a divine of great eminence, and one of the pillars of the Church of Geneva. His last sermon was preached in January 1600, when he was eighty-one years of age, on these words, "thy will be done in earth, as

\* Adami Vitæ Theol. fol. 342.

it is in heaven." In his last illness he was afflicted with tedious watchings, lying awake all the nights; but he sweetened the time by holy meditations. And speaking to his friends of it, he used the words of the Psalmist; "My reins also instruct me in the night season. I have set the Lord always before me. In his favour is life. My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness, when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." He often used the words of the Apostle, "we are his workmanship created in Christ Jesus to good works." He often repeated the following prayer; "Cover Lord what has been: govern what shall be; O perfect that which thou hast begun, that I suffer not shipwreck in the haven." Likewise from St. Bernard: "Lord we follow thee, through thee, unto thee; we follow thee, because thou art the truth, through thee, because thou art the way, and to thee, because thou art the life." On Sunday, October 13, he rose and prayed with his family; and then desiring to go to bed again, he sat down on the side of the bed, and being perceived to be near his end, a minister was sent for, and immediately came, and *while he was praying with him*, Beza, without the least pain or noise, yielded up his spirit to God \*.

\* Erasmus Middleton.

## ELIAS PUTSCHIUS.

Died 1606, aged 26.

*I scarce can meet a monument, but holds  
My younger ; every date cries " Come away."*

A pious youth of the city of Antwerp, who, by his great and early acquirements, had excited the attention and hopes of the learned. Although his bodily strength was completely exhausted, his mind was characterised by fortitude. I do not know where I have found the expression, "*mors esse vitæ testimonium solet,*" but the truth of it was manifested in this instance. Knowing that he was called by God from this to another state of existence, for several days before his departure, he withdrew his mind from all sublunary scenes, and devoted his hours to secret prayer and unceasing conversations upon divine subjects, mitigated the pains of his body by the exercise of patience, and awaited that blessed hour in which he was to restore his spirit to God, through the merits of his Saviour Jesus. This he did at noon-day, on the 9th of March. *The faculties of his mind remained entire to his latest breath.* His dying words were, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, according to thy loving kindness," &c. Those who were present affirm that *his last hours were so serene, that not a feature appeared subject to pain.* We are also told by his parents this remarkable circumstance, communicated to them by the son

himself, a few days before his departure. He had enjoyed, in a trance, a foretaste of the unutterable joys of eternal life,—a glimpse of future glory and unspeakable happiness \*.

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## MARTIN CRUSIUS.

Died 1607, aged 81.

*The heathen caused the day of their release from all pain and sorrow to be celebrated with mirth, melody, and minstrels; and should Christians be dismayed at it?—BRADFORD.*

A LEARNED professor of moral philosophy and the Greek language in the university of Tübingen. When he perceived his strength decaying, he prepared himself for a pious departure from this life. His eightieth year had now arrived, and his natural powers were sensibly diminishing; his eyes began more and more to grow dim, and the rays of light to shoot and tremble before him. During his whole life he had lived piously, with integrity, and for the advantage of others; he was, therefore, desirous to depart in a manner consistent with his past conduct, and, with a religious mind, to quit this turbulent sea of miseries. He arranged all his affairs with the greatest prudence in his power. At his entrance upon his eighty-first year, he convoked the whole senate, with the rector of the university, the professors, and all the other official characters; the most noble Matthew

\* Adami Vitæ Philosoph. fol. 215.

Enzlin, chief counsellor at Wittemberg, being present. Before this assembly, and in the university-house, which had never before been used for any such purpose, this venerable old man publicly returned thanks to God, pouring forth expressions of gratitude for all those mercies with which, for the space of eighty years, he had been favoured. He then offered up his prayers, and commended to God's providential care, the illustrious princes of his country, the dispensers of public justice, and all the faithful guardians of the divine word, the university, and every member of the same. He next gave a banquet to his friends, presented to the university a vase of 100 florins value, and his library, worth 2,000, which he had collected from every part of Europe and Asia, and then consulted his friends about the little place of his burial, and his sepulchral stone. *He frequently and cheerfully spoke of his departure, and wrote his epitaph.* A cough came on, his strength gradually declined; he felt no pain, and if his friend Ziglerus, who perceived his infirmity, had not persuaded him to recline on his couch, and to remain at home, it is probable that, like Plato, he, at precisely the same age, would have died while he was writing, and standing up. At length, on the 25th of February, at one in the morning, he breathed his last \*.

• Adami Vitæ Philosoph. fol. 227. Jacob des Bibliotheques, fol. 205.



## BARONIUS CÆSAR.

Died 1607, aged 68-9.

*Thoughts of death help to repentance, to bring thee unto the knowledge of thyself, that thou art but earth and ashes, and bring thee better to know God.*—BRADFORD.

THE illustrious author of “Ecclesiastical Annals,” and justly styled the father of Church history, born at Sord, in the kingdom of Naples. Dupin observes that Baronius was a man of sincere religion, probity, learning, and extensive reading. Enfeebled by age, he now foresaw the approach of death. To withdraw his mind from all secular affairs, and to give an undivided attention to the awful subject of eternal salvation, he retired from the palace to a dwelling-house attached to his chapel, that, as he himself said, “like Noah’s dove, I may return to the ark, and sheltered as in a nest, within this my little chamber, I may wait for the hour of my departure.” With a kind regard for the welfare of others, he still occasionally laboured for their welfare. As though he had fixed the time and place for his death, he was seized with a fatal disorder. For many months his appetite had gradually diminished; and he took nothing but a little liquid; which too often his stomach refused. More anxious for the salvation of his soul than the preservation of his body, he never ceased to discourse on divine things, and to implore with devout aspirations, the forgiveness of his sins. He publicly preached in

plain language that his last hour drew near. He ardently prayed for several days, exercising his mind with assiduity in the various graces and affections of the Christian character. He exhorted his domestics and relations to despise the world, and to serve the Supreme Being, and having partaken of the sacrament, and performed the duties of religion, he said “ *Now is the hour of triumph and of joy!*” He then drew his feet close together, and placed his hands across his bosom, and in this position waited the approach of death; at length, having fought a good fight, finished his course, and preserved his faith, he was about to receive the crown of glory from God; turning his longing eyes upward to heaven, full of days and good works, he quietly breathed forth his spirit\*.

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JOSEFH SCALIGER.

Died 1609, aged 69.

*Where nothing requisite to happiness can be wanting, we may suppose that we shall not want so great a satisfaction, as that of being knowingly happy in our other selves, our friends.* BOYLE.

HE was the earliest patron of the celebrated Grotius, was justly accounted the most learned man of his age, and is said to have been well skilled in thirteen languages. After having for several successive days employed much of his time in writing letters to

\* Dupin. Sanderi elogia Cardinalium, fol. 108.

his friends, he suddenly complained of loss of appetite, and thenceforth abstained from his usual kind of food. Nor from that time did he ever again enter his favourite study. Without any apparent change, he sat for almost a month near the hearth of his bed chamber, conversing with those of his friends who came to visit him ; nor did he cease to derive pleasure from thoughts on the subject of literature, and the perusal of cheerful works. Daily refusing his food, he gradually declined in spirit and bodily strength, and began to suspect that he was dangerously ill. His illness increased, and a continued abstinence from food wasted away his frame, till, like a superannuated warrior, nature compelled him to rest from his labours. Of this he complained to me, grieving that so much of his time was then perishing daily, and lamenting that he no longer lived, but merely existed. During the period of his disorder, in which he could entertain no doubt that death was allotted him, he poured forth most ardent prayers to God, and whether alone or with His friends most earnestly deplored his failings ; which, although unnumbered, were balanced by faith and hope in Him who was made sin for us. He frequently repeated that he knew his death was certain. Far from him was the wish to avoid the common fate of human beings ; he only asked of God, that with as little pain as possible, and by the shortest means, he might be released from these bonds ; “ I begin,” said he, “ to perceive and feel the joys of eternal life. I shall soon behold

the Lamb, sacrificed for all men ; I now long for that blessed sight. All other things appear to me as dross, nor is there any thing, for the sake of which, even for an hour, I would wish to survive." I frequently found him engaged in these holy discourses and meditations. No abject or mean expression was uttered by him, for he had turned his attention to divine sources of comfort. If any one said that the hope of life remained, he requested him " to retain this source of consolation for himself ; for, to an old man it was of little consequence on what day he should die, *since to die is necessary, death should never be considered unseasonable, much less to a Christian, whose duty it is to die well.*" Clusius, that venerable old man, adorned with every kind of worth and virtue, for some time past, through feebleness in his limbs, and age, (for he had now attained more than his eightieth year,) had been obliged to remain at home : he, therefore, sent one of his domestics to Scaliger, apologizing for his being unable to come and visit him. He replied, " I not only most willingly excuse your inability to perform this act of friendship, but I am deeply impressed with a sense of your benevolent design, at the same time I confess *there is no need of this ceremony of esteem and friendship in this world, since we are both about to enter into another, where we shall soon meet and embrace, no longer the subjects of age and human infirmity. I myself will show the way, if you my friend will follow.*"

One day I was sitting near his little bed absorbed in grief, foreboding from the symptoms which appeared, that he would sojourn with us only for a short time longer. Fixing his eye upon me, he said, "let no one believe that any two friends ever entertained a greater esteem for each other than Joseph Scaliger and Daniel Heinsius. Oh, that my father Julius had known you. How dearly would he have loved you." On another occasion, I returned and inquired about his health. "Son," said he, "you see me in my last hour of existence. I am scarcely equal to the pain. My poor body is wasted away with the disorder and the habit of lying down, but *the vigour of my soul remains entire*. Proceed as you have begun, and ever keep sacred the memory of your attached friend. *God without doubt loves you, and he will continue to love you as long as you perform works acceptable to him*. Your deeds by how much they are unostentatious, by so much will they be accounted of hereafter. Shun arrogance and pride. Turn away from the road of ambition. Never act against the impulse of conscience. My dear son I now depart from you." I endeavoured to reply, my mind was overpowered, I burst into tears, and could make no answer, but retired into the little chamber adjoining, where I endeavoured to compose my agitated feelings.

The disorder spared the life of Scaliger longer than I had expected. I was compelled to go to the Hague, and on my return at eight o'clock, I met a friend who

said, "Scaliger is certainly dying, you must come immediately, he has sent for you : whilst breathing his last he requested me to hasten your arrival." Although I knew he could not live, and had thus forewarned his friends, I was dreadfully agitated, and ran as fast as I could, and beheld the old man (I cannot refrain from tears) a sad spectacle of human weakness ; senseless and feebly drawing his breath. We earnestly prayed for him. He expired so calmly, and with so slight a change in feature, that he did not appear so much to die as to cease to live. When I saw that he had expired, I was about to approach near the little bed, to close the eyes of the deceased. An excess of grief prevented me, and a faithful friend stepped forward and performed this duty\*.

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To this account of the last hours of his beloved friend Joseph Scaliger, by Daniel Heinsius, I will add that of Baudius. During the whole time of Scaliger's confinement to his chamber and his bed, he discoursed with fervent piety, on the mercy of God, the redemption of the human race, justification through Christ, the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, and other sublime subjects of religious faith. So that in his conversation, he would seem to enjoy a foretaste of celestial glory. Sometimes he lamented that he was no longer able

\* Daniel Heinsius in epistola ad Isaacum Casaubonum, fol. 54.

to apply himself to his accustomed studies, or to perform the duties of life. If gladiators are solicitous to fall with dignity, by how much more is it not incumbent on those who have been accustomed to look down on all human affairs, and to exercise themselves in the practice of piety, to take a precaution that they obey the great law of nature with constancy and fortitude. As Scaliger had always possessed his soul in tranquillity during health, so in this new combat, wherein even the sons of God are wont to be overawed, with so much fortitude and so great constancy had he strengthened his mind, that no fear of death prevailed over him. In fervent prayers he implored with the Apostle, that he might be speedily released from the prison-house of the body to be with Christ. His petitions breathed only an utter aversion to the things of this lower world, and a sure confidence in the joys of immortality. In this hope and full persuasion, he breathed forth his soul, so that his death appeared like a slumber\*.

\* Baudii epist. et orationes, fol. 621.

## BARTHOLOMEW KECKERMANN.

Died 1609, aged 38.

*Pray that when the tide of death cometh we may sail forth from the haven of this world with joy.*—BRADFORD.

PROFESSOR of Hebrew in the university of Heidelberg, and considered by Vossius a man of considerable attainment in learning, was born at Dantzic, in Prussia. Unable to withdraw his mind from study, on account of his ardent thirst for knowledge and wisdom, he perceived his strength and health gradually declining. Dissuaded by his physicians from delivering his public lectures, he endeavoured to compensate for this loss of time by reading less laborious writings at home. He was confined to his bed almost a year, exhausted by a fever, and a gradual wasting away. His entire body was so reduced by various medicines, and worn out with pain, that *only the name and shade of Keckermann remained. His mind, in the meantime, cheerful and healthy*, tasted the joys of future happiness, nor was there any thing for which he more ardently longed, than to be released from the prison-house of this body, and to live as soon as possible eternally with his God. That wished-for hour arrived, and with it the end of life, which he expected. Perceiving this, with a cheerful voice, he exclaimed, “I have reached the end of the journey” prescribed to me by my God. I have attained it sooner, perhaps, than others, but I am so much the happier, because I shall



sooner be translated to a state of blessedness. For what pleasure can I derive from being made the sport of this slothful breeze, or being wearied out with the tedious calm, when I can steer my little vessel by prosperous gales borne forward into the haven of my rest? Wherefore come my friends, ye who surround me, let us return thanks to our God." While in the act of prayer, and frequently repeating the last words spoken by his Saviour, he restored his spirit to God \*.

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GEORGE BERSMANN.

Died 1611, aged 72-73.

*Come weal, come woe, Scripture teacheth us that all things come from God.*

A VERY eminent classical author, professor of poetry and Greek in the universities of Wittemberg and Leipsic, and well versed in various other departments of science and literaturé. Although wasted away with excruciating pains, he seldom, however, desisted from giving his public lectures, but prepared them with so much industry, that it was evident he was by these means brought down nearer the gate of death. For, every day he taught in public two whole hours, and the remainder of his time he spent in commenting on the most approved authors; until his strength failing him, he experienced a violent attack of fever, from which, by great care, it appears that he had nearly recovered. But a little after he

\* Adami Vitæ Theol.

was more severely attacked than before, with excruciating pains. He bore these sufferings, however acute, and the prospect of death itself which was now inevitable, with the greatest fortitude; and signified to Fabricius, his minister, that he was completely prepared for his departure from this life: having confessed his sins to God with great submission of mind, he besought pardon from him, and delighted in repeating the incomparable words of sacred scripture, especially those of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" also of John, "So God loved the world," &c. And that of the Apostle, "No one of us liveth to himself," together with the 42d, 51st, and 90th psalms, also the German hymn from the words of the protomartyr Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." And thus, at length, placidly, and without any discomposed gesture or motion, like one beginning to fall asleep, he restored his happy spirit to God\*.

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#### PRINCE HENRY.

Died November 6, 1612, aged 18.

*The highest prince in the world is made of earth, as well as the poorest subject, and so shall turn unto the same again, as well as the poorest shepherd. Let proud persons mark this well.*

LATIMER.

HE was Prince of Wales, and eldest son of King James the First. On Sunday, being the custom of

\* Adami Vitæ Philosoph. fol. 235.

his house to have the sermon early, when the court was near, because he used after his own, to hear the king's preacher, when he was informed that Mr. Robert Wilkinson, (rector of St. Olave's, Southwark) one of his majesty's chaplains, was ready to preach before his highness, he, contrary to his late habit of being in bed, and though he then found himself drowsy and ill, arose, and began to dress himself. For he had a great esteem for Mr. Wilkinson, as a preacher, ever since he had heard long before a sermon of his upon the last judgment, which his highness afterward spoke of with high approbation. He did not make the preacher wait long for him in the chapel, where the sermon was upon a very seasonable topic, Job xiv. 1. "Man that is born of a woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble," and in it were represented with proper force and extent the miseries peculiarly attending the highest stations in life. The prince having commended this sermon, went to Whitehall, where he heard another with the king. After this, he dined with his majesty, and eat with a seemingly good appetite; but the paleness of his countenance, and the hollow ghastliness of his eyes, were much remarked. After dinner his great courage and resolution in combatting with, and dissembling his disorder, gave way to the force of it; for about three o'clock in the afternoon, he was taken not only with a sudden sickness and faintness, too familiar to him of late, but likewise with a shivering, attended with great heat and head-ache, which, from

that time never left him. In this state he was obliged suddenly to take his leave, and go to St. James's to bed. There he found himself extremely ill, continuing all that evening in an agony, and tormented with an excessive thirst, which never afterwards abated, his eyes being dim, and impatient of the light of a candle.

(November 4.) Dr. Mayerne (the Physician) had before this seriously exhorted the prince, to commend himself into the hands of God, and found him in a most excellent and religious frame of mind, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. George Abbot, hearing of the desperate state of his highness, now thought it his duty to visit him. His first question to the prince was, whether there had been any prayers said in his chamber since his sickness? To which his highness answered in the negative, alledging the cause to have been the continual employment of the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries about him, and that he had not been put in mind of it till then; but that he had not failed to pray quietly by himself. This answer being very satisfactory to the archbishop, he again asked, whether his highness would now henceforward be pleased to have prayers in the chamber? The prince readily consented to this; inquiring which of his chaplains were present, and finding Dr. Milbourne, Dean of Rochester, to be attending, he ordered him to be called; as one whom he had always esteemed for his learning, character, and abilities as a preacher; the archbishop, in the

mean time, not willing too much to disquiet the prince, said prayers that evening at his bed-side, in a low voice; upon which his highness desired him to raise it, and repeated the confession of his faith, word for word, after his grace.

Next morning the archbishop came in great haste to his highness, and gently asking him how he did since he last saw him, and finding little or no hope remaining, he began to prepare the prince against the fear of death. He observed, "*that the preparation for it, and the thinking and meditating upon it, could not bring on the awful event the sooner, but, on the contrary, would fortify him so much the more against it.*" He reminded him of the excellence and immortality of the soul, the inexpressible happiness of good men in another state, the misery of the present, and the insignificancy of all the vain, inconstant, momentary, and frail pleasures of it in comparison of the joys of heaven, with many other topics of the like nature.

The archbishop having thus prepared him to hear, went farther, and acquainted him of the exceeding great danger which he was in, and that, though he might recover, as he hoped he would, yet he might also die. And since it was an irrevocable and inevitable necessity, that all must once die, sooner or later, death being the reward of sin, his grace asked, if it should so fall out, whether or no he was well pleased to submit himself to the will of God? To which the prince answered, "with all his heart."

The archbishop then proceeded to questions concerning his faith, first of the religion and church wherein he lived, which his highness acknowledged to be the only true church, wherein alone was salvation to be expected. Then of his faith in Christ only, by whom and in whom, without any merit of his, he could be assured of the remission of all his sins. This the prince professed to be his sincere belief. Lastly, of the resurrection of the body, everlasting life, and the happiness of heaven ; all which the prince confessed, hoping to enjoy it with all the saints. After this conference, with much more to the same purpose, the archbishop, fearing too much to disquiet the prince, took his leave of him with many pious exhortations. Upon that day, and upon several other days since, in his confusion of speech, he would often call upon Sir David Murray, in whom he had the highest confidence, by his name, "David, David, David;" who coming to the prince to hear his pleasure, his highness answered with a sigh, "I would say somewhat, but I cannot utter it," which form he still used as long as he had any sense or memory. 1

This night was as unquiet as the rest, his symptoms continuing the same, but he spoke now and then so confusedly, that he could not be understood. Among the rest, Mr. Nasmith sitting by his bedside, his highness pulled him by the hand, speaking to him somewhat, but so inarticulately, by reason of the rattling in his throat, that he could not be understood. The prince perceiving this, turned from

him with a deep sigh, and never afterwards, unless urged, spoke either to him or any other person.

In this extremity Sir David Murray came to him, and intreated him, that if he had any thing to say, which troubled him, he would make known his mind. But his spirits being overcome, and nature weak, he was not able to say any thing, except giving order for the burning of a number of letters, in a certain cabinet in his closet, which presently after his death was done.

On Friday morning, after some medicine, he had a little rest ; but this was of short continuance, for he soon relapsed ; his sight and senses failed, and all the signs of approaching death appeared. In this exigence, the Archbishop of Canterbury being present, saw that it was now the critical moment of administering some consolation to the prince, if he had yet any remains of consciousness, and coming to him, put him in mind of all those things which he had said to him the day before ; calling on him aloud, in his ear, to remember Jesus Christ ; to believe, hope, and trust in him, with assured hope of mercy ; to lift up his heart, and prepare himself to meet the Lord Jesus, with many other such exhortations. He then spoke more loud than ever in his ear : “ Sir, hear you me ? hear you me ? hear you me ? If you hear me, in certain sign of your faith, and hope in the blessed resurrection, give us, for our comfort, a sign, by lifting up of your hands.” This the prince did, lifting up both his hands together. The archbishop then desired

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him to give still another sign, by lifting up his eyes. Which the prince having done, they let him alone. The archbishop likewise, with a flood of tears, poured out by his highness's bed-side, a most pathetic prayer.

During the whole time, from three in the morning till night, there was continual prayer in the house, and in every place where the prince's danger was known.

His highness at last, a few minutes before eight at night, on Friday the 6th of November, 1612, at the age of eighteen years, eight months, and seventeen days, expired, having supported his long illness with a calmness and composure seldom seen\*.



#### FREDERIC TAUBMANN.

Died 1613, aged 48.

*As unto Jacob wrestling with the angel, at the length morn came, and the sun arose ; so doubtless it will happen to you.*

BRADFORD.

AN eminent German critic, and professor of poetry and belles lettres in the university of Wittemberg. Death had been the subject of his frequent medita-

\* Life by Dr. Birch, taken from the account by Sir Charles Cornwallis, Knt. his highness's treasurer, who appears to have been present.



tions. To the professor, therefore, this King of Terrors was the Prince of Peace. At a marriage feast which he attended about six weeks before his departure, he foreboded his approaching death, plainly communicating to his friends that his last hour was near. "Nor, indeed," said he, "do I shudder at it; I am ready to obey the Supreme Being whenever, in his wisdom, he may call me hence. I know that he will never forsake me." On February 26th, 1613, he was suddenly attacked with a malignant fever. In his prayers he implored, either that restored to health he might perform the duties of life, or that he might sleep in the true faith of Christ, and be carried to that heavenly country to which he so ardently aspired. Fatal symptoms then appeared; but *by how much the more violently the powers of his body were thrown down, by so much the more vigorous were his faith, patience, and all the faculties of his soul.* A friend and colleague came to visit him, and bade him hope for life, promising that the prayers of himself and others would be offered up to God in his behalf. To which the sick man replied, "Neither herbs nor medicine can heal me, but the word of God alone. Of medicines I have long since despaired. These will be of no avail unless God confer a blessing on them." The same friend paid him another visit a short time afterward. Perceiving that the disorder rapidly increased, he exhorted him to patience, reminding him that God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be exposed to trials beyond our strength, but will so mo-

derate them that, by the divine assistance, they may be endured. The sick man answered, "Yes! God is altogether faithful. *I have in my past life so evidently experienced his faithfulness, that I cannot doubt him in my last hours.* Let him do with me according to his will." When asked by his pastor, on the very evening which preceded his dissolution, how he felt himself, he replied, "*I am wrestling with my Lord Jesus Christ, after the example of Jacob, and I will not let him go until he bless me \*.*"



#### WENCESLAUS ZEDLICUS.

Died 1614, aged 62.

*Who that had a long journey, would grieve to go through a foul way, if he knew that afterwards, the way should be most pleasant, yea the journey should be ended, and he most happy at his resting-place?*

LET no man trust in the advantages of ancient family, great erudition, sound judgment, or strict justice, as a shield from the shaft of death: had they availed, Zedlicus had been spared. Unexpectedly, though not unpreparedly, he was struck with apoplexy as he was proceeding after supper to his chamber. He had only time and opportunity to repeat three Scripture sentences; how appropriate they were, let the reader judge. "My help is from the

\* Adami Vitæ Philosoph. fol. 238.

Lord who made heaven and earth. In thee, Lord, have I hoped, I shall not be confounded. Cast thy care on the Lord, and hope in him." The following verses he had previously affixed to the walls of his study as a memento mori.

Vita viatoris quasi transitus : omnia finem,  
Quæcumque immundus mundus honorat, habent.

Transit honos, transit fortuna, pecunia transit,  
Mente Deo similis, corpore transit homo.

Transivere patres, et nos transibimus omnes  
In cælo patriam qui bene transit habet.

On the very day that he died he thus wrote. "*You should live as though every moment you expected the glorious advent of the Son of God* \*."



### STEPHEN PASQUIER.

Died 1615, aged 87.

*Death is a passage to the Father, a chariot to heaven, the Lord's messenger, a leader unto Christ, a going to our home, a deliverance from bondage and prison, a dismissal from war, a security from all sorrows, and a manumission from all toil.*

BRADFORD'S MEDITATIONS.

AN eminent king's counsellor and advocate-general in France, whose last words and actions are thus described by his son Nicholas, in a letter to Loiselius. "While walking quickly from the fire-place to his

\* Adami Vitæ, J. C. fol. 211.

bed, he was arrested by the agonies of death. He received the Sacrament, but not in the usual way, for, uncovering his head, he raised himself a little, and before he partook of the sacred elements, clasping his hands together, with eyes uplifted, he fervently prayed. Then blessing his children, he recommended them to conduct themselves with integrity. To his friends he said, ‘ I am indeed an aged man, I have finished my life, which now wanes with a wearied spirit, the warmth of nature sensibly leaves me.’ He shewed his withered hands which were as cold as ice, and then besought his children to live in peace and harmony together, and not to lament his departure from this world, however painful the separation might be to them. ‘ I now behold the nothingness of the world,’ said he, ‘ and that money is not the greatest wealth one can desire. The pomps of life are a mere vapour, and life itself like the passing wind. *In death I will seek my life*, that true life which is eternal. My good works, however imperfect, will follow me. By death I shall be set free from evil, from the miseries, pains, and grievānces of this world.’ He once more charged his sons to observe peace and harmony, affirming that concord would be a shield to them against every adversary, but that discord would uproot and overthrow them. I beseech, I implore you, to follow my own example in every action, public or private ; by thus doing, you will endeavour to conform your words and actions to the laws of virtue,

which from my earliest years, I profess to have had in view, that when I shall have cast off the slough of this body, my soul may take its journey to the regions of eternal life." Before his decease, he fervently prayed in these words. "Oh Lord my God! of thine infinite mercy pardon the sins of a poor, miserable and penitent sinner, whose body is now prostrate before thy throne. Oh God! and most merciful Father! although I have not loved thee with my whole heart, grant me the remission of my sins. Oh Lord, I do not lament the leaving this world, wherein is so much affliction; nor do I tremble at death, which is usually so appalling to mortal man, but *I look forward to it with pleasure as the haven of my rest, the end of trouble, the goal of my course, and for which I have so long time endeavoured to prepare myself.* I do confess - indeed, that every unhappy and sinful creature ought to fear death and its consequences; but I know that thy mercy and thy clemency are so great, that pitying the faults of the sinner, thou art willing to lead him, through a Saviour, into life eternal. Spare me, therefore, Oh Lord, my God, and receive my soul into Paradise, that I may praise thy name for ever and ever, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen." Turning on his left side, he expired without a sign of pain or appearance of emotion. A friend with two fingers of his right hand closed the eyes of the pious Pasquier \*.

## JAMES BORDING.

Died 1616, aged 69.

*The frequent contemplation of death, as it shews the vanity of all human good, discovers the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts.*

DR. JOHNSON.

MELCHIOR ADAM says, "that Bording was second to none in the study of theology; and that he cultivated it with the sublime view of conforming his life to the divine will or doctrine." Having returned from various embasseys, he found that his health began rapidly to decline, supposing therefore that his last hour was now approaching, he arranged his affairs as one who was soon to depart from this, to a better world. He made his will, selected and daily visited the place of his burial, and having composed the epitaph which was then inscribed on his tomb, prepared himself for the final hour, desiring of God that it might be permitted him to finish a life, not idly spent, by a tranquil death. "For thus," said he, "if Mirmillo, the gladiator, was anxious to fall in a dignified manner, by how much more does it not become a Christian to endeavour, lest, in the closing scene he dishonour a life, which, in all other respects had been most excellent. At length he fulfilled his wish: his strength having gradually diminished, with a mind quite collected, he restored to God that spirit which had been an inmate for sixty-nine years in the prison-house of his body \*.

\* Adami Vitæ, I. C. fol. 223.

## ROBERT ABBOT, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Died March 2, 1617, aged about 57.

*Oh my soul ! think not that life too long, or tedious, wherein God gives thee any opportunities, if not to do, yet to suffer with such Christian patience and magnanimity, as are the greatest honour of our lives, and the best improvement of our deaths. †*

EIKON BASILIKE.

He filled the see of Salisbury only two years and three months, when preaching on St. John, xiv. 16. "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever," many of his hearers presaged his departure from them. This indeed proved his last and farewell sermon, for soon after he came out of the pulpit, he was seized with most dreadful fits, from a disorder which was brought on by a sedentary life and close application to study. *But in all these bodily tortures his soul was at ease.* For the assurance of heavenly things caused him most cheerfully to part with earthly, and the quick sense he had of the "powers of the life to come," deadened the sense of his bodily pains. There were many came to visit him on his death bed, and among others the Judges, being then at Sarum in their circuit. To them he spared not his Christian admonitions : and when he discoursed before them, he insisted very much upon the benefit of a good conscience, *rendering many thanks to his Creator for the great comforts he felt thereby*

*now in his extremity.* He also admonished all who heard him, so to carry themselves in their most private and secret actions, as well as in their public, in order to obtain that at the last which would stand them in more stead, than what all the world could afford them besides. Having, when death approached, summoned his domestics, and with broken speeches in the language of a dying man, beginning to make a profession of his faith, his friends persuaded him to refrain, as his principles were manifest in his writings. He yielded to their advice, and signed all his works with these words.. "That faith which I have defended in my writings is the truth of God; and in the avouching thereof I leave the world."

Thus with exhortations, benedictions, and the pains of his disease, he became quite worn out, and lay, as it were, slumbering, with now and then a short ejaculation. At length with eyes and hands uplifted for the space of two or three hours, he departed this life on March 2, 1617. His last words were, "come Lord Jesus, come quickly, finish in me the work that thou hast begun : into thy hands, Oh Lord, I commend my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth, save me, thy servant, who hopes and confides in thee alone : let thy mercy, O Lord, be shewn unto me : In thee have I trusted. O Lord let me not be confounded for ever \*."



\* By Dr. Featley, in Fuller's *Abel Redivivus*.



## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Died October 29, 1618, aged 66.

*The experience we have of the vanity, and uncertainty of all human glory and greatnesse in our scatterings and eclipyses, let it make us so much the more ambitious, to be invested in those durable honours and perfections which are only to be found in Thyselfe, and obtained through Jesus Christ.—EIKON BASILIKE.*

A CELEBRATED writer on subjects of history, politics, geography, and philosophy, a brave soldier and pious Christian. Few have acted so difficult a part in the last scene of life with the spirit and firmness which Raleigh displayed in it. Between his return from the King's Bench and his execution, which took place the next morning, he is supposed to have written a small poem or ode, of which the following is an extract, being the first and the last verses of it. They are remarkable for the beautiful ideas contained in them :

## MY PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation.

Then am I ready like a Palmer fit  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.  
*Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,*  
*Who oft doth think, must needs die well.*

Order was now given that the scaffold should be cleared, and Sir Walter prepared himself for his exe-

cution. His hat, money, and other trifles, he gave to some attendants who stood near him. When he took leave of his friends, he said, *I have a long journey to go, and therefore I will take my leave.* Having taken off his gown and doublet, he asked the executioner to shew him the axe, which not being immediately complied with, he said, "I prithee let me see it; dost thou think I am afraid of it?" He took hold of it, felt the edge, and smiling, said to the sheriff, *this is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases.* He then went to all parts of the scaffold, and desired the company to pray God to assist and strengthen him in this severe trial. The executioner, kneeling to ask his forgiveness, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "he forgave him." Being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, *so the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies;* and reclining with his face towards the east, after a short pause, he gave the signal that he was ready, by lifting up his hand, and was beheaded at two strokes, without the least shrink or motion of his body \* †.

\* Arthur Cayley.

† Dr. Townson's testimony agrees with this account, for he states that "Sir Walter was the most fearless of death that ever was known; and the most resolute and confident, *yet with reverence and conscience.*" "Sir Walter was quite cheerful," says Dr. T. in his letter to Sir John Isham, "*eat his breakfast heartily, and made no more of his death than as if he had been to take his journey.*"

## ROBERT BELLARMIN.

Died 1621, aged 79.

*Death puts an end to the sorrows of the poor, of the oppressed, of the persecuted; it is a haven of rest after all the tempests of a troublesome world; it knocks off the prisoner's shackles, and sets him at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it tames the proudest tyrants, and restores peace to the world.*

AN illustrious cardinal, who for his learning, piety, and talents, was appointed Archbishop of Capua. He was called to the palace by Gregory the XVth, but with earnest entreaties obtained permission to retire occasionally to a house which belonged to his order, that he might there, in retirement, spend his hours in religious meditations, and prepare himself for the approach of death. He was not allowed to lay aside the purple, although he made every attempt to do so. On the 25th August, 1621, proposing to finish his pious life where he began it, he arrived at the novitiatory ("novitium") of St. Andrew. It was the subject of his prayers, that his life might be spared, for one year at least, that he might thus have an opportunity of being well prepared to undertake that awful journey into eternity. He enjoyed a shorter space of time, and that, perhaps, without a diminution of his final happiness. For, since the whole course of his life had been an uninterrupted preparation for death, his eternal happi-

ness was not suspended on the casualties of a month or year. To his acquaintance it was evident, that his piety was daily on the increase even in his intercourse with the world, from which he always returned with faculties more vigorous, a spirit more exalted, and a mind more conversant about every divine subject.

A few days after the fever came on, apprehensions were entertained for his life. So far was the messenger of death from being unwelcome to him; that on three occasions he thus exclaimed: “Buona nova, buona nova, O che buona nova è questa.” And thus he longed for death. Nothing was more ardently desired by him, than to commence that journey by which he would be enabled to reach his *home*; for thus he denominated heaven. The pontiff himself came to visit him, conceiving this respect was due to the extraordinary merits of Bellarmin; the sick man saying, that he would pray for the spiritual welfare and the preservation of the life of his illustrious visitor, it was replied, “that he would rather possess the virtues of Bellarmin than a prolonged life.” Although he was exceedingly weak and infirm, he received the sacrament, reclining on the floor as a mark of his humility and unworthiness. This his request had been granted after his most earnest intreaties.

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It is said that when Bellarmin had finished his treatise on Death, he was immediately taken dange-

rously ill, and began to waste away with an unremitting fever, which on the twentieth day brought him to his end. *By how much the body of Bellarmine decayed, by so much the more did his soul appear to acquire increased vigour.* So greatly did he long for heaven, so ardently did he desire the hour of departing to his eternal rest, to be with the Lord, which he was wont to call his *home*, that henceforth he had a disrelish for all sublunary things. He asked, and with intreaty obtained the promise, that an intimation of his danger might not be withheld from him; and requested a confidential friend, (for whom he had ever entertained the greatest affection and esteem) to tell him whenever the hopes of recovery became faint. *Warned of the approach of death, he spoke of it as the day of his wedding*, and desired that, in administering the sacraments and offering up their prayers for him, they would not ask of God any respite or delay. Indeed, when the pontiff himself, who came to visit him, implored the Almighty to preserve the cardinal's life, he humbly said, "he would rather obtain the permission of God that he might speedily be released from the chains of life, and return to Christ and his country." Perceiving the solicitude and watchful endeavours of those around him, he regretted that so many things should be disturbed, and so much trouble occasioned, in the attempt to recover a poor worm. He prohibited expense in his funeral,

at a period when so many disciples of Christ wanted bread to eat and a bed to rest on. He exhorted his friends not to trouble themselves much in endeavouring to cure one who, if he should recover, could be of no further use to the world. Addressing himself to his medical attendants, *he besought them to allow him to return to his home*, saying, that no man should loiter on earth whose term of life had been completed. However exalted the various virtues of Christianity appeared in him, virtues which were as though implanted in his nature, his devotional habits were especially apparent, even when the fever occasioned a delirium. During this period, he continued his conversation on divine subjects, and his acts of humiliation and obedience.

The physicians perceiving that their patient was better, congratulated him on the circumstance, while he complained of an occurrence which had drawn him back, and retarded his journey to his heavenly home. With many tears and deep sighs, he implored his heavenly Father, that he would command him to come into his presence. Nor did he cease to be thus oppressed and inwardly afflicted, until informed that a season which he had accounted as one of the holiest in the calendar of the church was then approaching, when his attendants could not prevent him from repeating thrice with a loud voice : " Oh joyful tidings !" The Sacrament being ordered for the next day, on that, and the following morning he

strengthened himself with the sacred food, and then desired that they would read to him the Discourse upon Death, by Charles Borromœo. Ten years since he had wisely drawn up his will, respecting all human affairs. Now, therefore, he could devote his time more especially to religious meditations. He requested his friends to promise two things; one, that he should be buried without any ostentation; another, that he should be borne to the sepulchre of his fathers by those of his own order. Six hours had not elapsed from the period Bellarmin received the sacrament, when he descended to combat with the king of terrors. He desired one of his society, whose works he had always admired, to declare in writing, that by the goodness of God he departed this life in that Church and creed which he had acknowledged in his mind, and professed in his writings, and that he neither at this, nor at any other time entertained a different doctrine from that which he had taught in his works. Before he departed this life, his eyes being uplifted, and his arm extended, he blessed all the people of rank who surrounded him, and all the families and brethren of his order, adding, "Peace I give to you, peace I leave with you." Then were the bonds of flesh and spirit being gently loosened, while he, in the chamber of his heart, seemed to meditate on heavenly things with a wonderful tranquillity of mind. At times he appeared as though conversing with blessed spirits, and listening to their words. At length he rendered up his

spirit with an expression of hilarity on his countenance, soon after the rising of the sun, on the 15th of October, 1621 \*.

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PAUL SARPI.

Died 1623, aged 71.

*It does not become a man who is but a traveller in this world, a pilgrim and a stranger, to study ease, softness, and luxury; & soul which must live for ever, should seek after more lasting pleasures, which may survive the funeral of the body.*

COMMONLY called Father Paul, born at Venice, 1552, and remarkable for his attainments in philosophy, mathematics, and theology, well known for his determined opposition to Pope Paul V., and for his invaluable History of the Council of Trent. Convinced that he was about to depart this life, he frequently repeated the words of Simeon, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." With a smile, he frequently said, that he could now die with some degree of tranquillity, for that his death could no longer be ascribed to any special determination of Providence to hasten it, since he had outlived Baronius, Bellarmin, Colonna, and even Pope Paul V., and almost every one of those who had written against the Republic, all of whom had died

\* Ciaccon cum addit. Oldini, tomo, 4 fol, 335, et seq.



without attaining to an equal number of years with himself. He alluded herein to the temerity of those who ascribe the adversity of an enemy to the anger of God. Although overcome with the violence of the fever, he made no change in his mode of living, but pursued the same studies and endured the same labour, except that occasionally and for a short time, he would recline on his couch and listen to his secretary, who read out to him when he himself was unable to do so. At last, his strength failing, he turned himself round to those who stood by, and said, "I have hitherto consoled you as much as I could; I have now no longer that power, henceforth you must refresh my wearied spirits." Even in this feeble condition, he leaned on the arms of his friends, walked to the refectory, and entered into conversation with his friends. He afterward examined his conscience, and devoted himself entirely to the Supreme Being, whose will he was prepared to obey with cheerfulness. From his friends he concealed the fatal tendency of his disorder, but with that fact he himself was fully acquainted. His physician and friend Aselineus, beholding an unfavourable symptom, placed his finger to his lips, exacted silence, and forbade each person from mentioning, that this or the next day would be the last allotted to Paul Sarpi! He delivered the keys of his manuscript chest to the Father Prior, who had been called into the chamber. Then he requested the prayers of the brethren, and the support of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,

which he received with so much devotion, that he drew tears from the eyes of every one present. So affecting was the sight of this good old man, preparing himself for his final departure from this world. He permitted no one to remain up with him in his chamber during the night, thinking that the spectacle of misery which he exhibited, could not but discompose the mind of any attendant. The day before his decease, he leaned on the arms of his friends, and walked from one chamber into another, to try the degree of his strength. On the very morning of the day in which he died, the President and Parliament of Venice consulted him in writing on three important subjects, and strictly followed his advice. In the evening, when his friends had departed, he requested that the sufferings of our Lord, as related by St. John, might be read, and spoke of the faith which he had in the blood of Christ, frequently repeating the name of Him whom God had revealed as the Mediator. He recited several passages from St. Paul, protesting that he had nothing to offer unto God beside sin and misery. But presently he broke forth with great raptures into the praises of God's infinite mercies. At four o'clock, when Thebaldus, another physician, came in, and hinted there was some hope of life, Fulgentius, who was present, requested him to give his opinion plainly, for that Father Paul would receive it with the greatest tranquillity. The physician feeling the pulse, then said,—“his life will vanish this very night, and that, too, within a very few

hours." Then Father Paul, with a cheerful countenance, thus said, "*God be praised! whatever pleases Him will please me.* By God's assistance I will endeavour duly to perform this last act of my life." With a sublime tranquillity of mind, he delivered these memorable words, "*Whither God calls, let us follow.*" Perceiving that his death was now approaching, he requested Father Fulgentius to leave the chamber. "Alas!" said he, "do not remain longer, to witness so deplorable an object: it cannot be agreeable, go to your bed, I will go to my God, whence I came." Fulgentius went out, not only in obedience to this wish, but to assemble his brethren, in order to pray for the sick man, who, in faint breathings, frequently pronounced these two words only, "*esto perpetua.*" Imploring from God, at the same time, his own salvation, and the eternal preservation of the republic of Venice. His hands, which for some time had remained motionless, he folded, as though with a kind of sacred impulse, in the form of a cross over his bosom, and expired with a smile of joy on his countenance, aged 71 \*.

\* Vita di fra Polo.

## THOMAS ERPENIUS.

Died 1624. Aged 40.

*Christ for our sakes became obedient to the death of the cross, that we might even unto the very death, in lowliness and meekness, patience and thankfulness, obey Thy holy will.*

A CELEBRATED professor of the oriental languages in the university of Leyden\*. In a large assembly at the Hague, a very animated debate was entered into upon several important subjects, and particularly upon the advantages of requesting the King of Morocco to send them one of his subjects, the best skilled in Arabic. Erpenius generously offered to bear the whole expence, feeling convinced that the republic would reap an incalculable benefit. So much did he exert himself to gain their assent to his proposal, that, overcome with fatigue, he requested to be allowed a seat. Returning to the inn, the symptoms of his disorder began to show themselves. The same day his sister and her husband came to see him. When the professor beheld these beloved friends, these objects of his affectionate regard, he was greatly refreshed in spirit, and returned his cordial thanks to the Supreme Being, that he had so opportunely sent them to him. The disorder sen-

\* We are informed by Vossius, that soon after Erpenius became a student, he grew so diffident of succeeding, as to have entertained thoughts of entirely abandoning his literary pursuits! His fame for learning was afterwards spread throughout all Europe.

sibly increased. On the next day, Schrevelius the physician advised that he should immediately return to Leyden ; anxious for his wife, who was in a poor state of health, and who might be alarmed at the unexpected sight of her husband, he sent forward his brother-in-law to prepare her mind for the afflictive intelligence. He was then borne into a boat, his sister and a domestic accompanying him ; his friends suppressed their grief as much as possible, but it was a sorrowful party indeed. With a dignified mind, and a soul fixed on God, the professor bore up with fortitude against the violence of his disorder. Having arrived at Leyden his native city, he was being carried past the walls of his college, when he requested his attendants to raise the curtain of his litter, and with his eyes intently fixed on that building, he broke forth into this expression which pierced the very heart of his sister : “ Farewell, my college, in which I have always spent my hours with so much delight, farewell!! I shall never again behold you.” When laid on his bed he commended himself to the care of God in unceasing prayers. He implored the forgiveness of the Almighty with many humble intreaties : and he who, considering the infirmities of human nature, had spent an almost blameless life, would never endure a commendation of his holiness and virtue. Willingly would he have lived a little longer had it been God’s good pleasure ; but in this he was influenced not so much by the love of life, as the desire to benefit his beloved children and affectionate wife :

he had lived long enough for himself, indeed, he was weary of human vanity and a corrupt age : this he said in the presence of a most excellent individual, who, although warned that Erpenius was afflicted with the Plague, could not be deterred by any sense of danger from performing the duty of a friend. One of the professors also came, who, banishing the fear of contagion, received from the lips of his beloved friend his dying request respecting his unfinished works ; nor did he omit any duty which even an affectionate son could perform to a dying parent. Neither is Perierius to be deprived of his praise, who determined that so meritorious a person should not be deserted in his last hours ; he attended him day and night to the very last breath. The minister inquiring of Erpenius how he felt ; received for answer, that he was supplied with fortitude equal to the trial, and that he was well prepared to return to his heavenly Father. Having confessed his sins, he afterwards poured forth these humble and pious expressions, “ I am unwilling, O my God, to appear openly with my works before thy tribunal, but thou hast delivered thy Son over unto death. He hath washed me with his blood from all my sins ; on him alone I rely ; he will finish the good work which he hath begun. I see the joy prepared for me in heaven. My faith, though weak, is sincere, a faith, O God, which thou wilt not despise. One thing I ask, do not tarry O Lord, do not delay the joys which thou hast prepared for me.” After these

prayers he bade farewell to those around, and desired to salute all his friends; shortly after, this pious and holy man breathed his last. His loss was mourned by every man of learning\*.



REV. THEOPHILUS AYLMER, D.D.

Died January, 1625.

*We should frequently count our days, and observe how our lives waste and draw near to eternity.*

ARCHDEACON of London, Rector of Much-hadham, Herts, and second son of Dr. John Aylmer, Bishop of London. His preparation for death, and his behaviour of himself in his sickness, was remarkable, and truly Christian. He was at first taken with a feverish distemper, which, though not violent, yet he apprehended would cause his death, saying, “*Nemo moritur sine febre*,” (no one dies without a fever,) wherefore his first work was to put his house in order, and to make his will: and then raised up his mind to frequent, holy, and heavenly thoughts, quickening himself by these words, “*Quo propinquior morti, eo lætior; quo vicinior cælo longior a terra*,” (the nearer to death, the happier; the nearer to heaven the farther from earth.) He enjoined one of his nearest and dearest friends, that when he

\* Ger. Joan Vossii Oratio in obitum Th. Erpennii, habita statim ab exeq. Nov. 15, Anno 1624, fol. 84, tomo operum quarto.

should perceive him at the point of death, he should prompt him to say these words, " Lord have mercy upon me ; Lord Jesus receive my soul ;" which his friend, when he perceived his death approaching, accordingly did. And though he could not speak the words, yet by the lifting up his hand he signified the repeating of them in his heart.

In the beginning of his sickness his friends persuaded him to take medicine, he answered, " he needed it not, he should be well." However, said he, " I commit and submit my body unto them, as unto God's instruments ; yet with this caution, that they deal plainly with me, and when they find their art ineffectual, then they render my poor carcase to me again, to be ordered according to my own direction." When he was asked afterwards how he did, he would say, " I thank God, heart-whole." And once having laid one hand on his heart, and lifting up the other to heaven, he said, " The Glory above giveth no room to sickness." When he found he approached nearer to death, according to the order of the Church, he made his confession to the preacher, his assistant, and received his absolution, and desired the communion ; but death came too hastily and prevented. When the preacher praying with him came to the suffrage, " Let the enemy have no power against him ;" he suddenly interposed with an observed courage, " I am assured he shall not."

He shewed his paternal and conjugal love by these expressions. " *Let none,*" saith he, " *think that I*



*have left my children poor ; no, I have left them heavenly riches."* And when his wife wept by him, he, observing her, said, " Why how now, sweetheart : dost thou by those tears wound thine own heart and mine ? but mine is passion proof. *Worldly occasions have many nights separated us, and the morning hath rejoined us.* 'Tis but one night, one short night, and I shall be from thee, when *this glorious morning, by that never-setting sun of glory, shall eternally bring us together.*" Like a good father, he shewed a great concern for the well being of his flock, after he should be dead and gone. As St. Paul said, " he prayed for his brethren according to the flesh, that all Israel might be saved, so do I pray for my flock, that all my people may be saved ; and to this end I earnestly entreat the Lord, that after my departure he will send faithful and painful pastors among them who may break the bread of life, sincerely unto them, and in all godliness go in and out before them."

When his death came with nearer approaches towards him, he shewed greater acts of faith and fearlessness of it. He declared he forgave all men, as he desired God should forgive him. " *Let my people know,*" added he, " *that their pastor died undaunted, and not afraid of death. I bless my God that I have no fear, no doubt, no reluctance, but an assured confidence in the sin-overcoming merits of Jesus Christ.*" And in the conclusion of all *he shut his own eyes with his own hands, dying in the*

Lord Jesus, in the month of January, 1625; he was buried in his own parish Church, and honoured with a funeral sermon, preached by Dr. James Usher, the most learned Archbishop of Armagh \*.

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LANCELOT ANDREWS.

Died Sept. 25, 1626, aged 71.

*My chiefest comfort in death consists in my peace, which I trust is made with God; before whose exact tribunal I shall not fear to appear.*

EIKON BASILIKE.

THE good Bishop of Winchester. Having faithfully served his generation, let us now see him dying. He was not often ill, and but once (till his last sickness,) in thirty years, before the time he died, which was at Downham, in the isle of Ely, the air of that place not agreeing with the constitution of his body. But there he seemed to be prepared for his dissolution; saying oftentimes in the sickness, "It must come once, and why not here?" And at other times before and since, he would say, "the days must come, when whether we will or nill, (we shall say with the preacher,) I have no pleasure in them." Eccles. xii. 1. Of his death he himself seemed to presage a year before he died, and, therefore, prepared his oil, that he might be admitted in due time into the bride chamber. That of *qualis vita*, &c. was

\* Strype's Life of Bishop Aylmer, p. 182.

truly verified in him ; for as he lived, so died he. As his fidelity in his health was great, so increased the strength of his faith in his sickness. His gratitude to man, was now changed into his thankfulness to God. His affability to incessant and devout prayer and speech with his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier ; his laborious studies to his restless groans, sighs, cries and tears ; his hands labouring, his eyes lifted up, and his heart beating and panting to see the living God, even to the last of his breath \*.

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Of this Rev. Prelate I may say, his was a life of prayer, a great part of five hours every day he spent in prayer and devotion to God. After the death of his brother, Thomas Andrews, whom he loved dearly, he began to reckon of his own, which he said would be in the end of summer, or the beginning of winter. And when his brother, Nicholas Andrews, died, he took that as a certain warning of his own death ; and from that time till the hour of his dissolution, he spent all his time in prayer. And in his last sickness *continued, when awake, to pray audibly, till his strength failed ;* and then by lifting up his eyes and hands, shewed that he still prayed ; and then when both voice, and eyes, and hands failed in their office, *his countenance shewed that he still prayed and*

\* An exact narration of the life and death, 1650, reprinted Oct. 1817. Biog. Dict.

*praised God in his heart*, till it pleased God to receive his blessed soul to himself, which was about four o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 25th. September \*.



### DOCTOR JOHN DONNE.

Died March, 1631, aged 58.

————— *Religion !*  
*Stronger than death and smiling at the tomb.*

AN English poet and divine. Not long before his death, he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, in a similar manner to the representations of Christ on the Cross : the only variation was in affixing him to the cross of an *anchor* (the emblem of hope). He had caused this design to be executed in miniature, and also engraven upon very small Heliotropian stones, which were set in gold; and of these he sent many to his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them. Dr. Donne afterwards used this symbol for his crest, instead of a sheaf of snakes, which was that of his family.

Before the end of the month of January, 1630, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day,

\* Bishop of Ely.

the first Friday in Lent; he had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came, therefore, to London, some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends (who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones) doubted his strength to perform that task; and did, therefore, dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however; it was like to shorten his life; but, he passionately denied their requests; saying, "he would not doubt that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work." And, when to the amazement of some beholders he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice; but, mortality by a decayed body and a dying face. And, doubtless, many did ask that question in Ezekiel \*, *Do these bones live; or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life?* Doubtless it cannot; and yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his

\* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

memory of his pre-conceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, *to God the Lord belong the issues from death*; many, that then saw his tears, and heard his faint hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donnie had preached his own funeral sermon. Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave. The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent, as indisposed him to business, or to talk, a friend that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said, "I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and, that within a few days I shall also go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But, at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the providence and goodness of God to me; to me who am less than the least of his mercies; and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see that it was his hand that pre-

vented me from all temporal employment ; and, that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the ministry ; in which I have now lived almost twenty years, (I hope to his glory,) and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which shewed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was : (and as it has occasioned the expression of my gratitude) I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George Moore, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses ; I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to a great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me : I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth : but, I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sin and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his elect : I am, therefore, full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace."

Dr. Donne's old friend and physician Dr. Fox, whom at his return out of Essex, to preach his last

sermon, he consulted, told him there was a probability of his restoration to health, if he would take cordials and milk twenty days together; he yielded for ten days; at the end of which time he said, that "he would not drink it ten days longer, upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life: for he loved it not; and, *was so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors; that he longed for the day of his dissolution.*"

Dr. Donne at this time had a monument made for him; this monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver, to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and, to bring with it, a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay, a choice painter was got to be in readines to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.—Several charcoal-fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and, having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In



this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued till his death\*. Upon the Monday after the drawing of this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber: and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell: commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next: for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world; nor ever did: but as Job, so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution. And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die; to do which, he stood in need of no longer time, for he had studied it long; and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness, he called God to witness "*He*

\* This picture we learn was then given to Dr. Henry King, chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in white marble of one entire piece, as it stood in that Church. This figure may yet be seen in the vaults of St. Faith, under St. Paul's. It stands erect in a window, without its niche, and deprived of the urn in which the feet were placed.—CHALMERS.

*was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution."* In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and, in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after these words, closed many periods of his faint breath, by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him not to serve another master (for who speaks like him), but died before him, for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and, seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it; he did as St. Stephen, look stedfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man, standing at the right hand of God his Father; and, being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, *he closed his own eyes; and then, disposed his hands and body into such a posture as required*

*not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.* Thus virtuous was the life ; thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man \*.



REV. GEORGE HERBERT.

Died February 7, 1632.

—— *all must to their cold graves !  
But, the religious actions of the just,  
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.*

THE TEMPLE.

RECTOR of Bemerton, near Salisbury ; author of the Temple, &c. A divine eminent for his ardent devotion. Mr. Duncon, according to his promise, returned from Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him ; and, therefore, the discourse could not be long ; but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose.—“ Sir, I pray give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me : and, let him know, that I have considered, That God only is what he would be ; and that I am by his grace become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him : and tell him, that I do not repine but am pleased with my want of health ; and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only

\* Izaak Walton.

to be found, and, that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him bow down to Mr. Duncon, and, with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him—"Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom; desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public: if not, let him burn it: for, I and it are less than the least of God's mercies."—Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of the Temple: or, Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations; of which, Mr. Farrer would say, "There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and, that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety." And, it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty thousand copies of them sold since the first impression. At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert, (which was about three weeks before his death) his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him, till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay,

he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces (then a part of his family) and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose.—“ I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see that the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him, that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and, that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and, my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain: and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect; dwell, where these eyes shall see my master and Saviour Jesus; and, with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends.—But I must die, or not come to that happy place: and, this is my content, that I am going daily towards it;

and, that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me ; and, that I shall live the less time, for having lived this, and the day past.”—These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it.—The Sunday before his death, *he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said—*

My God, my God,  
My music shall find thee,  
And every string,  
Shall have his attribute to sing.

*And having tuned it, he played and sung :*

The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on time's string,  
Make bracelet's, to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King :  
On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope ;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer, now sing in heaven. Thus he continued meditating and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death ; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, “ My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned ; and a few hours will now put a period to the latter : for

"I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy ; to which he made answer, saying, "*They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.*" After this discourse, he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle ; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot, stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer.— As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly, and with much trouble ; and observed him to fall into a sudden agony ; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden emotion, and required of him to know, "how he did ?" to which his answer was, "*That he had past a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him, by the merits of his master Jesus.*" After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, "If they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him, for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." To which request, their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply ; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after

they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray Sir open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand:" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor, for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to shew kindness to them as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just; for I know you will be so for your own sake: but, I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so; he said, "I am now ready to die:" after which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me: but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus; and now Lord, Lord, receive my soul." And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance; Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation:

—— All must to their cold graves;  
But, *the religious actions of the just,*  
*Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.*

Mr. George Herbert's have done so this, and will



doubtless do so to succeeding generations. — I have but this to say more of him : that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy.—I wish, (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him \*.



### NICHOLAS FERRAR.

Died 1637, aged 47.

*He saved us from death, not that we should not die, but that death should have no victory over us, nor condemn us, but rather should be a way and entrance into salvation and everlasting life.*

LATIMER.

ABOUT three months before his death, perceiving in himself some inward faintness, and apprehending that his last hour was now drawing very near, he broke off abruptly from writing any farther upon a subject which was then under consideration. — He then began to write down “Contemplations on Death,” in the following words.

“The remembrance of death is very powerful to restrain us from sinning. For he who shall well consider that the day will come, (and he knoweth not how soon) when he shall be laid on a sick bed, weak and faint, without ease, and almost without strength, encompassed with melancholy thoughts, and overwhelmed with anguish, when on one side, his dis-

\* Isaac Walton.

temper increasing upon him, the physician tells him, that he is past all hope of life, and on the other, his friends urge him to dispose of his worldly goods, and share his wealth among them, that wealth which he procured with trouble and preserved with anxiety, that wealth which he now parts from with sorrow : when again the priest calls on him to take the preparatory measures for his departure ; when he himself now begins to be assured that here he hath no abiding city ; that this is no longer a world for him ; that no more suns will rise and set upon him ; that for him there will be no more seeing, no more hearing, no more speaking, no more touching, no more tasting, no more fancying, no more understanding, no more remembering, no more desiring, no more living, no more delights of any sort to be enjoyed by him ; but that death will at one stroke deprive him of all these things ; that he will speedily be carried out of the house which he had called his own, and is now become another's ; that he will be put into a cold narrow grave ; that earth will be consigned to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust : let any man duly and daily pōnder these things, and how can it be that he should dare"— Here the strength of this good man failed him.

The third day before his death, he summoned all his family round him, and then desired his brother to go and mark out a place for his grave, according to the particular directions he then gave. When his brother returned, saying it was done as he desired,

he requested them all, in the presence of each other, to take out of his study three large hampers full of books, which had been there locked up many years. They are comedies, tragedies, heroic poems, and romances; let them be immediately burnt upon the place marked out for my grave, and when you shall have so done, come back and inform me. When information was brought him, that they were all consumed, he desired that this act might be considered as the testimony of his disapprobation of all such productions; as tending to corrupt the mind of man, and improper for the perusal of every good and sincere Christian. On the 1st of December, 1637, he found himself declining very fast, and desired to receive the sacrament; after which, and taking a most affectionate farewell of all his family, without a struggle or a groan, *he expired in a rapturous ecstasy of devotion.* Thus lived, and thus died, Nicholas Ferrar, the best of sons, of brothers, and of friends, on Monday, December 2d, 1637, *precisely as the clock struck one, the hour at which, for many years, he constantly rose to pay his addresses to heaven.\**

\* Dr. Peckard.

## JOSEPH MEDE, B.D.

Died 1638, aged 52.

*We are not sorry when the sun goes down, because we know it will rise again.*—BRADFORD.

A VERY pious and most learned divine of the seventeenth century; fellow of Christ College, Cambridge; and author of *Clavis Apocalyptica*, a work esteemed by Biblical critics as the ablest exposition of the prophecies. The rich endowments of his mind, together with those graces and virtues which adorned and beautified his inward man, made his soul a meet habitation for the Divine Shechinah, which loves to rest in such souls as are holy, humble, and meek, full of charity and good-will towards men.

He was patient of cold, and well able to go through a winter without much fire; so that his rule was, for divers years together, to have no fire made in his chamber before All Saints' Day; and then, after that, but sometimes now and then (not constantly) as the weather did require. But that year in which he died, he found an alteration, being somewhat chilly and indisposed a month or two before; so that he was forced to alter his custom, and could not stay for a fire till November, because he found himself indisposed.

Upon the 22nd of September, being Saturday, 1638, Mede appeared in the hall at dinner-time, as usual; but before all was ended, he was forced to

rise up, and haste to his chamber, being sick and ill at ease. Thither when he was come, and sat down in his chair, he presently fainted away, and sunk down upon the hearth ; and the posture that he was found lying in was not without some danger from the fire. A master of arts of that college, a friend to Mr. Mede, and who honoured him very much, comes upon a particular occasion to his chamber, so the good Providence of God did order it, who seeing him lie in that posture, at which he was surprised with no little astonishment, put to all his strength to recover him to his seat ; and that he did indeed, but with very much ado. Being a little come to himself, he complained that he was ill. And ill it proved for him, (or, rather, for the surviving,) that it happened to be so at a time when the best noted physicians were from home, (the University being then the more thin, by reason of the plague, which had been in Cambridge that summer). By the advice of an apothecary, he took some medicine, which did him no good. All that day he continued very ill, and out of order, worse and worse still, as it was easy to observe. But to those who were eye-witnesses of his pain and great affliction, it was as easy to observe his Christian patience at this time. We may easily conceive the exquisiteness of the pain he endured : but some then present have professed, *that they could not but admire his incomparable patience under this sore trial, and that he lay under the extremity of his distemper with so much meekness and quiet*

*submission to the hand of God, that they never knew the like.* Thus had patience her perfect work in him ; and as he possessed his vessel (his body) in sanctification and honour, having lived a life of chastity and purity, so he likewise possessed his soul in patience, while he possessed it in this earthen and brittle vessel of the body ; and hereby gave an illustrious proof that he well learned that great lesson of self-denial, and resigning up himself to the will of his heavenly Father : *it was, in the time of his health, his meat and drink to do his will ; and now to be enabled meekly to submit to it, was his cordial.* Thus was he still and silent before God, committing himself to him, as unto a faithful Creator, and unto Christ Jesus, that merciful and faithful High Priest, who ever liveth to make intercession for us ; the glory and prerogative of whose sole mediation, at the right hand of God, he had always faithfully asserted in his discourses.

In the night following, his spirits began to fail ; yet being in perfect memory, an hour or two before day-break, he desired to have Mr. John Alsop sent for, (a most worthy *consocius* of that learned society) who being come, Mr. Mede told him, he hoped he should do well, but Mr. Alsop, by what he saw, was fearful. Thereupon, like a wise and good man, he advised him, however it might please God to deal with him, to set his house in order, and to dispose of, by will, whatsoever God had given him. It was readily accorded to by Mr. Mede, and Mr. Alsop was

by him constituted the executor of his will, whereby he gave to the poor of the town of Cambridge, an hundred pounds; and to the college whereof he was a member, all the remainder of his estate (after some legacies to his kindred), amounting to three hundred pounds, for and towards the new building then intended, as also for the adorning the chapel; nor was he unmindful of the library, for he knew well the excellent use of good books. This he did in way of grateful return for the mercies he had so long enjoyed in that college, the enlarging and increase of whose prosperity and good estate, was his great desire and endeavour, and that which he preferred above his chief joy.

And now, having finished the care of his secular affairs, he composed his soul for its address unto the divine presence with holy thoughts and humble prayers; desiring also to strengthen his faith and heighten his love, whilst by the participation of the sacred Eucharist, he made a thankful commemoration of his Saviour's death, by which he hoped for an entrance into the happiness of an eternal life. But in this he was prevented (shall we say) by the sudden approach of death; or not, rather, more suddenly, and in an higher measure, satisfied in his desire by the love of his Saviour, who, instead of giving him a taste of the bread of life here on earth, by faith, received him into the present possession and more full participation of the ineffable joys in heaven.

Thus died this religious and learned person, upon

Monday morning, about break of day, the 1st October, 1638, having lived fifty-two years, and spent above two-thirds of his time in that college, to which, whilst he lived, he was so great and illustrious an ornament, and in which, now he is dead, is his monument.

The next day in the evening, (being October 2d) he was decently carried to his grave by the Fellows of the house, and there, in the inner chapel of the college, about the middle of the area on the south side, close to the Bachelors' or Sophisters' seats, he lies interred; his memory being embalmed with his virtues, (of more force to preserve his name, than the spices which the Hebrews or Egyptians used for the embalming of bodies,) and having left his most learned writings as his truest picture and best history.

*Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori !*

God grant we may all, in some proportion, live as humbly, as faithfully, as fruitfully, and Christianly, and then die as peaceably and comfortably as he did. Amen \*.

\* Life of Medè, by Dr Worthington.



MRS. JANE RATCLIFFE.

Died August 17, 1638.

*Let death be pre-meditated, not only because he is uncertain in his approach, but because he correcteth our notions of this world.*—BRADFORD. “”

THE niece of Edward Brerewood, Esq. an able mathematician and the first Professor of Astronomy appointed in Gresham College. She had prepared some special considerations to be remembered at the time of her departure, which she left in her hand-writing, of which the following are a selection under the two articles, “Why she desired to die,” and “Why she did not fear death.” These meditations are so characterized by Christian piety, and are so well calculated to produce resignation to the divine dispensations, that I cannot refrain from offering them to the reader.

*First. Why I desire to die.*

I desire to die, because I want, while I live here, the glorious presence of God and the fellowship of angels and saints. While I live here, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged person, banished from my father’s house. I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve the Holy Spirit of Him whose loving kindness is better than life itself.

I desire to die, because the world is generally infected with the plague of sin, so that while I live here

I can be in no place nor in any company but I am still in danger of being infected, or of infecting others. I cannot desire to live, when I consider that sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that there is no soundness in me : my mind, my memory, my will, and my affections, and my conscience, are all tainted. Though the works of God be all fair, yet there are in my nature many defects, insufficiencies, mistakes, and transgressions. I therefore desire heaven for holiness, rather than for happiness. I am less in liking of life, and have the greater desire of death, when I consider the adversities which may fall on my body and estate.

As for my leaving my children, it doth not much trouble me, for that God who hath given them life and breath, and all that they have while I am living, can without me provide for them. When I am dead, my God will be their God, if they are his ; and if they are not, what comfort would it be for me to live ?

*Second. Why I fear not death.*

I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the body from the soul, and that is but a *shadow* of the body of death ; whereas *the separation of the soul from God by sin is death indeed*. I fear not death, because death is an enemy that has been often vanquished, and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in life as I shall find in death—and *death will be the cure of all my pains*; Christ having died a terrible and a cursed death, any kind of death may be comparatively blessed to me. God who hath greatly loved me in life will not neglect me in death, but his Spirit will strengthen and comfort me all the time of the combat.

I do not fear death for any loss, for I shall only lose my body by it, and that is but a prison to my soul, or an old decayed house or tattered garment. Nay, I shall not even lose that, for I shall have it restored at my Saviour's second coming, much better than now it is, for this vile body shall be like the body of Christ, and by death I shall obtain a far better life.

As incentives to divine love, she prepared for her meditation upon her death-bed the following breviae of God's principal benefits.

*How shall I praise God?*

1st. For my conversion. 2nd. For his word, both in my desire to benefit and the consolations I have received from it. 3dly. For answering my prayers. 4thly. For godly sorrows. 5thly. For society of good persons. 6thly. For joy in the Holy Ghost. 7thly. For the desire of death. 8thly. For contempt of the world. 9thly. For private helps and comforts. 10. For giving me some strength against my sins. 11. For preserving me from gross sins, both before and

after my conversion. During her sickness as she had the free use of all her faculties, her soul no doubt was employed in holy meditations, for which she had kept in store many particulars of importance, to be remembered by her at the time of her departure out of this world. Her desires were strong for a speedy dissolution, so that she adopted David's request, "Make haste to help me, O Lord of my salvation, and be pleased O Lord to deliver me; O Lord make haste to help me." The springs of her vehement desires were, that she might attain to the beatific vision, and enjoyment of him after whom her soul longed, even when her life was most lightsome, and her condition the most comfortable. And now the hour came, when her ardent desires were to be granted, *by the gate of death, to pass to the Author of life*, which she did in such a calm manner that when she was thought to be asleep, she was found to be dead \*.

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SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Died 1639, aged 71-72.

*It becomes a wise man, who remembers that he must shortly leave this world, to make his present life wholly subservient to his future happiness,*

AN individual of great piety and erudition, who was frequently commissioned by his country as ambassador to

\* Dr. Gibbons.

foreign nations, and finally was appointed Provost of Eton. After his return from Winchester to Eton, (which was about five months before his death,) he became much more retired and contemplative; in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales, then a Fellow of that College, to whom, upon an occasion, he spake to this purpose :

“ I have in my passage to my grave met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable ; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually partakers of ; nevertheless in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content, but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind, and temptations to evil ; and yet, though I have been and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, *the thought of which is now the joy of my heart*, and I most humbly praise him for it ; and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age ; and let him take the glory of his great mercy. And my dear friend, *I now see that I draw near my harbour of death, that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this world* : and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better world, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and I long for it.”

The beginning of December following he was seized violently with a quotidian fever, in the tenth fit of

which fever his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of; being then in great tranquillity of mind and in perfect peace with God and man. Of his poems, one entitled "A Hymn to God, in a night of my latter sickness," is said to be much admired for pointed energy of expression and harmonious versification \*.



#### BISHOP BEDELL.

Died Feb. 1641, aged 70-1.

*All they that will be content to follow our Saviour's steps, to suffer with him here in this world, and bear the cross after him, they shall reign with him in everlasting glory and honour.* <sup>11</sup>

A VERY eminent and pious divine; Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards consecrated Bishop of Kilmore. He was the intimate friend of Paul Sarpi, translated into English his History of the Council of Trent, and rendered into Irish the Old Testament, which Mr. Robert Boyle afterwards published. He was extremely active in his endeavours to convert the Roman Catholics, but, conducted himself with so much mildness and prudence as to gain the esteem of persons of all ranks among them. When the rebellion broke out in Ireland, Bishop Bedell was for a time unmolested by the Catholic in-

\* Izaak Walton. Gorton.

surgeants ; and while his Protestant neighbours in general were driven from their homes, the sanctity of his mansion was respected ; and it might probably have continued to be so, if he had not given offence by granting a general asylum to the distressed of his own party. On his refusal to dismiss these refugees, he was, together with his family, seized and conveyed to a ruinous castle in the midst of a lake. The hardships he there suffered proved fatal, for being removed to the house of Mr. Sheridan, a Protestant minister, he was seized with a fit of illness which terminated his life, of which event the following are the particulars. When he apprehended his speedy change, he called for his sons and his sons' wives, and spoke to them at several times as near in these words, as their memories could serve them to write them down soon after.

“ I am going the way of all flesh. I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. Knowing therefore that shortly I must put off this tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me, I know also, that if this, my earthly tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, a fair mansion in the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God. Therefore to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain ; which increaseth my desire, even now to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better than to continue here, in all the false, transitory and vain pleasures of this world, of which I have seen

an end. Hearken therefore unto the last words of your dying Father : I am no more in this world, but ye are in the world. I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God, through the all-sufficient merits of Christ, my Redeemer ; who ever lives to make intercession for me, who is a propitiation for all my sins, and washed me from them all in his own blood, who is worthy to receive glory and honour, and power, who hath created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and were created.

“ My witness is in heaven, and my record on high, that I have endeavoured to glorify God on earth, and in the ministry of the gospel of his dear Son, which was committed to my trust, I have finished the work which he gave me to do, as a faithful ambassador of Christ, and steward of the mysteries of God. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation : So I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest. I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart, I have declared thy faithfulness, and thy salvation : I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation of mankind. He is near that justifieth me, that I have not concealed the words of the holy one : but the words that he gave to me I have given to you, and ye have received them. I had a desire and resolution to walk before God (in every station of my pilgrimage, from my youth up to this day,) in truth, and with an upright heart, and to do that which was upright in his eyes, to the utmost of my power : and what things were gain to me



formerly, these things I now count loss for Christ : yea doubtless, and I account all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, my Lord ; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and I account them but dung, that I may win, and be found in him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith : that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death, I press therefore towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Jesus Christ.

“ Let nothing separate you from the love of Christ, neither tribulation nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword : this (as ye hear and see,) for his sake we are killed all the day long, we are counted as sheep for the slaughter. Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor heighth nor depth, nor any creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus my Lord. Therefore love not the world, nor the things of the world, but *prepare daily and hourly for death*, (that now besieges us on every side,) and be faithful unto death, that we may meet together joyfully on the right hand of Christ at the last day, and follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, with all those that

are clothed with white robes, in signs of 'innocency', and palms in their hands in sign of victory, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, nor thirst, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

“ Choose rather with Moses to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, which will be bitterness in the latter end. Look, therefore, for sufferings, and to be daily made partakers of the sufferings of Christ, to fill up that which is behind of the affliction of Christ in your flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church. What can you look for, but one woe after another, while the man of sin is thus suffered to rage and to make havoc of God's people at his mere pleasure, while men are divided about trifles that ought to have been more vigilant over us, and careful of those whose blood is precious in God's sight, though now shed every where like water. If ye suffer for righteousness, happy are ye: be not afraid of their terror, neither be ye troubled: and be in nothing terrified by your adversaries, which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God. For to you is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. Rejoice, therefore, inasmuch as ye are partakers of

Christ's sufferings, that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. And if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye ; the spirit of glory and of Christ resteth on you : on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.

“ God will surely visit you in due time, and turn your captivity as the rivers in the south, and bring you back into your possession in this land, though now, for a season, (if need be) ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations ; yet ye shall reap in joy, though now ye sow in tears ; all your losses shall be recompensed with abundant advantages, for my God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Jesus Christ, who is able to do exceeding abundantly for us above all that we are able to ask or think.”

After that he blessed his children, and those that stood about him, in an audible voice, in these words ; “ God of his infinite mercy bless you all, and present you holy, and unblameable, and unreprieveable in his sight, that we may meet together at the right hand of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Amen.” To which he added these words, “ I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course of my ministry and life together. Though grievous wolves have entered in among us, not sparing the flock, yet I trust the Great Shepherd of his flock will save and deliver them out of all places, where they have been scattered in this

cloudy and dark day ; that they shall be no more a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them : but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation."

And after a little interval, he said, " I have kept the faith once given to the saints ; for the which cause I have also suffered these things ; but I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." After this time he spoke little, for as his sickness increased, his speech failed, and he slumbered out most of the time, and it appeared that he was cheerfully waiting for his change, which at last came about midnight, on the 7th February. He was interred in the Church-yard of Kilmore ; and the Irish insurgents, who attended the solemnity, as a token of respect, fired a volley over his grave, some of them exclaiming,

" Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum \*.

Life by Burnett. Gorton.

## ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

Died 1644-5, aged 71-72.

*In heaven we shall be convinced that our hopes were never here disappointed, but to secure our title to better things than those we hoped for ; nor our inferior interests prejudiced, but for the advantage of our supreme ones.—BOYLE.*

ARCHBISHOP of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and a Prelate eminent for his learning and opposition to fanaticism. Lord Clarendon observes of this victim of sectarian persecution, "his learning, piety, and virtue have been attained by *very few*, and the greatest of his infirmities are common to all, even to the best of men."

! The night before his execution, he ate a moderate supper to refresh his spirits, and then going to bed; *slept soundly* till the hour when his attendants were appointed to await his rising. When he was brought out of the Tower, the spectators were so divided betwixt bemoaners and insulters, it was hard to decide which of them made up the most part. The hope which he had expressed at his last awful parting with Strafford, was now nobly justified. It was not possible for man, in those fearful circumstances, to have given proof of a serener courage, or of a more constant and well-founded faith. When led to the place of execution which was thronged with people, he said to one of his opponents who was near, "I had hoped that you would have prepared a place for me,

in which I might have died conveniently. Looking between the boards, which were not closely fastened together, he perceived a great number of people, who had assembled under the stage on which he was standing. "Why did you not contrive," said he, "that my blood should not flow on the heads of the citizens?" Then turning to the people, he spoke these words: "Beloved citizens, I hope you will pardon the infirmities of age in one who, distrustful of memory, is compelled to bring before you a written statement. Although, my friends, this mournful place is not the most comfortable for a speech, I will, however, attempt it.

"With patience let us run the race appointed for us, looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, sustained the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God. I have spent much time, indeed, in running the race appointed for me, and in what manner I have looked to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, is best known to Him. My course is now finished, I have reached the goal where I find a cross and an ignominious death before me; however, it is my duty to despise the shame, if I would desire to be placed at the right hand of God. For my sake, Jesus despised this infamy of death and the cross; for his sake, may I never refuse to endure it. Ye perceive that I have arrived at the Red Sea, whose shores I now tread. The Lord will lead me, as I hope, from this frail and uncertain life into the land of

promise, for this is the way through which he formerly led his people to the land of Canaan. Before they set out on their journey for that sea, they celebrated the Paschal Supper. A lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs for food. Cheerfully do I submit to bear this cross. I will feed on the lamb and bitter herbs, remembering the Passover of my Lord. I will not regard the bitterness of the herbs, or the wickedness of those hands which have prepared these sufferings, but I will look up to the Lord, who hath permitted, and directs them by his Providence. The power of those men is not so great against me, but that it is controllable by God. He hath prescribed certain limits to human power. The passage of the Red Sea cannot be very agreeable to my mind, for I am clothed with a frail and perishing body, but following Christ my pattern, I have prayed, 'May this cup pass from me, yet if it be not possible that this cup pass away unless I drink it, *thy will be done.*' I will drink of the cup which thou hast given me, I will enter, and pass through the Red Sea, as thou hast willed it. Remember, my friends, that whilst the servants of God were in the midst of the sea, the Egyptians pursuing them perished in the same waters. I know that God, whom I serve, can save me from this sea of blood, with that power which he exerted when he delivered the three youths from the fiery furnace. I return thanks to Almighty God, that I possess the same courageous mind which they once had; they determined not to worship the image

which the king had set up, I will not adore the follies of the people; I will not desert the truth and temple of the Lord, that I may follow into Dan and Bethel the lowness of the herds. I pray God that he would reward this people with heavenly gifts, that he would take away blindness from their eyes, so that they may see and follow the way of truth; for when the blind lead the blind, they both must fall. With regard to myself, with an humble and a contrite heart, I confess that I am the chief of sinners, and that I have offended God exceedingly, and in various ways, in thought and speech, and yet I doubt not but that he will turn his eye of mercy toward me, in the same manner that he turns it toward many other sinners. In this sad state, after having examined all the recesses of my heart, I cannot find that I have offended against the laws of my country, that I should deserve death at your hands," &c. "*I return thanks to God, that by the grace of Christ I now possess as tranquil a mind as in any hour of my life,*" &c. "I implore a pardon from all my enemies, whereinsoever I may have offended them, and do thou, oh God, forgive them! And may you who are present forgive me, if at any time I have injured you, or if you think that I have done evil unto you. Oh, Lord, pardon my faults, blot out my iniquities!" Bending his knees, and beseeching the people to pray with him, he then poured forth these petitions.



## LAUD'S PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Oh eternal God ! Oh Father of mercy, turn thy gracious eyes toward me ! In the abundance and fullness of thy mercies behold me : but not before thou shalt have affixed my sins to the cross of Christ, not before thou wilt have washed me in the blood of Christ : not before I may have hid myself in the wounds of Christ : that thus I may avoid the punishment of sins which I deserve. And since thy divine will requires that I should suffer extreme punishment ; I humbly beseech thee, Oh Lord, to give me a perfect patience under these my sufferings ; grant me tranquillity of mind, and give me confidence, that I may cheerfully die for the preservation of the King, and for the benefit of thy Church. Human frailty excepted, I am not conscious of any crime, that I should have merited this ignominious punishment, unless zeal and anxiety for the King and Church be criminal. But against my God, I have committed many and grievous sins. Pardon them all, Oh Lord ! supply me strength, that I may with fortitude endure the punishment now over my head, and make me that which thy Divine will would require. Lead me, Oh God, through death to life, and no longer suffer innocent blood to be shed in this kingdom. Permit me, Oh Lord, to pour out my prayers also for all the people of England. I pray, Oh Lord my God, that thou wouldst grant that they amend, and that all

who thirst for my blood, may be converted unto thee. Overturn the counsels of those who oppose the truth and purity of religion, and the safety of thy Church, the rights of the King, of parliament, and the reformation of this people. Hear these prayers, Oh Lord, and when thou hast heard, grant that all with sincere gratitude and humble submission in every station of life, may obey thee and thy commands. Amen. Lord Jesus have mercy on my soul. Our Father," &c.

Having ended these prayers, he gave up his written remarks to a bye-stander, then turning round, he said "that he had delivered them from memory, as well as he could. But, if by accident, he had made an error in any word, he hoped that no one would injure him by a malicious interpretation of it. He then requested the people to leave the platform, and prepare a place in which he might conveniently die, that he might be able to find an end of those calamities which he had hitherto suffered. When the people had departed, he bared his neck, saying, "let the will of God be done: with a joyful mind I leave this world; *no one can be more willing to depart from a prison, than I from this life.*" When asked what words of Scripture he considered most applicable to his death, he said, "I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." He gave to the executioner some small pieces of money, warning him to do his duty quickly, and with bended knees he spoke these, his last words: "I hasten, Oh Lord,

that I may be with thee: I well know that I must pass through the shadow of death, in order to come into thy presence. But this shadow is only a little darkness, which is disagreeable to human nature. Thou, by thy passion and merits, hast broken the jaws of death. Have mercy on me, and receive my soul, and give peace to this kingdom: grant to all in it an abundance of good things, a mutual love among them all, charity and concord, that at last this blood may cease to flow. These things I ask, through Jesus Christ thy Son, if it be agreeable to thy will." With these words he moved aside the bandage placed over his eyes, and received the blow of the executioner, who at one blow severed his head from his body \*.

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#### HENRY ALTING.

Died August 25th, 1644, aged 61.

*If we could enter into heaven, the Lord's sanctuary, and behold what is there prepared for those that love him, we could not but desire the Lord to hasten the days of our death.*

PHILPOT'S LETTERS.

AN able professor of divinity, in the Universities of Heidelberg and Groningen, who materially promoted the cause of the Reformation in Germany. *The day before his death, he sang the Hundred and*

\* Treurtoneel, III. fol. 703. Aitzema 3. 25. 71. &c. Engelant's Memorial, fol. 95. &c.

*Thirtieth Psalm* \*, with great sense of God's presence and love, and passed the rest of his time in meditation and prayer. In the evening, he blessed his children, and the next morning, finding within himself that his departure was at hand, he told those about him, that before sun-set he should depart and be with the Lord. Grounding his faith on the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, with the promises of his Gospel, and strengthened and comforted by the gracious influence of the Holy Ghost, he waited for death without any apparent fear ; but bade those about him farewell, expressing his readiness and desire to be dissolved, and to be with his Master. At length,

\* *He sang the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm the day before his death.*] On referring to this Psalm, I find it so inexpressibly beautiful, and so peculiarly applicable to a dying Christian, that I cannot refrain from introducing it in this place, with the secondary view also of offering an inducement to peruse those other Psalms which in the course of this work will only be adverted to.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.

2 LORD hear my voice : let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

3 If thou LORD shouldest mark iniquities, O LORD, who shall stand ?

4 But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

6 My soul waiteth for the LORD more than they that watch for the morning : I say more than they that watch for the morning.

7 Let Israel hope in the LORD, for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

8 And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

in the presence of many learned and pious friends and relations, he yielded up his spirit without the least struggling\*.

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## HUGO GROTIUS.

Died August 28, 1645, aged 62.

*Some die in youth, some in old age, according as it pleases God. He has not manifested to us the time, because he would have us ready at all times: else if I knew the time, I should presume upon it, and so should be worse.*

LATIMER.

A VERY learned theological writer. The second day after Grotius's arrival at Rostock, having been wrecked on the coast of Pomerania, sixty miles distant, he sent for me (Quistorpius, minister of Rostock,) about nine at night. I went, and found him almost at the point of death. I said there was nothing I desired more than to have seen him in health, that I might have the pleasure of his conversation. He answered, "God had ordered it otherwise." I desired him to prepare himself for a happier life, to acknowledge that he was a sinner, and to repent of his faults; and, happening to mention the publican, who acknowledged that he was a sinner, and asked God's mercy; he answered, "*I am that publican.*" I went on and told him, that he must have recourse to Jesus Christ, without whom there is no salvation. He replied, "*I place all my hopes in Jesus Christ.*"

\* Erasmus Middleton.

I began to repeat aloud, in German, the prayer which begins, "Herr Jesu." He followed me in a very low voice, with his hands clasped. When I had done, I asked him if he had understood me. He answered, "*I understand you very well.*" I continued to repeat to him those passages of the Word of God, which are commonly offered to the remembrance of dying persons, and asked him if he understood me, he answered, "*I heard your voice, but did not understand what you said.*" These were his last words; soon afterwards he expired, just at midnight \*.



### CHARLES I.

Beheaded 30th January, 1649.

*I shall not want the heavy and envied crowns of this world, when my God hath mercifully crowned and consummated his graces with glory; and exchanged the shadows of my earthly kingdoms among men, for the substance of that heavenly kingdom with himself.*

EIKON BASILIKE.

THE pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of the king's trial, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind. The king, though long detained a prisoner, and now produced as a criminal, sustained, by his magnanimous courage, the majesty of a monarch. With great temper and dignity he declined the authority of the court, and refused to submit himself to their jurisdiction.

\* Quistorpius. Freheri Theatrum, fol. 1104.

Three times was Charles produced before the court, and as often declined that jurisdiction. On his fourth appearance, they pronounced sentence against him. It is confessed that the king's behaviour during this last scene of his life does honour to his memory; and that, in all appearances 'before his judges, he never forgot his part, either as a prince or as a man. Firm and intrepid, he maintained in each reply the utmost perspicuity and justness, both in thought and expression: mild and equable, he rose into no passion at that unusual authority which was assumed over him. His soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the efforts of human malice and iniquity. The soldiers, instigated by their superiors, were brought, though with difficulty, to cry aloud for justice: "Poor souls!" said the king to one of his attendants, "for a little money they would do as much against their commanders." Some of them were permitted to go the utmost length of brutal insolence, and to spit in his face as he was conducted along the passage to the court. To excite a sentiment of piety was the only effect which this inhuman insult was able to produce upon him.

The people, though under the rod of lawless unlimited power, could not forbear, with the most ardent prayers, pouring forth their wishes for his preservation; and in his present distress they avowed him by their generous tears for their monarch, whom in their misguided fury they had before so violently

rejected. The king was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection. One soldier, too, seized by contagious sympathy, demanded from heaven a blessing on oppressed and fallen majesty; his officer overhearing the prayer, beat him to the ground, in the king's presence. "*The punishment methinks exceeds the offence*:" this was the reflection which Charles formed on that occasion.

Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. Every night during this interval *the king slept as sound as usual*, though the noise of workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day he rose early, and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, *he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity*. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers, that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people; he therefore addressed his discourse to the persons who were nearest him, particularly Colonel Tom-



linson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion.

When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him ; “ There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider it will soon carry you a great way ; it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find to your great joy the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory.” “ *I go,*” replied the king, “ *from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place.*” At one blow was his head severed from his body.

It is impossible to describe the grief, indignation and astonishment which took place, not only among the spectators, who were overwhelmed with a flood of sorrow, but throughout the whole nation, as soon as the report of this fatal execution was conveyed to them. Never monarch in the full triumph of success and victory, was more dear to his people than his misfortunes and magnanimity, his patience and piety, had rendered this unhappy prince. In proportion to their former delusion which had animated them against him was the violence of their return to duty and affection ; while each reproached himself, either with active disloyalty towards him, or with too indolent defence of his oppressed cause. On tender minds the effect of these complicated passions was prodigious. Women are said to have cast forth the un-

timely fruit of their womb : others fell into convulsions, or sunk into such a melancholy as attended them to their grave ! Nay some unmindful of themselves, as though they could not or would not survive their beloved prince, it is reported suddenly fell down dead. The very pulpits were bedewed with unsuborned tears : and all men united in their detestation of those hypocritical parricides, who by sanctified pretences had so long disguised their treasons, and in this last act of iniquity had thrown an indelible stain upon the nation \* †.

\* Hume.

† In addition to the circumstances above mentioned, it is recorded that the king, the moment before he stretched out his neck to the executioner, said to Juxon, with a very earnest accent, the single word *Remember* : great mysteries were supposed to be concealed under that expression ; and the generals vehemently insisted with the prelate that he should inform them of the king's meaning. Juxon told them that the king having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of his murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the last moments of his life, when his commands he supposed would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to reiterate that desire ; and that *his mild spirit thus terminated its present course by an act of benevolence towards his greatest enemies.*

## SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

Died May 10, 1649, aged 22.

*Christians that have affliction here, shall come yonder to the perpetual Sabbath, where there is no manner of miseries, but a perpetual lauding and praising of God.* LATIMER.

THE second daughter of Lord Holland, and wife of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk. Her whole life was that which sound philosophy, or rather sound Christianity, would denominate a constant meditation on death, or preparation for it. Her behaviour in the prospect of death was, therefore, most serene, comfortable, and worthy of the true Christian.

On receiving the opinion of her friends, that she could not live, she discovered neither fears nor sorrows at parting with the world, and her relations in it. She sent for those who were nearest of kin to her, and for other friends, and with a countenance of the most solemn, yet serene gravity, began to take her leave of them, bequeathing to them spiritual comforts, fervent prayers, divine benedictions and weighty counsel and advice adapted to each of them, and especially to her lord, her children, and servants, all of which were such as tended to direct them in the way of well-doing, that so they might through the merits of Christ meet in glory hereafter ; and all this with such affection, such zeal, such courage, and such proofs of her faith and assurance, that she was going from pains and miseries to the celestial rest and felicity.

city, that the image of that and her aspect would never be effaced from the memories of the spectators. The sight of her might well call to mind Moses on Mount Pisgah, Jacob on his death-bed dividing his blessings, dying Joshua, or David, or the most composed saints on sacred record.

To see her relations, friends, and servants standing by full of tears and lamentations, and herself unmoved and unconcerned, counselling, comforting, and blessing them, made an appearance *as if all they had been the parties which must die, and she was called to administer to them Christian exhortation, to suffer death with patience*, or as if she had been in perfect health and they in danger of a dissolution. In a word, such were her assurance and joy in the Holy Ghost, that it seemed as if she had begun to taste the happiness of the life to come in the very tidings of death.

Her legacy left for her two children was her desire to her lord, that whatsoever provision he should make for their *outward* condition, of which she was neither distrustful nor solicitous, *they might be brought up in the strictest way of religion*. The strictest way was always counted best for her own self in her life, and now at her death she bore witness to it, and recommended it for the pledges of her love.

Towards the close of her life in one of her lucid intervals, she poured out her soul in a long prayer, the words of which could not be recollected, but it consisted of such most fervent moving passages, as

if she would seize the kingdom of heaven by an irresistible violence, pleading before God his name, his attributes, his mercies, and all the comfortable promises which she drew from the Holy Scriptures. Within a short time after, in a kind of quiet sleep, she yielded up her spirit unto God who gave it \*.



REV. ANDREW RIVET, D.D.

Died 1651, aged 78.

*Oh death, where is thy sting ? Oh grave, where is thy victory ?  
The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law.  
But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our  
Lord Jesus Christ.*

1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

A LEARNED ecclesiastic, who filled the chair at Leyden as Professor of Divinity, with great reputation for piety and erudition. The University of Oxford ranks his name among those of her public benefactors, having received from him a variety of valuable books. The last hours of Andrew Rivet were worthy of a life devoted to the active duties of Christianity, and the observations which he made when about to be gathered to his fathers, pourtray his religious frame of mind. The limits of this work permit me to offer only the following abridged statement of remarks which on several occasions he addressed to various individuals.

\* Dr. Gibbons.

“ Great God, thou art my Father. Thou didst give me life, and a new life. Thou hast taught me from my youth, and I have shewn forth thy wonders : leave me not now in my old age. Thou hast hitherto preserved me in health of body, and in all the faculties of my soul ; so that till this heavy disease seized me, I found myself as strong in the exercise of my calling, as in my youth. Lord, if it be thy will and pleasure to employ me any longer in thy service, thou canst in a moment ease my pains ; but if thou hast otherwise ordained, behold, I am thy servant, thy will be done. I only pray that it may please thee to make me in all things conformable to thy holy will. Let not thy good spirit depart from me, to the end I may obtain the victory in this combat through thy strength. Grant Lord for thine own sake, seeing thou hast employed me in thy work, that I may die in an exemplary manner ; that I may stand fast in the sound doctrine which I have preached, and by a lively faith apply to myself all those promises of the Gospel, that may be effectual in me to my joy and everlasting consolation ; so that nothing may either separate me from, or make me in the least doubt of thy love. Thou knowest my weakness, Oh Lord ! let not extremity of pain cast me into impatience or murmuring. Make it either tolerable, or grant me constancy and patience to bear it.”

To a minister of the Church who asked him how he was, he replied ; “ I am pretty strong, neither doth my tongue fail me ; but I must go another way,

even that which the everlasting God did appoint me from my childhood." He requested that every person who came might be permitted to see him, for, observed this venerable servant of Christ, "It becomes a man of my character to be an example for others, that they may learn how to die." When the prospect of severe suffering was before him, he said, "Let this house of my body fall on that side where the breach began, and let me look upon it with a calm soul, lifted up towards the things which are above, to which I aspire, knowing that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor corruption incorruption. Lord what is man that thou makest so great account of him, and that thou thinkest upon him? He is like to vanity; he is but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and returneth not. *There needs no more to overthrow the strongest, than a little obstacle, which all the remedies of art cannot remove.* I am in thy tender and fatherly hands. I fear nothing. Thou art my defence and my rich reward." He thus requested those who comforted him with religious conversation: "continue these sayings to strengthen me. God will furnish you with what is fit for that purpose; for he not only assisteth the sick person, but those also who are called to his aid; He is near to them who call upon him in truth." To his niece he said, "Leave me not; continue with me in prayers. Help my weakness. Fear not to speak to me whatever God shall put into your mouth. Such sweet and pleasant conference will help me to pass

this night the more quietly ; and God will be with us ; for he easeth our infirmities, he assisteth our good intentions, and furnisheth us with matter of prayer and thanksgiving. What am I, Oh Lord ? dust and ashes, an earthen vessel ; and yet thou hast been pleased to put into this vessel an immortal seed. Thou livest, Oh Lord, and thou quickenest me : I shall not die, but live eternally, that true life which is hid with Christ in God. Happy is he that is a partaker of the first resurrection : the second death shall have no power over him. Behold I am dead } and I am risen again. I live no more in myself, but I live in the life of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. And now, Oh Lord, since by all appearance thou wilt take me out of this vale of misery, leave me not in this last and important scene of action. If thou wilt have me to die at this instant, I am willing, my heart is prepared. Lord, I give thee my heart ; it is all thou requirest. Accept this offering. Lord, I thank thee that thou teachest me ; thou enlightenest me ; thou speakest to my soul. Lord thou embracest me in thy infinite mercies ; let me also embrace thee by a lively faith."

When labouring under an occasional depression of spirits or darkness of mind, he said, " Alas ! how can I be joyful, when he that giveth me courage is departed from me ? that Spirit of comfort, which filled my soul with peace and joy, is offended with me. For I have listened to those who talked to me of coming into the world again. I have been pleased with a



desire of life, after having tasted the sweet fruits of the heavenly Canaan, and conceived by faith those riches above. What shall I now do ? A holy fire had kindled my meditation, and now vain thoughts quench it ; so that I fall back while I am hasting to death. But, dear niece, cease not to entertain me with good conversation. Call back the Comforter, that he may return and finish that good work he had so well begun in me : Oh come and again strengthen me, before I go hence and be no more." To his son he said, " the Great God bless you my son : lead thee in all thy ways ; enrich thee in all Christian virtues ; give thee to abound in all spiritual and temporal blessings. Contemn the world, and all the covetousness of it : let thy chief happiness be the blessing of God : be strong in faith and furnished to every good work. May the peace of God rest upon thee, and make thee peaceable and charitable ; and those three young children whom I commit to thy care will be fit subjects to exercise thy charity upon." To a relation he thus remarked, "*farewell, we have an affinity in the heavens which shall last for ever.*" On another occasion he made these observations. " I shall shortly see no difference of day and night ; for, indeed, *I am come to the eve of the great and eternal day.* I am going to a place where the sun shall no more shine on me ; but my God shall be my everlasting light. *Lord thou already spreadest some beams of light in my soul ;* and thou givest me eyes to see it. Deliver me out of this prison, that I may praise thy name. I

do not yet slight this body; yet I think on the renewing of it; for I know that the dead shall live: yes, and my dead body likewise. It is sown in corruption, it shall rise again in incorruption. It shall be made conformable to the glorious body of Jesus Christ, the first fruits of them that sleep. I shall see him in my flesh. My own eyes shall see him. I shall behold his face in righteousness, and shall be filled with his likeness when I shall be awakened again. My soul looketh for thee, as the parched earth for moisture. When shall I enter and present myself before the face of God? Though he delays my joy, yet I am in my way: and *the sense of his favour grows in me every moment.* My pain is sufferable, and my joy is beyond value. I have longed for the coming out of new books: but now thou, Oh Lord, art all to me, and to be near to thee is all my happiness. Oh what a brave library shall I have in God, in whom are hid all the treasures of learning and knowledge. *I have learned more divinity in ten days, wherein thou hast visited me, than in fifty years before. Thou hast made me to go home into myself, where I was not before; for I was in the world, but I am now in the school of my God, and he instructs me after a different manner from that of all those doctors, in the reading of whose works I have employed so much time.* Oh what darkness, dullness, and vanity, in whatever proceeds from the wit of man. But thy doctrine, Oh Lord, my God, is all-sufficient, and plentifully furnished with good

works." To his visitors he said, "*Here is a school of humility.* Look on me. See how he casteth me down with his mighty hand, in order to exalt and glorify me in due time. Oh Lord strengthen the soul of thy servant, that he may remain constant to the end."

"Be not sorry for me. *These last hours have nothing terrible in them.* This body indeed suffers; but the soul is comforted, strengthened, and filled according to my wish. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. His rod and his staff shall lead me safely through this short valley of the shadow of death. *This little cloud hides not from me the light of Heaven: it shines in my soul.* My soul waiteth for thee, as the thirsty earth for rain. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O God. O when shall I enter, and present myself before the face of my God? *I am very weak, but my soul is strengthened and is joyful.*" His last words were, "There is a fast assurance in me. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown; which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." This pious, learned, and venerable professor, died at Breda \*.

\* Burnham's Memorials.

REV. WILLIAM GOUGE, D.D.

Died 1653, aged 79.

*We cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in sending sickness as a preparation for death. Sickness draws the curtain between the sick man and the world, and having thus secured his attention to the one thing needful, gives him ideas of the nature of sin, and the importance of death, the vanities of time, and the glories of eternity, to which he was before an utter stranger.*

BP. HORNE.

FELLOW of King's College, Cambridge ; the learned expositor of the Epistle to the Hebrews ; by the authority of Parliament appointed a Member of the Assembly of Divines, and chosen with others by a committee of Parliament to make Annotations on the Bible.

Great was his patience under the visiting hand of God, especially in his old age, when God visited him with painful maladies. Though by reason of the bitterness of his pains, and that "*lethalis arundo*," as he often called it, that deadly arrow in his side which he knew could never be plucked out of it but by death, I mean his asthma, which he got by an excessive cold in attending upon public employment, notwithstanding, I say, by reason of these, he hath been often heard to groan, yet was he never heard once to repine. But he would often say, "*Soul, be silent, soul, be patient, it is thy God and Father, that thus ordereth thy estate*;" thou art his clay, he may tread and trample upon thee, as it pleaseth him ;

thou hast deserved much more, it is enough that thou art kept out of Hell : though thy pain be grievous, yet it is tolerable ; thy God affords some intermissions ; he will turn it to thy good, and at length put an end to all ; none of these can be expected in the grave. He would often make mention of the extent of obedience, which, he said, “ was not only *to endeavour to do what God requireth*, but also *patiently to bear what God's will is to lay upon the creature* ; as Christ himself, though he were the Son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered.” In his greatest pangs he oft used this speech of Job, “ shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not evil ?” He often commended his soul unto Christ, and would say, “ I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.” When any of his friends went about to comfort him in those gifts which God had bestowed upon him, and works which he had wrought by him, he would answer, “ *I dare not think of any such things for comfort: Jesus Christ, and what he hath done and endured, is the only ground of sure comfort.*” Many that came to visit him in his weakness, professed that they went away better than they came, by reason of those savoury and gracious exhortations that proceeded from him.

Though towards his latter end, his fits of pain were frequent and sharp, (having sometimes four or five in an hour,) yet such was his desire to finish that so much desired commentary of his upon the Epistle

to the Hebrews, that so soon as the bitterness of the pain of a fit was over, he returned to his work and made some progress therein : and thus he continued labouring at his work through much pain till Tuesday the sixth of December, 1653. About which time as his natural strength was exceedingly decayed, so his intellectuals began to fail ; and for the three following days drowsiness seized upon him, insomuch, that he could not hold up his head to look into a book, but slumbered away his time in his chair. And upon Friday, being the third day since he had given over his studies, inquiring what day it was, he cried out, “ *Alas, I have lost three days !*” The day following, being Saturday, he had no desire to arise out of his bed, neither indeed could he in regard of his weakness, which was such as he said, “ now I have not long to live in this world, the time of my departure is at hand ; *I am going to my desired haven ;*” the apprehension whereof was no little joy unto him ; for he had often said to such of his friends as came to visit him in his sickness, “ *I am most willing to die, having, I bless God, nothing to do but to die.*” Indeed he sometimes seemed to be in Paul’s strait, between life and death, having a desire to depart, that he might be with Christ ; which was best, but yet very desirous was he to finish his commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews ; which he knew would be useful to the Church of God, and in that respect was willing to live ; and God so far answered his desire in that particular, that he lived to finish it within half

a chapter. But when he perceived that his time in this world could not be long, Oh how sweet and joyful was the apprehension of death unto him, *which he often termed his last friend, next unto Jesus Christ.* And that Saturday though he kept his bed through weakness, yet 'was he more wakeful, and his spirit more lively and cheerful than for several days before; which questionless was from his joyful apprehension of his approaching departure. His speeches that day were more than ordinarily heavenly, speaking much in admiration of the freeness of God's grace, and riches of his mercy in Jesus Christ.

As while he lived he led an heavenly life, so about the time of his death, by those comforts and joys which he found in his soul, he seemed to be in heaven while he was upon the earth; and so continued full of sweet comfort and heavenly expressions to the last of his understanding and speech, which continued till Monday morning, when both failed him, from which time he lay breathing, but shorter and shorter, till eight of the clock that night; about which time, in the presence of all his children, and divers friends, he quietly slept in the Lord, making an happy change from earth to heaven, December 12, Anno Christi, 1653. Being 79 years old. Having served God faithfully and painfully in his generation.

## JAMES USHER.

Died 1655-56, aged 75.

*If it be certaine we must die, the very first thing we ought to do in this world, after we come to years of understanding, should be to prepare for death, that whenever death comes, we may be ready for it.*

THE good and learned Archbishop\* of Armagh, the luminary of the Irish Church, and Primate of Ireland. No proposals, how moderate soever, were able to satisfy the Presbyterians, till his majesty (Charles I.) was taken out of their hands by the army, and brought to the scaffold, the sight of which struck our primate with the utmost horror. The Countess of Peterborough's house, where the primate then lived, being exactly opposite to Charing Cross, several of the family at the time of the king's execution went up to the leads of the house, which commanded a full view of Whitehall, and as soon as his majesty came upon the scaffold, some of them went down and told the primate, asking him if he would not see the king once more before he was put to death. Though unwilling at first, yet he was persuaded at length to go up, as well out of the desire to see the king once again, as from curiosity, since he could scarce believe what they told him. When he came upon the leads his majesty was in his speech. The primate stood still, and said nothing but sighed, and lifting his hands and eyes full of tears towards heaven, seemed to pray earnestly. But when the king had done speaking,



and had taken off his clothes and doublet, and stood stript in his waistcoat, and the executioners in vizards began to put up the king's hair, he grew pale, and was immediately carried off. Borne by his attendants to his bed, he recovered a little, and said that he had foretold the events which should happen in England in the year 1655. Cromwell wished to see him, and made him many promises. But Usher soon fell sick of his last illness: the following are the details, together with some particulars of his last hours, not included in the preceding statement.

About the middle of February 1655, he went to the Priory at Ryegate, the seat of his patron, the Countess of Peterborough, taking his last leave of his friends and relations, who never had the happiness to see him again. As soon as he came thither he set himself to finish his "*Chronologia sacra*," which took up most of that little time he afterwards lived. He was now very aged, and though both his body and mind were healthy and vigorous for a man of his years; yet his eyesight was extremely decayed by his constant studying, so that he could scarce see to write but at a window, and that in the sunshine, which he constantly followed in clear days from one window to another; so that had he lived, he intended to have made use of an amanuensis. *He had now frequent thoughts of his dissolution*; and, as he was wont every year to note in his almanack, over against the day of his birth, the year of his age, so I find this year 1655, this note written with his own

hand, "Now aged 75 years. My days are full:" and presently after in capital letters, "RESIGNATION;" from which we may gather, that he now thought the days of his pilgrimage to be fulfilled, and that he now wholly resigned up himself to God's will and pleasure.

Not long before his death, going to Ryegate, I preached a sermon there, where this good Bishop was present, after Church he was pleased to confer with me in private, (as 'twas usual with him so to do,) and he spake to this effect: "I thank you for your sermon, I am going out of this world, and I now desire, according to your text, (Col. iii. 12.) to seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, and to be with him in heaven, of which," said he, "we ought not to doubt, if we can evidence to ourselves, our conversion, true faith, and charity, and live in the exercise of those true graces and virtues with perseverance; mortifying daily our inbred corruptions, renouncing all ungodliness, and worldly lusts; and *he that is arrived at this habitual frame and holy course of life, is the blessed and happy man*, and may rejoice in hope of a glorious eternity in the kingdom of heaven, to receive that inheritance given by God, to those that are sanctified." So that all his discourse was of heavenly things, as if his better part had been there already, freed from the body, and all terrene affections; and he seemed as if he were seriously considering his spiritual state, and making ready for his departure,

which he now shortly expected. But since it had been usual with him to insist on things of this nature when we were together, and that he was at this time in health, I did not believe that his change was so near as he presaged; yet he himself had other thoughts, and it proved that he was not mistaken, for on the 20th March, (the day he fell sick,) after he had been most part of it as long as he had light at his study, he went from thence to visit a gentlewoman then sick in the house, giving her most excellent preparatives for death, together with other holy advice, for almost an hour, and that in such a heavenly manner, as if like Moses upon Mount Pisgah, he had then a prospect of the celestial Canaan. Next morning early he complained of a great pain in his side: a physician being sent for, prescribed what he thought convenient in the case, but it could not thereby be removed, but rather encreased more and more upon him, which he bore with great patience for thirteen or fourteen hours, but his strength and spirits decaying, he wholly applied himself to prayer, and therein had the assistance of the Countess's chaplain: upon some abatement of the torture, *he advised those about him to provide for Death in the time of health*, that then they might have nothing else to do but to die. Then taking his leave of the Countess of Peterborough, by whom he had been so long, and kindly entertained; and giving her thanks for all her kindness to him, with excellent spiritual counsel, as a return for all her favours, he desired to be left to

his own private devotions. After which, the last words he was heard to utter (about one o'clock in the afternoon,) praying for forgiveness of sins, were these, viz. "*O Lord forgive me, especially my sins of omission.*" So presently after this, in sure hopes of a glorious immortality, he fell asleep, to the great grief and affliction of the said countess, who could never sufficiently lament her own and the Church's great loss, by his too sudden departure out of this life. Thus died this humble and holy man, praying for his sins of omission, who was never known to *omit* his duty, or scarce to have let any time slip wherein he was not employed in some good action or other; *and if such a man thought he had so much to beg pardon for, what account must those have to make, who scarce bestow any of their time as they ought to do?*

The King of Denmark, and Cardinal Mazarin were each desirous to purchase, for a large sum, his valuable and extensive library. But Cromwell ordered it to be sold at a less price, and then presented it to the University of Dublin. By Cromwell's command the archbishop was buried with great pomp at London\*.

\* Chalmers. Dictionnaire de Moreri. Life by Parr, Ed. 1686.

## REV. HENRY HAMMOND, D.D.

Died 1660, aged 55.

*If it be certain that men must die, and if it be no less uncertain when they die, the most prudent use we can make of these reflections is to have our lights burning, and our lamps trimmed without the least hesitation or delay.*

BELLARMINE.

A LEARNED divine of the Established Church of England, and a celebrated commentator on the Holy Scriptures. The king, restored to the throne, was about to raise Dr. Hammond to the see of Worcester, when he was seized with a sudden illness, which he soon perceived would terminate in death. On former occasions when afflicted with sickness, he had ever been accustomed to console his friends and to elevate their hopes, but in this disorder he immediately perceived the danger of his dissolution. To his friends intreating that God would restore him to the enjoyment of health, he replied, "that he left them in the hands of Providence, who would abundantly supply more than they could ask, and would so order events that his death would not be a loss to them." If he perceived any one imploring of God his restoration to health, "you pour forth your prayers," he would say, "to the Lord for my bodily health, and ask for none of those things which are of more vital importance: you do not intreat that I may be well prepared for death and judgment whenever the divine will shall call me from this life. For *this* desirable object you

should offer up your prayers." When pressed by a friend to petition that his life might be spared for the benefit of the Church, this pious divine began his prayers, in which he confessed his sins, imploring that he might receive the mercy of God, that he might resign himself to the divine will, and that if death were the lot assigned to him, grace might be given him to be prepared for it: but that if his life could be deemed useful to the Church, and if he could be of service even to one soul only, he prayed that his days might be spared, and promised that he would use them profitably. He then fervently poured forth his petitions for the Church and the English nation, not only that the laws of the land and the duties of Christianity might be observed, but that those who professed the faith might live according to the rules of faith, and join real piety with its form. Very frequently he repeated these prayers, and sometimes accompanied them with his tears. He returned thanks to God that he had mitigated his pains, and that he had been attacked with his disorder before he had set out for London, whither he was called. He prepared his will, and left many legacies to his relations and kinsmen. When he had finished these duties he appeared cheerful and regardless of disease, or death. He received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and since a more considerable number of persons were present than conveniently could communicate in the chamber of one so weak, it was arranged that the service should be performed in a more retired

place, that a few might receive it with him. He consented with difficulty indeed, but yet consent he did, and exclaimed, "Alas, and must I be removed from them?" He shewed great energy, and was exceedingly attentive in these acts of piety, and always manifested a deep sense of humility. "Jesus Christ," said he, "came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." He was truly dejected when the letter was being read to him, which contained these words, "that the time had arrived in which his retirement was to be recompensed, and that he was to be elevated for the instruction of his countrymen, and the edification of the Church." During the hour of prayer he appeared to fall into a kind of slumber, which did not prevent him from hearing the petitions. "Alas," said he, "is this all which I return to Thee for thy mercy?" He was mild in disposition during his sickness, and uttered no complaints. He attended diligently to the advice of his physicians and friends. Thomas Willis, who was afterward eminent for his writings, and another physician from Oxford, came to visit him. Hammond, though occupied in reflections upon death, returned thanks. Resuming his prayers he expired a little afterwards. His last words were,—"*Oh joyful day* \*!"

\* *Bibliothèque ancienne et moderne*, 2. fol. 30.

DR. ROBERT SANDERSON.

Died January 29, 1662, aged 75.

*The higher a Christian ascends above the dark dungeon of the body, the more that religion prevails within him, the more then shall he find himself as it were in a clear heaven, in a region that is calm and serene ; and the more will those dark and black affectiōns of fear and despair vanish away, and those clear and bright affections of love, and joy, and hope, break forth in their strength and lustre.*

SMITH.

AN eminent divine, scholar, and antiquary, well versed in ecclesiastical history ; chaplain to King Charles I., and afterwards made Bishop of Lincoln. About three weeks before his death, finding his strength to decay, by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consumptive cough added to it, he retired to his chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. Thus, as his natural life decayed, his spiritual life seemed more strong, and his faith more confirmed ; still labouring to attain that holiness and purity, without which none shall see God. And that not any of his clergy (which are more numerous than any other bishop's of this nation) might suffer by his retirement, he did by commission empower his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, with episcopal power, to give institutions to all livings, or church preferments, during this, his disability to do it himself. In this time of his retirement, which was wholly spent in devotion,



he longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, *if he at any time found an amendment, he seemed to be displeased*, by saying, “ his friends said their prayers backward for him, and that it was not his desire to live an useless life, and by filling up a place, keep another out of it, that might do God and his Church more service.” He would often with much joy and thankfulness mention, “ that during his being a housekeeper, which was more than forty years, there had not one been buried out of his family, and that he was now like to be the first.” He would also mention with thankfulness, “ that till he was threescore years of age, he had never spent five shillings in law, nor upon himself, so much in wine. And rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour’s sorrow to his good father, and that *he hoped he should die without an enemy.*”

He in this retirement had the Church prayers read in his chamber twice every day; and at nine at night some prayers read to him and a part of his family, out of “ The Whole Duty of Man.” As he was remarkably punctual and regular in all his studies and actions, so he used to be for his meals; and his dinner being appointed to be constantly ready at the ending of prayers, and he expecting and calling for it, was answered, “ it would be ready in a quarter of an hour.” To which his reply was, with some earnestness, “ a quarter of an hour ! Is a quarter of an hour nothing to a man that has not probably many

hours to live?" And though he did live many hours after this, yet he lived not many days; for the day after (which was three days before his death) he was become so weak and weary either of motion or sitting, that he was content, or forced to keep his bed.—~~The~~ The day before he took his bed, (which was three days before his death) he, that he might receive a new assurance for the pardon of his sins past, and strengthened in his way to the New Jerusalem, took the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of his, and our blessed Jesus, from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, accompanied with his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and ardent a manner as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for this blessing was ended; he spake to this purpose; "I have now, to the great joy of my soul, tasted of the all-saving sacrifice of my Saviour's death and passion; and with it received a spiritual assurance that my sins past are pardoned, and my God at peace with me: and that I shall never have a will or power to do any thing that may separate my soul from the love of my dear Saviour. Lord! confirm this belief in me, and make me still to remember, that it is thou, O God, that tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful protector of me to this present moment of my life: thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become grey-headed, nor suffered me to forsake thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. It was not

of myself, but grace, that I have stood when others have fallen under my trials, and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness : and my hope and desire is, that I may die remembering this, and praising thee, my merciful God." After this, taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he desired his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, to give him absolution : and at his performing that office he pulled off his cap, that Mr. Pullen might lay his hand upon his bare head. After this desire of his was satisfied, his body seemed to be at more ease, and his mind more cheerful ; and he said often, " Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me, but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be ever filled with thy praise." He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment ; and during that time did often say to himself the 103d Psalm, (a Psalm that is composed of praise and consolation fitted for a dying soul) and say also to himself these words, " My heart is fixed, Oh God, my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found." And now *his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the king of terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night, for he had often said, " he was prepared and longed for it."* And as this desire seemed to come from heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with his, and sing praise and glory to that God

who hath brought him and them to that place into which sin and sorrow cannot enter. Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life :—it is now too late that mine may be like his, (for I am in the 85th year of my age, and God knows it hath not) but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and I do as earnestly beg that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say Amen\*.



#### BLAISE PASCAL.

Died August 19th, 1662, aged 39.

*Heaviness may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.*

PSALM xxx. 5.

A MOST eminent philosopher, mathematician, and pious Christian. What may be called the last illness of this truly great man, began in June, 1662. His physicians did not consider his attack as dangerous, on account of the total absence of fever. But he was himself of a different opinion, and said from the first he was sure they were mistaken, and that he should certainly die of the disease. He frequently made a confession of his sins, and was extremely desirous that the sacrament should be administered to him. This, however, was put off from time to time, at the ex-

press desire of his physicians, who constantly assured him that he would soon be well enough to receive it in public. Nevertheless his sufferings daily increased; violent pains in the head also came on, which sometimes deprived him of his recollection. *His resignation to the will of God was so uniform and constant, that he was never known to utter the least complaint, or to discover any mark of impatience.*

On the 17th of August his pains became so violent that he desired his sister to call a consultation of physicians. But he expressed his wish for this with some degree of scruple, and said *he thought it was shewing too much anxiety about life.* His sister, however, did not give him time to recal the request, and the physicians accordingly met. They agreed in opinion that the symptoms were not dangerous, and directed the treatment they thought proper. But he was himself so strongly persuaded that his end was approaching, that he desired an ecclesiastic might stop with him through the night. His sister also perceiving him materially to alter for the worse, determined he should be gratified by the reception of the sacrament, and ordered every preparation to be made that it might be administered to him the next morning. At midnight he was attacked with a violent convulsion fit, which left him, when it went off, so completely exhausted that his friends supposed he was dead. But he recovered his senses after a while, and Mr. Beurier the curate coming in with the sacrament and saying, “ here is what you have

wished for so long," aroused him, so that he became perfectly collected, and raised himself up in the bed, though with some difficulty, that he might receive it. The curate asked him the customary questions respecting the principal articles of faith, to each of which he answered distinctly, " Yes, sir, I believe it with all my heart." He then received both the sacrament and extreme unction with great devotion, and was so much affected as to burst into tears. When the benediction was pronounced, he replied, "*may God never forsake me.*" These were the last words he was heard to speak, except uttering a short thanksgiving, after which he was again seized with convulsions which never afterwards quitted him, nor had he any further interval of sensibility; but after continuing in this state for twenty-four hours, he breathed his last at one o'clock in the morning\*.

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#### EARL OF CLARENDON.

Died 1663, aged 55.

*He hath not spent his life ill that hath learned to die well, and he hath lost his whole time, that knows not well how to end it.*

THE illustrious statesman and historian. His third recess or retreat he called the most blessed, in which God vouchsafed to exercise many of his mercies towards him. And though he entered into it with

\* Life of Blaise Pascal.

many very disconsolate circumstances, yet in a short time, upon the recovery of a better state of health, and being remitted into a posture of ease and quietness, and secure from the power of his enemies, he recovered likewise *a marvellous tranquillity and serenity of mind*, by making a strict review and recollection into all the actions, all the faults and follies committed by himself and others, in his ~~last~~ continued fatigue of seventeen or eighteen years, in which he had received very many signal instances of God's favour, and in which he had so behaved himself, that he had the good opinion and friendship of those of the best fame, reputation, and interest, and was generally believed to have deserved very well of the king and kingdom.

In all this retirement he was very seldom vacant, and then only when he was under some sharp visitation of the gout, from reading excellent books, or writing some animadversions and exercitations of his own, as appears by the papers and notes which he left. Among other things which he did, he finished his reflections and devotions upon the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to his children. He wrote a good volume of Essays, divine, moral, and political. He left so many papers of so many several kinds, that a man may conclude that he never intended to be idle.

In a word, he did not only by all possible administrations subdue his passions and affections, to make his mind conformable to his present fortune ;

but did all he could to lay in a stock of patience and provision, that might secure him in any future exigent or calamity that might befall him; yet with a cheerful expectation that God would deliver him from that powerful combination which then oppressed him. He died in exile, aged 55, at Rouen, anno 1663 \*.

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### JEREMY TAYLOR.

Died August 13, 1667, aged 56.

*Whatever is of such great consequence to us as death is, if it be certain, ought always to give laws to our behaviour and conversation.*

EMINENT for his zeal, devotion, eloquence, and learning. Bishop Taylor was born in a house situate in the court-yard, near the Wrestler's Inn, Petty Cury, Cambridge. Laud gave him the rectory of Uppingham. Out of respect to the memory of Bishop Taylor, the study of the parsonage-house at Uppingham has since been preserved nearly unaltered; during the rebellion he resided with the Earl of Carbery, at his seat, Golden Grove, situated in the romantic vale "of winding Towy," Merlin's fabled haunt in Caermarthenshire. The river and vale, the cliffs and groves of Towy, together with two immense castles, and Grongar-hill, combine in making the situation of

\* Life of Clarendon.



Golden Grove one of the most beautiful which can be imagined. In that neighbourhood Taylor's name is not forgotten, and near the house is an avenue called Taylor's Walk. At the restoration, he succeeded Bishop Lesley in the see of Down and Connor. At the close of life the bishop began a discourse on the beatitudes. But he who with such moving accents had forewarned the world of the incessant march of death, by the uncertainty of life, was now to ratify his word by his own example. Thus engaged, *whilst his mind was intent upon those gracious words of his Saviour, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" he was summoned to practise his own advice: "Say no more, but when God calls, lay aside thy papers, and first dress thy soul, and then dress thy hearse."*

On the 3d of August, in the year 1667, at the age of 56, he was attacked by a fever, which, after continuing ten days, put a period to his exemplary life, and deprived the world of one of the brightest ornaments it then possessed. He expired at Lisburn, on the 13th of the same month\*.

\* Bonney and Chalmers.

## LEOVAN AITZEMA.

Died 1669, aged 69.

*This is the most divine life, and best preparation for death that can be, for a man to act in the world upon eternal designs, and to be so wholly devoted to the will of God, as to serve it most faithfully and entirely.*

J. SMITH.

A КНИЖТ, public orator, and very celebrated historian of the Hanseatic towns, whose death is thus described in a Letter by Simonides, pastor of the Church at Hague.

Requested to visit a sick man to whom I had been previously not unknown, I discoursed with him upon those subjects which related to the salvation of his soul. I proposed for his imitation the penitence of St. Augustine, who, when lying on his death-bed, desired that a portion of the Psalms of David might be written out, and affixed to his chamber wall, that he might bring to remembrance the greatness and the number of his sins. I pointed to the divine mercy sought by St. Ambrose as a place of refuge, *who declared that he did not fear death, since he had a kind Providence to protect him.* I mentioned the faith of St. Bernard, who rejoiced solely in the merits of the Saviour, “for I confess,” said he, “I am so unworthy, that, by my own merits I can never arrive at heaven: but, my Lord Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, through the merits of his passion, will obtain that for me, which would be denied to my unworthiness.” Therefore my hope is not confounded.

The good man received these words of Simonides with gratitude, assenting to them with such cordiality, that he looked with humility on himself and his own infirmity; he renounced all terrestrial things, his works and writings. He said they were corrupt and tainted with sin, *grieving that he had wasted so many hours, which he might have employed in things of more vital importance.* He supported his mind with the hope of Divine mercy in Christ, and when advised by his medical attendants to compose himself to rest, replied, through Simonides, that he would comply with the request. He again sent for his pastor one hour only before his decease, by whom he was admonished to be found in Christ. With the deepest humility, he exclaimed, "O God have mercy on me, have mercy on me, a miserable sinner." These were the words and prayers of the publican, and Hugo Grotius; other truly religious characters had also used them in their last hours. When all had knelt down to implore in behalf of the sick man a happy departure from life, he, himself, uncovered his head, and offered up his prayers with them, declaring, that *if a choice were offered him, whether to die, or again to enter into life, he would rather die in the Lord.* "I am an old man," said he, "and age, abounding with infirmities, is itself a disease, overflowing with ills. *To live is only to err,* this have I learned by experience, I have been through many earthly kingdoms and habitations, now, I aspire after a celestial mansion; I perceive the pollu-

tions of my soul. *Who, so firm, as not to have fallen?* To live long, is more deeply to wound the soul. Come Lord, heal these my wounds, receive thy servant, although too lukewarm in spirit; but whom thou wouldest save through the blood of thy crucified Son." Thus he prepared himself for his journey into an eternal world; and this was his epitaph:—

*Si pacem quæris libertatemque, viator,  
Aut nusquam, aut tali sub lapide invenies\*.*



REV. THOMAS LIGHTFOOT, D.D.

Died December 6, 1675, aged 73.

*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I  
will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff  
they comfort me.*

PSALM xxiii. 4.

A VERY eminent divine and oriental scholar, and master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. And now we are arrived at the last scene of this great and good man's life. In the latter end of the year 1675, that year when colds were so rife and so mortal, Dr. Lightfoot, going to his residence at Ely, fell into one of these colds. The disease much affected his head, so that he lay dozing and slumbering, saying but little; only when any one asked him how he did, he

\* Aitzema tomo ultimo, fol. 214. 216.

would devoutly say, "*In the hands of a good God ;*" which he repeated often. His behaviour all the time of his sickness was with exceeding much meekness, patience, and silence, speaking much with God and himself; but little, as I said, to others. When Dr. Calamy, then a Fellow of Catharine Hall, went to Ely to visit him, he found him in this condition, using very few words; when he asked him if he had made his will, and settled his secular affairs, he answered he had, and told him where his will was. Dr. Mappletoff, the reverend dean, and Dr. Womock, a prebend there, now Lord Bishop of St. David's, were his chief visitants who performed the offices of the Church with him. Thus he lay near a fortnight, and then rendered up his pious and virtuous soul into the hands of his good God, in a good old age, being seventy-four years old, within some few months; and yet, might have lived much longer, if one may gather conjectures of the length of men's lives, by their healthfulness and vivacity. But, besides his years, his works, and the excellent service he did in his generation, would have bespoke him an old man indeed. In which regard none was freer from that which Seneca makes the great reproach of old age, viz., when there is nothing to compute age by, but years. "*Nihil turpius est,*" saith he, "*quam grandis natu senex, qui nullum aliud habet argumentum, quo se probet diu vixisse, præter ætatem.*" His body was brought from Ely to his beloved Munden, where he had been minister near two and thirty years, and was

there buried. Mr. Gervase Fulwood, formerly, a fellow of Catharine Hall, and who had long known him, preaching his funeral sermon, He was interred, greatly beloved, and greatly lamented by all that knew him, and especially his parishioners, who took their last leave of him with many sighs and tears\*.



### SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Died December 25, 1675-76.

*The days of our age are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and it is gone.*  
Ps. xc. 10.

LORD chief Justice of England, not more eminent for his station than for his learning and piety. Having now attained to that privacy which he had no less seriously than piously wished for, he called all his servants that had belonged to his office together, and told them, "he had now laid down his place and so their employments were determined." Upon that he advised them to see for themselves, and gave to some of them very considerable presents, and to every one of them a token, and so dismissed all those that were not his domestics. He was discharged†, the 15th

\* Strype.

† "He was discharged:" on his own most earnest and formal request, and against the wishes of King Charles II. the Lord Chancellor, and the nation in general. "

Februáry, 1675-6 and lived till the Christmas following ; but all the while he was in so ill a state of health, that there was no hope of his recovery : he still continued *to retire often, both for his devotions and studies* ; and as long as he could go, went constantly to his closet ; and when his infirmities increased on him, so that he was not able to go thither himself, *he made his servants carry him thither in a chair*. At last as the winter came on, he saw with great joy his deliverance approaching ; for besides his being weary of the world, and his longings for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so on him, that no patience inferior to his, could have borne them without a great uneasiness of mind ; yet he expressed to the last, such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper under them, that *it was visible then what mighty effects his philosophy and Christianity had on him, in supporting him under such a heavy load*. He could not lie down in bed above a year before his death by reason of the asthma, but sat rather than lay in it.

He was attended in his sickness, by a pious and worthy divine, Mr. Evan Griffith, minister of the parish ; and it was observed, that in all the extremities of his pain, whenever he prayed by him, he forebore all complaints or groans, but with his hands and eyes lifted up, was fixed in his devotions ; not long before his death the minister told him, “ there was to be a sacrament next Sunday at Church, but he believed he could not come and partake with the rest, there-

fore he would give it him in his own house." But he answered, " no ; his heavenly Father had prepared a feast for him, and he would go to his Father's House to partake of it." So *he made himself be carried thither in his chair, where he received the sacrament on his knees with great devotion ;* which it may be supposed was the greater, because he apprehended it was to be his last, and so took it as his viaticum and provision for his journey. He had some secret unaccountable presages of his death ; for he said, " that if he did not die on such a day, (which fell to be the 25th November,) he believed he should live a month longer," and he died that very day month on Christmas day. On the anniversary of Christ's advent, this good man usually wrote some verses of joy, in commemoration of so great an event, as a kind of tribute to his Saviour. The one which Burnet supposes was the *last* Sir Matthew wrote, contains *singularly* these words of Simeon.

And now thou hast fulfill'd it blessed Lord,  
Dismiss me now according to thy word ;  
And let my aged body now return  
To rest and dust, and drop into an urn,  
For I have liv'd enough, mine eyes have seen  
Thy much desired Salvation————  
Let this sight close mine eyes ; 'tis loss to see  
After this vision any sight but thee.

He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the last moment, which he had often and earnestly prayed for during his sickness : and when



his-voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, *they perceived by the almost constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring towards that blessed state, of which he was now speedily to be possessed.* Between two and three in the afternoon of Christmas-day, he breathed out his righteous and pious soul.—His end was peace.

Lord Bolingbroke has I *think* somewhere observed that “Every man has his price.” But Mr. Richard Baxter who knew Sir Matthew Hale intimately, says of him, “His resolution for justice was so great, that I am persuaded that no wealth nor honour would have hired him, knowingly to do one unjust act\*.”



#### MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Died April 12, 1678, aged 54.

*No man can live happily, if he lives like a man with his thoughts and reason, and consideration about him, but he who takes care betimes to prepare for death and another world.*

SEVENTH daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, and wife of Charles, Earl of Warwick. What presages she might have of the near approach of her death she never discovered, but her preparations for it had been for a long time habitual. Death was one of the most constant subjects of her thoughts; and she used to call her walking to meditate upon it, her

\* Bishop Burnet, &c.

going to take a turn with Death; so that it could never surprize or take her unprepared, who was always ready for it.

Yet there are some particulars worthy of our remark, of the watchful kindness of Providence over the people of God, alarming them to trim their lamps, as the wise virgins did, against the coming of the bridegroom, and allowing them fit opportunities to do it, as Providence signally did to the Countess of Warwick.

The following transcript from her diary contains some account of the last Sunday on which she enjoyed her health, being written but the very day before she was taken ill; whence it would seem that the thoughts of her dissolution were impressed upon her soul in a remarkable manner, though at that time there were no visible symptoms of it upon the body.

“ Sunday, March 24, 1678. As soon as I awoke I blessed God. Those mercies for which I was in an especial manner thankful, were the creation and redemption of the world, and for the Gospel, and the Sacraments and the covenant of grace, and for the excellent means of it I had enjoyed, and for the great patience God had exercised towards me, before and since my conversion, and for the checks of conscience when I had sinned, and for repentance when I had done so, and for sanctified affliction and support under it, and for so large a portion of worldly blessings.

“ After I had begged a blessing upon the public

ordinances, I went to hear a Sermon, the text was, 'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.' In the afternoon I heard the same person on the same text. I was in a serious frame at both the Sermons, and was by them convinced of the excellency of fearing God, and of employing the remainder of the term of my life in his service, and I resolved to endeavour to spend the residue of my time better. I had also this evening meditations of death and of eternity, which thoughts had this effect upon me, to beget in me an extraordinary awakened frame, in which the things of another life were much realized to me, and made very deep impressions upon me, and my soul followed hard after God for grace to serve him better than ever yet I had done.

"O Lord be pleased to hear my prayers, which come not out of feigned lips, and to hear the voice of my weeping for more holiness, and for being more weaned from the world and all in it! After supper I committed my soul to God."

Never did any bird more joyfully clap its wings being disentangled from a net, or delivered from its prison, the cage, than she when she was solacing herself upon her withdrawal from the bustle and crowd of terrene concerns. And when her sister was in the beginning of winter before she died, about to leave her, she took her farewell of her in these words. "Now I have done my drudgery," (her attention to worldly affairs,) "I will set to the renewing my preparations

for eternity," and accordingly she made it the repeated business of the following winter.

In the beginning of March, 1678, she set to the making of her will anew, and signed and sealed it on the 12th day of the same month; and on the Tuesday, March 26, was taken with some indisposition, loss of appetite, and aguish distemper, and had four or five fits, which yet, in that season, were judged both by her physicians and friends, more beneficial to her health than threatening to her life. She continued afterwards free from her fits till Friday the 12th of April, on which day she rose in tolerable strength, and after sitting up some time, being laid upon her bed, she discoursed cheerfully and piously.

Having received a kind visit from a neighbouring lady, at her departure she rose from her bed to her chair, in which being sat, she said she would go late unto her bed, but first would desire one of the clergymen then in the house to pray with her; he was immediately sent for and came. Sitting in her chair on account of her weakness, for otherwise she always kneeled, almost in the beginning of the prayer she was heard to sigh or groan; an attendant who kneeled by looking up saw her look pale, and her hand hang down; at which she started up affrighted, her hand had lost its pulse, and never recovered it more. She died aged 54, in the actual exercise of prayer, according to her own desire, for there were many could witness,

that they had often heard her say, that *if she might choose the manner and circumstances of her death she would die praying* \*.

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### PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

Died 1686.

*Behold I shew you a mystery, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.*

1 COR. XV. 51, 52.

A CELEBRATED French general, and eminent Christian. Without waiting for the approach of illness, or the warnings of mortality, the great Condé now dedicated his hours to religious reflections. A pious friend attended him in his chamber; with this Christian monitor he perused the sacred page, and drank at the fountain of Divine wisdom. Would to God that all would imitate his example! *How inconsiderate to defer ones preparation for another world, till one languishes on the couch of death.* The mind of this pious hero being strengthened by this preparatory discipline, he became equal to the last conflict. When the awful time drew near, and he was informed of the anticipated event, he cried out in the most energetic manner, "*Thy will, O*

\* Dr. Gibbons.

*God, be done ; Oh give me grace to die the death of the just !*" From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied, but not ruffled ; resolute, but calm : with equanimity he looked upon death, whether it presented itself in the form of disease, or whether it came unexpectedly in combat. Religion now claimed his last thoughts, and took entire possession of his mind. As the ministers of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impressive voice, *These are my true physicians*. While they recited the prayers of the dying, he listened with an awful and submissive expectation. Calling his confessor, he solemnly attested that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Christian doctrine ; he added, that belief was now attended with a stronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "*Yes, I shall behold my God face to face.*" He seemed as if he was suddenly illuminated, as if a celestial ray had pierced human ignorance. Instead of deploring his death, I will labour to make my own resemble it \*.

\* Translated from Bossuet's Funeral Oration on the great Condé.

## CHRISTOPHER WITTICHIUS.

Died 1687, aged 62.

*When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man therefore is but vanity.*

Ps. xxxix. 12.

AN illustrious Professor of Theology and Philosophy in the Universities of Nimeguen and Leyden. In the last day of July, after exposing himself in an open carriage to drenching rains, he was sitting at the table of a friend in Amsterdam, when in a moment he changed colour, and fell to the ground. A severe attack of paralysis immediately followed. His infirm body was completely shaken. *Kept alive by an external application of heat, the learned Wittichius exhibited a deplorable spectacle of the frailty of human nature.* In his chamber an almost sepulchral stillness was observed, and for eight months he was confined to one seat. Although his funeral day was thus delayed, he was during life, celebrating, as it were, his own obsequies; buried, yet not laid in the grave, he was an exile from life and all its joys. But during the whole of his many and severe trials, no repinings, no ungrateful expressions escaped his lips. For a long time he had looked forward to the confines of life and death, and had experienced within himself the conflict between them; life not yielding submissively, but death inflicting his blows: he was less solicitous for life than for that haven of rest into which his

shattered bark long driven to and fro' on the billows of life might be quickly steered. Reflecting on those subjects, which in past years he had heard, read, or taught unto others, he converted those reflections to their proper uses, and then prepared himself for his departure, and was thus enabled to struggle with death, manifesting a fortitude of mind which distinguishes the true Christian. What did he more ardently desire, than to depart from this polluted world to those sacred fields above? upon this subject he frequently discoursed: considering that he should there receive higher intellectual powers, with which he might survey the now inscrutable designs of Omniscience, and understand the heavenly will inscribed in the Bible. *In the whole course of his life it was his object never to propose or complete any work, unless guided by the Supreme will.* So far from being averse to death, in his prayers he longed for the day that should end those sorrows and vexations which men brought down on themselves and fellow creatures, by their own particular sins, or the general depravity of the times. In prayer and meditation he was devout, and even during life his mind and soul were in heaven. Sometimes he deeply regretted that the sickness of his body, which ought to have brought him nearer his God, occasionally appeared to throw obstacles in his advances toward heaven. Death now approached with rapid strides: his friends at various times inquired, if he viewed the change from time to eternity with joy; if with expiring



Jacob, he beheld the salvation of the Lord approaching nearer and nearer, waiting on his threshold and entering into his soul. If with Simeon, he rejoiced that the hour of freedom was near, and that he was soon to be released from those tyrants and wild beasts the unruly passions of sinful men, and the galling chains of evil affections with which human nature is fast bound: if his thoughts of salvation were affixed to that only anchor of hope, his Saviour Jesus, sent by the loving-kindness of the Lord, to lighten the sorrows of nature. Wishing to disclose the sentiments of his bosom, he replied to each question respectively, it is, it is so, Amen, this is my firm hope, &c. &c. The minister of the Church approached to inquire if the professor dreaded death, with tears he replied, Why should I fear it? with Job I desire it, knowing that hereafter I shall see God. The minister said, *you are about to depart for the courts of divine truth and knowledge, where no clouds shall intervene to obscure the lustre of wisdom and understanding*, and you who have taught those things to others, shall there receive a rich reward; to which he answered, *I have endeavoured so to study, that I might place my talent to the best account*. He afterwards said, Come Lord Jesus, come quickly. A panting respiration then succeeded for the space of three hours. He expired with a tranquil and cheerful countenance\*.

\* Jacobi Gronovii laudatio funeris Wittichii, fol. 30, et seq.

EDMUND WALLER.

Died October 21, 1687.

*Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.*—GEN. iii. 19.*Time was, like thee, he life possest,**And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.*—PARNELL.

AN eminent English poet. Having attained an age, beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended, otherwise than by a future state, he seems to have turned his mind upon the preparation for the decisive hour, and, therefore, consecrated his poetry to devotion. It is pleasing to discover that his piety was without weakness; that his intellectual powers continued vigorous; and that the lines which he composed, when he for age could neither read nor write, are not inferior to the effusions of his youth. Towards the decline of life he bought a small house with a little land at Coleshill, and said, "he should be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused;" this, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield, he found his legs swelled, and went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough attended the king, requesting him both as a friend and physician, to tell him what that swelling meant. "Sir," answered Scarborough, "*your blood will run no longer.*" Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die. As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the

holy Sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "my Lord, *I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your Grace did: but—I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them; and so I hope your Grace will \*.*"

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REV. JOHN CLAUDE.

Died 1687, aged 68.

*How vain a thing is man in his greatest glory, who appears gay and beautiful, like a flower in the spring, and is as soon cut down and withered!*

AN eloquent Protestant minister of Paris. A week before he died, with true patriarchal dignity he sat up in his bed, and asked to speak with his son and family. "Son," said he, (tenderly embracing him) "I am about to leave you, the time of my departure is at hand." Silence and sobs, and floods of tears followed, each clasped in the other's arms. The family

\* Cehlmers.

all came and asked his blessing. "Most willingly," replied he, "will I give it you." Mrs. Claude kneeled down by the bed-side. "My wife," said he, "I have always tenderly loved you. Be not afflicted at my death. The death of the saints is precious in the sight of God. In you I have seen a sincere piety, I bless God for it. *Be constant in serving him with your whole heart. He will bless you.* I recommend my son and his family to you, and I beseech the Lord to bless you." To his son, who was kneeling with an old servant by his mother, he said, among other things, "Son, you have chosen the good part: Perform your office as a good pastor and God will bless you. Love and respect your mother, be mindful of this domestic, take care she wants nothing as long as she lives. I give you all my blessing." The afflicted family had not the power of making any answer, their tears and their silence spoke for them. Mr. Claude desired a brother clergyman to pray, adding, "*be short. I am so pressed that I can only attend to two of the great truths of religion, the mercy of God, and the gracious aids of his Holy Spirit* \*."

\* Erasmus Middleton.

## BISHOP THOMAS:

Died 1689, aged 76.

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*age should  
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.*

WHILE preparing to retire from the diocese of Worcester, God was pleased to prepare better for him: for about the twentieth of June, after a very severe fit of the gout, he grew continually weaker and weaker, though his friends did not think him in any immediate danger. The Bishop, however, perceived himself to be decaying, and on Sunday the 23d received the Sacrament in his own chapel. On Monday all his servants were called in, and he gave every one of them his blessing; that night he endeavoured to sleep, but in vain; his daughter-in-law sat up with him: *she was much edified by him; the most part of that restless night he spent in ejaculations and prayer to God, that he would be pleased to release him from his miseries and the troubles of this vain world: there was no weight or clog on his conscience; death did not appear at all troublesome to him, the sting was gone: his earnest desire was to depart and be with Christ.* Thus he passed the few remaining hours of his life, being sensible to the last, but growing still weaker and weaker; about three o'clock the next day, being

the 25th, he patiently submitted to the stroke of death, and resigned his spirit into the hands of God that gave it \*.



### ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT,

Died November 24, 1693, aged 76-7.

*To see the soul increase in vigour and wisdom, and in every amiable quality, when health and strength and animal spirits decay, when it is to be torn by violence from all that filled the imagination and flattered hope, is a spectacle truly grand and instructive to the surviving.*

DR. REID'S LETTERS.

A PRELATE eminent for piety and learning, who was born at Fresingfield, in the county of Suffolk. The account which we fortunately possess of the circumstances attending his last sickness, and of his behaviour under them, exhibits a most pleasing picture of the piety and many virtues which adorned his mind. We behold in him an instance, such as has not often been preserved on record, of a soul, not exempt indeed from all human weakness, but elevated to a noble height of true Christian heroism, duly prepared by habit and reflection for the approach of death; humbly yet firmly resigned under all the dispensations of Providence, and cheered in its last extremity by a meek and animating faith. The disease which attacked the archbishop was at first an intermitting fever: the fits were extremely

\* Chalmers.

violent, insomuch, that from the second a fatal termination was apprehended : he lay for some time speechless, and bereft of his senses ; but by the assistance of the Peruvian bark, administered under the advice of a physician, a third fit was prevented. Yet, although the recurrence of the fits was prevented, the state of his health remained without any promising hopes. He recovered no strength, but continued to sink under a general weakness and decay. He had taken to his bed on the 25th of August, when the fever first attacked him, and rose from it no more.

*During the whole course of his languishing sickness, we are told, by those who had the nearest access to him, there was not the least appearance of disturbance or discomposure ; but the same meekness of spirit which had always calmed his passions under former dispensations now came to his support, and indeed in this last extremity of life appeared more bright and eminent.* At one time when he had shewn his physician his wasted and shrivelled legs and thighs, destitute of all flesh and moisture, he said, “ and can these dry bones live ? ” We are told by one who was present with him during the last days of his life, that he was not only contented and willing to die, but that he breathed with ardency after his release from life, still with the most humble resignation to the will of God. He used to express the sense of his heart in these words of the Psalmist, “ I will bear the indignation of the Lord,

because I have sinned against him, I will lay my mouth in the dust." *In his greatest extremities and agonies he was wont to set before him the great example of our Saviour; for he would say, "as a lamb carried to the slaughter he was dumb, and opened not his mouth."* Those eminent virtues of humility and patience, of trust and affiance in God, of universal charity and good-will to men, which by the long practice of his life had become habitual and familiar to him, displayed themselves most eminently at this critical season. We beheld, it is added, "the graces of his life triumphing over the decays of nature, and becoming both the support and the crown of his death-bed." *All which most plainly teaches us, how necessary it is to gain a habit of virtue in the days of our health, that we may not have to seek it at that season, when we have the greatest occasion for its use.*

The piety of his soul, which was always quick and active, cast a holy light upon the gloom of his death-bed scene. It was surprising to behold, in the perfect failure of all bodily supports, what presence of mind he would summon up to his assistance under the affliction which lay before him. With what wonderful dexterity and readiness he would alleviate his sufferings by pious and suitable ejaculations, taken out of the Scriptures, or breathed forth from his own pious soul. Whenever a sharp pain or a dejection of spirits, such as was incidental to the sickness under which he laboured, approached him, he was ever



ready to meet it by uttering some divine sentence, or some holy prayer. That which came nearest to a complaint was only a description of his wasting condition in these pious words, "Thy hand is heavy upon me day and night, my moisture is like the drought in summer." But even this was joined with a feeling of firm reliance on the Providence of God; "for," said he, "I am low, but must be brought lower yet, even to the dust of death; 'but though he kill me, yet will I trust in him.'"

We saw at this period, proceeds the narrator of his last illness, his ardent charity both extended and limited, according to the Apostle's direction, "to all, but especially to them of the household of faith." His suffering brethren were the principal objects of his charity and prayers, but not exclusive of others: for, upon the frequent returns of exercises of his devotions, he suited his prayers to the general needs of men, and recommended all his brethren to the divine mercy. In short, if he had any enemies, they were included in his prayers: in particular, a short time before his last hour, after solemnly praying for a blessing on his family, relations, and friends, *he earnestly implored forgiveness for his enemies, as he desired it of God for himself.*

That his strong feeling of the rectitude of the course which he had taken, did not narrow or enfeeble his feelings of kindness towards those who differed from him, or prevent his most fully allowing that they also acted from pure conscientious motives, is clear,

from all his conduct during the close of his life. His chaplain, Mr. Needham, came to him as he lay upon his death-bed. He gave him his blessing in the most affectionate manner, and after some other conversation, said thus to him ; “ *You and I have gone different ways in these late affairs, but I trust heaven’s gates are wide enough to receive us both.* What I have done, I have done in the integrity of my heart.” Upon this Mr. Needham modestly attempted to explain the motives which had influenced his conduct, to which the archbishop replied ; “ What I said concerning myself, was only to let you know that what I have done, I have done in the integrity of my heart ; indeed, in the *great* integrity of my heart.”

As he drew near his end, he repeated to those who stood around him, his protestations of the sincerity with which he had acted. He told them that his profession was real and conscientious, and not proceeding from any sinister ends ; that he had the very same thoughts of the present state of affairs which he had at first, and that, if the same thing were to be acted over again, *he would quit all that he had in this world rather than violate his conscience.* In further confirmation of the state of his feelings, in less than an hour before he died, he put up these hearty and earnest petitions to God,—“ That he would bless and preserve his poor suffering Church, which, by this Revolution, is almost destroyed ; that he would bless and preserve the king, James the

Second, the queen, and the prince; and in his due time, restore them to their just and undoubted rights."

*His memory and intellects continued perfect to the last moment.* His bodily faculties remained so too to a singular degree. A very short time before he breathed his last he called for a Common Prayer Book, and though one was brought to him of the smallest print, he himself turned to the commendatory prayer, and ordered it to be read. That being performed, he composed himself more solemnly for his departure. *He put his hands and arms down to both his sides, and desired his head to be placed lower, thus, in a manner, laying himself out to receive the stroke of death.* In this posture, with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation of spirit, he breathed his last, a little after midnight, on the morning of Friday, November the 24th, 1693 \*.

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#### GODFREY HERMANT.

Died 1690;

*How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!*

AN illustrious doctor of the Sorbonne, and Rector of the University of Paris, born at Beauvais. His death affords an awful instance of the uncertainty of human

\* Rev. George D'Oyly, D.D.

life, and of the advantage of being well prepared for a sudden removal from time to eternity. He was descending the hill with a friend, to the plain where the mansion was situated, into which they were about to enter—without feeling even a momentary weakness, without the least change of countenance, without betraying the least symptom of pain—*he dropped down dead!* Thus, according to his biographer, the Almighty took away his servant from this world, without permitting him to be struck, or agitated with those horrors of death, which, whilst he lived, he kept constantly in view, as a “memento mori.” *He died well prepared for the awful change\*.*



### RICHARD BAXTER.

Died 1691, aged 76.

*We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.*

2 Cor. v. 10.

A NON-CONFORMIST of great learning and piety. His last hours were spent in preparing others and himself to appear before God. He said to his friends who visited him, “you come hither to learn to die;

\* Abregé de sa Vie, au Journal des Sçavants, de Nov. 1717, fol. 574.

*I am not the only person that must go this way, I can assure you that your whole life, be it never so long, is little enough to prepare for death.* Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort." His resigned submission to the will of God, in his sharp sickness, was eminent. When extremity of pain constrained him earnestly to pray to God for his release by death, he would check himself; "it is not fit for me to prescribe;" and said, "When thou wilt, what thou wilt, and how thou wilt." He also said, "I bless God I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within." He said, "flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it," and that though his judgment submitted, yet, sense would still make him groan. Being asked by a person of rank, whether he had not great joy from his faith in future happiness, he replied, what else think you Christianity serves for? the consideration of the Deity in his glory and greatness, was too high for our thoughts; but the consideration of the Son of God in our nature, and of the saints in heaven, whom he knew and loved, did much sweeten and familiarize heaven to him.

He expressed a great willingness to die; and during his sickness, when the question was asked, how he did, his answer was, "*almost well.*" His joy was remarkable, when in his own apprehensions

death was nearest. And his spiritual joy was at length consummated in eternal joy\*.



### QUEEN MARY.

Died 1694, aged 32-3.

*I heard a voice from heaven, saying, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.*

REV. xiv. 13.

DAUGHTER of James the Second, consort of King William the Third, and a pattern of piety, good sense, and conjugal affection. In all the pleasures of life she maintained a true indifference as to the continuation of them, and she seemed to think of parting with them in so easy a manner, that it plainly appears how little possession they had obtained of her heart. She had no occasion for these thoughts from any other principle; but a mere disgust of this life, and the aspiration of her soul to a better. She apprehended she felt once or twice such indispositions that she concluded nature was proceeding toward some great sickness; and, accordingly, she endeavoured to take full and broad views of death, that hence she might judge how she should be able to encounter her enemy; but she found such a quiet indifference upon the prospect, *leaning rather toward the desire of a dissolution*, that she said,

\* Erasmus Middleton, and Life by Calamy, 1713.

“ though she did not pray for death, yet, she could neither wish nor pray against it ; she left that before God, and referred herself to the disposal of Providence. If she did not wish for death, yet she did not fear it.”

As this was her temper, when she viewed death at some distance, so she maintained the same calm when in the closest struggle with it. In her sickness, that of the small pox, *she only was serene, when all was in a storm about her.* The dismal sighs of all who came near her, could not discompose her. She was rising so fast above mortality, that even her husband, who was more to her than all the world besides, and to all whose thoughts she had been upon every other occasion entirely resigned, could not now inspire her with any desires of returning back to life. Her mind seemed to be disentangling itself from her body, and so she rose above that tenderness that had a greater influence upon her than all other earthly things whatever. It seemed, indeed, that all that was mortal was falling off, when even that could give her no uneasiness. She received the intimations of approaching death with a firmness that neither bent nor softened under that which has made the strongest minds tremble. Then, when even the most artificial grow sincere, when the mask of hypocrisy drops and opens the full soul to view, it appeared what a perfect calm, and how sublime a piety possessed her. A ready willingness to be dissolved, and an entire resignation to the will of God, did not

seem to forsake her so much as one minute, nor had any thing been left to be dispatched by her in her last hours. Her mind was in no hurry, but soft as the small voice that seemed to be calling her soul away to the regions above, she made her last steps with a stability and seriousness, that how little ordinary soever they be, were indeed, the correspondent harmonious conclusions of such a life as she had led. In her heavy disease, she felt no inward depression, nor sinking of nature. She then declared that *“she experienced the joys of a good conscience, and the powers of religion, giving her supports, which even the last agonies could not shake.”* Her constant gentleness to all about her never left her. That was indeed natural to her, but by its continuance with her in her sickness, all visibly perceived that nothing could put her mind out of its natural situation and usual state. A few hours before she breathed her last, when he who ministered to her in the best things, had continued in a long attendance about her, she was so free in her thoughts, that apprehending he might be weary, she commanded him to sit down, and repeated her orders, till he obeyed them; a thing too trifling in itself to be mentioned, but that it discovered her presence of mind, as well as the sweetness of her disposition. Prayer was then her constant exercise, as often as she was awake, and so sensible was the refreshment that her mind found in it, that she said she thought it did her more good, and gave her more ease, than any thing that was



done to her. Nature sunk apace. She received the blessed sacrament with a devotion that inflamed, as well as melted all who saw it. That being over, she gave up herself so entirely to meditation, that she seemed scarce to regard any thing beside. She was then upon the wing. Such was her peace in her latter end, that though the symptoms showed that nature was much oppressed, yet she scarce felt any uneasiness. It was only from what she perceived was done to her, and from those intimations that were given to her, that she judged her life to be in danger; but she scarce knew herself to be sick by any thing that she felt at heart. Her bearing so much sickness with so little emotion, was for a while imputed to that undisturbed quiet and patience in which she possessed her soul. But when she repeated it so often, that she felt herself well inwardly, it then appeared that there was a particular blessing, in so easy a conclusion of a life that had been led through a great variety of events with a constant equality of temper \*. The following are the particulars of the course of that fatal disease which terminated her invaluable life; but from a perusal even of the preceding narrative, the blessed effect of Christianity will have been seen in framing the mind to meekness and resignation in the hour of affliction, which reason, unaided by religion, could never have attained unto.

\* Burnet's Essay on her memory.

When she was first taken ill, the next day her illness seemed to go off: I had the honour to be half an hour with her that day, and she complained then of nothing. The day following she went abroad, but her illness returned so heavily on her, that she could disguise it no longer, for her indisposition increased upon her, and within two days after, the small pox appeared with very bad symptoms. The king was struck with this beyond expression. He called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to a most tender passion; he burst out into tears; and cried out that there was no hope of the queen; and that from being the happiest, he was now going to be the miserablest creature upon earth. He said, during the whole course of his marriage he had never known one single fault in her, there was a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself. Never was such a face of universal sorrow seen in a court or in a town, as at this time: all people, men and women, young and old, could scarce refrain from tears. The new archbishop attended on her; he performed all devotions, and had much private discourse with her: when the desperate condition she was in was evident beyond doubt, he told the king he could not do his duty faithfully, unless he acquainted her with the danger she was in: the king approved of it, and said, whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter. And as the archbishop was preparing the queen with some address, not to surprise her too much with the tidings, she presently

apprehended his drift, but shewed no fear or disorder upon it. She said she thanked God, she had always carried this in her mind, that *nothing was to be left to the last hour*. She had nothing then to do, but to look up to God and submit to his will; it went further indeed than submission; for she seemed to desire death rather than life; and she continued to the last minute of her life in that calm and resigned state. *She was almost perpetually in prayer*: the day before she died she received the sacrament, all the bishops who were attending, being admitted to receive it with her; we were, God knows, a sorrowful company; for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth; she followed the whole office, repeating it after the archbishop. After the sacrament was administered, she composed herself solemnly to die. She slumbered sometimes, but said she was not refreshed by it, and said often, that *nothing did her good but prayer*; she tried once or twice to have said something to the king, but was not able to go through with it. *She ordered the archbishop to be reading to her such passages of Scripture as might fix her attention, and raise her devotion*: several cordials were given, but all was ineffectual; she lay silent for some hours: in conclusion, she died on the 28th of December. She was more generally lamented than any other Princess in our nation and history\*.

Bishop Burnet.

## ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

Died November 22, 1694, aged 64-5.

*The life of a Christian man should be nothing but a preparedness to die.*

LATIMER.

ILLUSTRIOUS for his piety and learning. On the 17th day of November, in the year 1694, he was seized with a sudden illness, which proved fatal to him, and mournful to all the friends of true piety. The first attacks came upon him while he was in that employment in which he delighted most, at Church, and in the worship of God. He bore them with the usual neglect of himself, and though his countenance shewed he was ill, he would neither interrupt nor break off from those sacred exercises, nor make haste to look after his health. Ah! the unhappy neglect of a life that deserved so well to be carefully preserved. The fit came on slowly, but seemed to be fatal. All symptoms were melancholy. It soon turned to a dead palsy. The oppression was so great that it became very uneasy for him to speak, but it appeared that *his understanding was still clear, though others could not have the advantage of it*; he only said that *he had no burthen on his conscience*. All remedies proved ineffectual. *He expressed no concern to live, nor fear to die, but*

patiently bore his burthen till it sunk him on the fifth day, and in the 65th year of his age \*.

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REV. JOHN KETTLEWELL.

Died 1695, aged 42.

*I never did find so much the life of religion, and the feast of a good conscience, as since I came to these closer conflicts with the thoughts of death.*

EIKON BASILIKE.

AN able English divine of great piety, benevolence, and humility, and the friend of Mr. Robert Nelson, to whom we are indebted for the following narrative. In his sickness and preparation for death, he thought too much of his time taken up in receiving the kind visits of his friends; and would sometimes say, he wanted it to spend in devotion, and in packing up for his removal, according to the rules and directions he himself had laid down for it; and, therefore, when decently he could, he avoided them: though his good temper yet could not admit of any thing that looked harsh, and especially when it was the effect of respect and affection towards him. But of all his friends, which were many, none was ever more acceptable to

\* From the Minutes of the Rev. Mr. Young, Dean of Salisbury.

him than Mr. Nelson. Nor could, on the other hand, any one be ever more fond of every opportunity of conversing with this excellent person in his near approaches to death; all whose words made a most deep and lively impression upon his soul, which never afterwards left him. The account, therefore, which he who so intimately knew him, hath himself given of these visits in answer to Dr. Hicke's inquiry, who was unwillingly absent from him, it may not be amiss to give the reader in his own very words, as in confidence written to their common friend, that he might make what use thereof he should judge most proper to be done for preserving the memory of this servant of God, taken away early from the evil of the world.

“ I visited him,” says Mr. Robert Nelson, “ very often, because I found it grateful to him; not but that I was very desirous of it too, being sensible how short a time I was likely to enjoy so advantageous a conversation. However, out of respect, I should have forborne, if he had not suffered me with a great deal of willingness.

“ He had an entire trust and confidence in God, and would often say, ‘ that God was able, if he thought fit, to restore him to his health again, notwithstanding his great weakness; and that his medicines seemed to give him no encouragement; but that, according to appearances, his distemper was likely to end in his death.’ But as to the issues of life and death, he referred it wholly to God, who

knew what was best for him. He appeared to me, neither desirous of life, nor afraid of dying, but *he wholly resigned his will to the will of God*; and notwithstanding the well-grounded and comfortable hopes he had of a blessed immortality, *he never wished to have his pains shortened, nor the time of dissolution hastened, but was entirely resigned to what Providence should determine.*

“ I was once inquiring into some particulars of his past life, with a design of getting materials towards the assistance of such as should undertake to write it. He apprehending what I drove at, said to me, ‘ Mr. Nelson, it matters not that the world should be acquainted with the particulars of my life; they will be all laid open at the day of judgment, and then ’twill be time enough to have them known.’

“ He carried himself with great decency to those that attended him; his wife never did the least thing but he returned her thanks, as he did likewise upon several occasions to his servant that was always about him; which was a great mastery in such a languishing distemper, to overcome that peevishness which too ordinarily attends it.

“ I never found him in a murmuring complaining temper, but *when he was worst, he would always find out some favourable circumstances, for which he would thank God.* If he had not slept, he would thank God he had lain quiet, and had not been restless; if he had coughed much, he would thank God he had refreshing sleeps between his fits of

coughing. *He would always make the best of what he suffered*, and was thankful that it was not worse; so far from being discontented that it was so bad; He gave as little trouble as he could, and would suffer nobody to watch with him, till a night or two before he died.

“ I found him once very much concerned about the debates then on foot, concerning the doctrine of the blessed Trinity: he was extremely scandalized at the manner of managing that profound mystery: ‘What,’ said he, ‘shall they make this article of our faith, this profound mystery of our religion, of which a Christian should never speak or think without the greatest awe and veneration imaginable, a topic to vent their wit and scurrility upon, an occasion to expose one another, and gratify the enemies of our common Christianity!’

“ He was not less scandalized with the Funeral Sermons, that were stuffed with such fulsome panegyrics: it grieved him to the soul, to see flattery take sanctuary in the pulpit, when religion banishes it from common conversation.

“ On Thursday morning, the 11th of April, 1695, he apprehended himself departing, and said to Mr. Bell, the minister that attended him, ‘ I am now entering upon my last labour; the Lord gave, and he is now taking away, blessed be the name of the Lord. For, I thank my God, I am going without any distrust, without the least misgiving, to a place of rest, joy, and everlasting bliss. *There is no life*



*like a happy death* ; I have endeavoured, even from my youth, to approve myself a faithful servant to my great Master ; I have taken some pains in writing several books ; I have seriously considered them, and am fully satisfied (looking on those about him) that you may find in them the way to heaven : *the Christian duties contained therein have been my practice, as well as study, and now I find the advantage of it.* Therefore, be all of you careful to read them often and seriously, and live suitably thereunto, that when you come to the condition I am now in, you may die with comfort as you see me do. I have little pain indeed, but *my pain is nothing so extraordinary as my hopes*, for I have earnestly repented of all my sins, and verily believe that through the tender mercies of my God, and merits of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, I shall be carried up into Abraham's bosom.' After which he made this short prayer, 'I wait, O God, for that everlasting rest which I want at present, but shall not long ; I am ready when thou my God callest for me, yet can stay with patience till thou pleasest, for *thy time is the best time, and thy pleasure is the best pleasure.*'

“ After some of the prayers of the Church, and the commendatory one which he particularly desired, he gave a nephew of his, one John Davil, who was about fifteen years old, and of whose education he had taken the charge and care, some advice in several particulars, as 1st, To observe all the commandments

of God, for he that breaks one is guilty of the breach of all, for the wrath of God is revealed against all ungodliness, &c. ; 2d, To despise and condemn the world, i. e. let not the profits nor pleasures of it allure or tempt you ; nor let the fear of danger affright you from every Christian duty, but have a perfect dependence upon God, for he is a kind, merciful, and a good God, I have found him to be so ; 3d, To be humble, mild, and meek, to have candour and charity, &c. ; Then he exhorted him from all vice, as from pride, passion and dissimulation, hypocrisy, lying, of which last he said, ‘Do not tell a lie, no, not to save a world, not to save your king, nor yourself.’ Next he gave his sister some directions of the like nature, how to teach and instruct her children. His brother coming in, he told him wherein he had given him offence, forgave him heartily, and prayed for him and his : then he said, ‘Brother, have I done you any wrong ? tell me, for if I have, I am ready and willing to make compensation ;’ being answered, ‘No,’ he put the same question to several others present, ‘for’ said he, ‘I am now going to offer my gift upon the altar, therefore if my brother hath ought against me, I must first be reconciled to my brother, and then offer my gift.’

“The afternoon before he died, he was pleased to acknowledge my friendship towards him ; but said, his wife had no reason to expect the same to her. I knew his concern for her, and gave him all the assurances of treating her as the relict of one whom I

greatly esteemed, and dearly loved. Some little time after this he turned to me as I sat by his bedside, and, in a voice which I could hardly hear, said, ‘ Mr. Nelson, *it is brave to go to a place, where one can enjoy a friend, without fear of losing him.* Where every thing is agreeable, because neither sin nor sorrow enter; where “there needs no sun to shine, forasmuch as God is the light of that place, and every saint is a star, each ones bliss is felt by every blessed inhabitant, and happiness is dispensed by a blessed circulation.’ He added something more about the New Jerusalem, and the heavenly state, which I lost by the lowness of his voice, and his difficulty in speaking. The same afternoon he desired his wife to read to him out of his book of death, which she did at two several times, at which he was extraordinarily devout, and very thankful to her, according to his usual custom, for her assistance. After this he called her to him, and said, ‘ Child, trust God with thyself; I trust him with thee freely. *God’s providence is the best protection*; and there is no such way to engage his good Providence as by trusting him.’ Some time the same afternoon, she asked him how he did; he answered her, very praiseworthy ‘ well, I thank God, for one near departing.’ The prayers in the last agonies were read to him, at his desire, out of that book which was made the companion of his sickness, and which was the last effort of his charity for the salvation of his brethren. He sunk all of a sudden, for being raised to take some

chocolate for his refreshment, he died in a moment in that posture \*."



JAMES ZUINGER.

Died 1696.

*Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God :  
A port of calms, a state of ease,  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.*

PARNELL.

A VERY celebrated physician, son of Theodore Zuinger, of Basil. While, with unwearied industry, he was attending to the sick, regardless of his own health compared with theirs, he himself was attacked with a violent complaint, from the effect of which he was soon confined to his bed. If the prudence of man and the skilfulness of art could have arrested death, Zuinger had lived. But the force of disease rendered all medicines unavailing, a malignant fever had made havoc in the heart itself, the secret dwelling-place of life. This wise man, whose prudence prepared him for every blow, perceived that the hour drew near, in which the divorce of body and soul was soon to take place; he, therefore, exerted his faith in this combat between life and death, like a good soldier, he fought a good fight, and received aid from

\* Mr. Robert Nelson.

on high. He frequently broke out into these expressions, "I rejoice and triumph in the hour which is now dawning upon me, wherein I begin to behold face to face the All-powerful Jehovah, whose glory, while investigating nature, I have adored, whose kindness I have admired, and to whom my devoutest aspirations have ascended." His disorder increased rapidly. However excruciating his pain, so far from manifesting impatience, or uttering a complaining word against the Lord and his mysterious dispensations, he placed his trust in the divine mercy, and, with a noble fortitude thus said with Job: "although, Oh Lord, thou shouldest slay me, yet will I trust in thee." He recalled to mind that beautiful sentiment from the daily exercise of piety by St. Augustin, "*Thou art my Father when thou smilest on me, thou art my Father when thou chastisest me.* Thou dost exercise thy loving mercy towards me, that I may never forsake thee, thou dost chastise me, that I may never eternally perish." As when the seaman making toward land from the deep and stormy ocean, urges the dashing oar with greater eagerness when he beholds the peaceful haven; thus, Zuinger, enjoying a foretaste of eternal felicity, and as though wishing to be dissolved, to be with Christ, exclaimed, "Oh Lord Jesus come, come quickly, and have compassion on my pains." His prayers were not breathed forth in vain. They were heard by Him, who, in his omniscience, marked down the number of our days before we were born, with the finger of his Provi-

dence. Jehovah withdrew the wrestling but victorious Zuinger from the pains of death. While he was longing for and invoking the only Mediator, Christ, without commotion, without fear, and with a full assurance of future life, his blessed soul was liberated from its prison-house. He expired September 11. His beloved consort, his faithful companion in life and death, having caught the same fever, led the way into the heavenly mansion only six hours previously \*.



MRS. BAYNARD.

Died 1697, aged 24-25.

*How often does God warn men by the exemplary lives of good men, and by the punishment of the wicked! How does he call upon them by sickness and diseases, by graves and monuments, by death and judgment, by heaven and hell, to mind the things that belong to their peace, before they are hid from their eyes!*

BELLARMIN.

POSSESSING an acute and comprehensive mind, an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a retentive memory, she was accustomed to declare "that it was a sin to be content with a little knowledge." To the great and indeed extraordinary endowments of her mind, she added the virtues of the heart; she was modest, humble, and benevolent, exemplary in her whole conduct, and in every relative duty. She

\* Adami Vitæ Medicorū, fol. 186.

was pious and constant in her devotions, both public and private; beneficent to the poor, simple in her manners, retired and rigid in her notions and habits. It was her custom to lay aside a certain portion of her income, which was not large, for charitable purposes; to this she added an ardent desire for the moral and mental improvement of those within her circle and influence. About two years previous to her death, she seems to have been impressed with an idea of her early dissolution, which first suggested itself to her mind while walking alone among the tombs in a church-yard, and which she indulged with much complacency.

On her death-bed she earnestly entreated the minister who attended her, "that he would exhort all the young people of his congregation to the study of wisdom and knowledge, as the means of moral improvement and real happiness. I could wish," said she, "that all young persons might be exhorted to the practice of virtue, and to encrease their knowledge by the study of philosophy; and especially to read the great book of nature, wherein they may see the wisdom and power of the Creator, in the order of the universe, and in the production and preservation of all things. *That women are capable of such improvements which will better their judgments and understandings, is past all doubt, would they but set about it in earnest, and spend but half that time in study and thinking, which they do in visits, vanity, and folly.* It would introduce a com-

posure of mind, and lay a solid basis for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be better enabled to serve God, and to help their neighbours." She died, anno 1697, at Barnes, aged about 25\*.

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REV. THOMAS COLE, M.A.

Died 1697, aged 70.

*Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

1 COR. XV. 57.

STUDENT of Christ Church, Oxford, principal of St. Mary Hall, in the same University, and tutor to the celebrated John Locke. His last observations pour-tray a truly religious frame of mind. "*It would be miserable dying,*" said he, "*if we had nothing to ground our hope of eternal life upon* : better never to have been born. I should not dare to look death in the face, if it were not for the comfortable assurance that faith giveth me of eternal life in Christ. I wait for a peaceable dismissal. I long to see salvation—ere long, I shall be where I shall be freed from all pain. I would not live always ; I long to be with Christ in Paradise. ' Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' Pray that my eyes may be closed in the shades of death. ' The Spirit says come, and the bride saith come, Oh come ! Lord Jesus, come quickly ! Father not my will, but thine be done.'

\* John Prade, &c.



“ [To rise for a little while, is but a sorry rising ; but to rise to go to bed no more, is a glorious resurrection : then we shall ever be with the Lord. It is well for us our souls do not stand upon the same terms with God, as our bodies do ; for they must die ; but eternal life possesseth the soul, and will never leave it. If Christ had not gone into the grave before us, it would have been a dismal place to have stepped into ; but he hath walked through that dark valley. No man is against his gain : if we did but believe that to die was gain, persons would not be so afraid of it. It is a pleasant thing to die ; I am waiting for thy salvation. A believer cannot but long for that which is pleasant. You are come to hear my last dying groans ; but know when you hear them, it is the sweetest breath that ever I drew. I bless God I am going where I shall want nothing. I have a promise I shall ever be with the Lord. Christ is gone to prepare a place for me, and I am satisfied. *I long for death, as a weary traveller doth for his rest* : nothing troubles me but life ; and nothing will relieve me but death : but let God do with me what he will : all he does is best. *I shall quickly sleep, and then wake in an eternal day.* Ere long, my days and nights will all be one. *How soon is nature overset by the God of nature, unless the God of grace stand by to support it* : a finite creature could not endure, if everlasting arms were not underneath.

“ The apprehensions that faith gives me of a bet-

ter life is my comfort : and as for going, God can make it no loss to you, nor loss to me ; and that will be a blessed return of prayer. If we had not the hope of the glory of God, this world would moulder away, as poor and despicable. I long for God to speak the word : it is better to be with God than here. We look here, and we look there ; but when all is set before us, then we see that in the mysteries of God, which we never saw before : all is made out. God loveth to be with those that love to be with him. Pray that God would only glorify himself, and his own name, in my life or death. Time passeth away into eternity, where there is no end : I am coming down to the dust of death, *we live but dying lives in the body* ; they are but short recoveries of any time that we have, till death be swallowed up of life. I long to be immortal ; it is a mean thing to live a dying life." This pious and venerable servant of Christ fell asleep in the Lord, anno 1697.



CLAUDE BROUSSON.

Died 1698, aged 50-51.

*The souls under the altar look for us to fill up their number : happy are we if God have so appointed us.* BRADFORD.

FEW persons have afforded a more noble instance of fortitude in the hour of death, than this martyr in the cause of the Protestant religion. He was a native

of Nismes : but, having permitted a meeting of the leading members of his communion to be held in his house, after their Churches had been demolished, he was obliged to take refuge in Geneva and other places in succession. He was at last seized, and broken on the wheel at Montpellier.

While he was in his chamber, a stranger entered with a portrait of Brousson in his hand, in order to apprehend him by the resemblance. Being asked whether he were Brousson, he replied, such was his name, and though girt with a sword, yet gentle as a lamb, he permitted himself to be brought before the Prefect. On his way, he either raised his eyes towards heaven, or, with a tranquil countenance, recognised whatever friends he met in his road.

He besought God to grant him grace to follow the example of his Saviour, and suffer death for the Gospel with resignation. When brought up for sentence of condemnation, and asked by his judge who and what he was ? He replied, " that his name was Claude Brousson, a minister of the Church, and that he preached to his countrymen, according to the laws of conscience and the precepts of the Gospel." He said this with such firmness of mind, that the judges themselves declared they were astonished. He then proceeded with these words. " Consider, my Lords, with what motives must I have been actuated, that I should for so many years have exposed my life to danger. I knew that I was every where being sought for, and frequently have I been

compelled to dwell in deserts and caves of the earth, where the means of subsistence were wanting. I exposed myself to every peril, and have been in constant danger. Can you think, my Lords, that if I had not been influenced by religious feeling, I would have exposed myself to so many perils and calamities? God hath bestowed his loving kindness on me, and hath given me firmness of mind every where to preach his Gospel. I have never exhorted the people to rise in rebellion and sedition against my prince, but, in my discourses, if I ever perceived one of my congregation carrying any kind of weapon, I paused, and admonished that man how unbecoming it was to distrust Omnipotence. These things I declare, not to implore your clemency, that were vain; for I know that my death is already decreed by you; but I speak to repel those accusations with which I this day stand charged, and that you may behold my innocence."

Hearing the sentence of death pronounced, which condemned him to the most excruciating tortures, and lastly, to the wheel itself, his mind became elevated; and presently, on his knees, he poured forth his prayers to God. Having taken off his clothes, to undergo his cruel punishments, "you may break," said he, "every one of my bones, if you will, but you shall never extort from me any more than what I have already told you." With a humble and resigned mind, he cried out, "O Lord have mercy on me, a sinful creature, and in the state wherein

thou seest me placed, do not desert me. Give me constancy and firmness of mind, by which I may be able to endure my torments and the various ills, which, for the glory of thy sacred name, I willingly undergo." It was very soon evident that his sufferings would draw forth no unworthy confessions from him. He was, therefore, allowed to put on his clothes, and then to proceed to the place appointed for his martyrdom. When arrived at the gate, *he began to sing: "I will never cease to magnify the Lord," &c.* Warned to keep silence, for fear of producing a sedition: "there is no reason for such fear," said he, "I will, nevertheless, cease, and silently pray to the Lord." *He went to his death with a pleasing expression of countenance as though to a banquet.* During his journey he kept his eyes directed toward heaven, and was so wrapt in contemplation, and religious ecstasy, that he scarcely looked on those by whom he was surrounded. When arrived at the steps of the engine, with bended knees he implored the Supreme Being, ascended the steps, and commanded the executioner to do his duty\*.

\* Mercure Historique et Politique, de 1698, 1699.

## STEPHEN MORIN.

Died anno 1700, aged 73.

*Thy labour shall end in rest, thy sorrow shall clear up in joy, and when the darkness of this transitory life scatters and wears off, a glorious morning shall dawn in comfort unspeakable, and the meridian sun of righteousness shall warm thee into new life, and shed his bright beams upon thy head.* ST. BERNARD.

THE learned Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Amsterdam, the friend of Huetius, Bochart, and others ; born at Caen. Frequently he preached to his congregation twice or thrice in a day, nor from this active course of life and ardent desire to benefit the Church of Christ did he ever desist, excepting when sickness and death compelled him to cease from his labours : for when on the 4th day of June, in the year before his decease, he had expressed a desire to address the congregation, his wife, children, and all his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from his design ; but he would not relinquish a sense of his duty, determining rather to be supported in his pulpit, than not to die in it, inasmuch as on a former occasion, a noble commander had declared, that he ought to die standing. This strength of mind he retained to the last hour of his life, and when he was no longer able to proceed in his discourse, he lamented nothing more deeply, than that he must henceforth be considered a useless member of the Church, and a cumberer of the ground ; during the whole time of his health, he never felt more

severely than when he was compelled to absent himself—from the sacred discourses preached in the house of God, the threshold of which he had so often trod—from the congregation of the faithful, of which to that day he had formed a part, and—from that flock which he had till then fed with so much care and pastoral affection. He grieved to see himself now torn away and separated from them for ever. Frequently did he manifest a kind of displeasure towards his domestics, who prohibited his leaving home and kept him to his room, in order to prevent him from going to the house of the Lord. This alone disturbed him, this only he could not patiently endure. His body, it is true, was on the couch, but his mind and affections were in the Church of God; and when he was not able to move himself to that holy place his thoughts went there and mingled with the devotions of his beloved congregation. The thirsty stag does not more ardently pant for the cooling stream, than did he for those living waters from Siloa's fount and those heavenly dews of Hermon, the sacred oracles of his God. So intent was he on every sacred employment, especially that which related to the word of God, that he taught it to others so long as he was permitted by his friends. With the same faith in which he lived he died. He possessed a singular degree of fortitude, not only in life, but in the hour of death: for when in the last stage of life he began to contend with his painful and unremitting disorder, and was confined for several months, not only to his chamber,

but to his bed, and by degrees became debilitated both in mind and body ; with what patience through every period did he not frame his mind to endure every degree of suffering ? with what humility did he not submit to the chastening hand of God, and without murmuring, resign himself wholly to the dispensations of Providence ? Not a word was heard from his lips for the space of ten months, from which one could infer the least impatience or complaint, much less of anger and passion. He acquiesced in the judgments of the Lord, submitting himself to his will, and enduring the evils permitted by him, with a gentle and placid, a contented and even cheerful mind ; and as Job, seated on the ground, though pierced through with many pains, afforded us a noble example of patience ; so he, following his steps, as well as he could, said with that Patriarch, after he had lost his goods, “ The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” Whenever afflicted with the most intense pains, “ have we received good from the Almighty,” said he, “ and shall we not receive evil ?” With a voice though weak, yet as strong as a dying man could exert, he said, “ our great Shepherd as a Lamb was delivered over for death, to suffer excruciating pains and great ignominy for us, and we for his sake with difficulty endure the slightest illness or the most trifling pains. He permitted himself to be bound for us, to be scourged and buffeted, and to be lifted on the cross ; we will scarcely bear up under the most



common griefs. His blood for us he shed, and every torment of mind and body he endured ; we will seldom undergo the smallest suffering for him." By these meditations the professor sustained the faculties of his soul, and mitigated the pains of his body. He revolved the subject of religion in his mind, at one time fixing his thoughts on the Church, at another upon his family, now on himself, and now on the salvation of his soul. The state of the Church was present to his mind, and he lamented the wretched condition of the Protestant Church in France. He represented to himself those dreadful torments and cruel punishments which were used against them, the rods, chains, the prisons and galleys. For his suffering brethren he had formerly poured forth his most ardent prayers, and now in like manner he earnestly continued them. For his wife, children, and the great family of human nature he felt more solicitude than for himself. The full extent of true love, and the strength of paternal affection appeared in his behaviour to his daughter, who in return most tenderly loved her parent. For when at the same time she also was confined to her room, and in the higher chamber became almost sick unto death, labouring under a contagious disorder he requested to be carried up thither, and embracing his daughter, consoled his beloved child, and in attending to her recovery neglected his safety. Neither his age, infirmity, nor the natural anxiety of life could deter him from the endeavour in his last hours to see her, and bid her an eternal

farewell. Not to her only, but to his wife and son, and every sublunary scene, this venerable old man took leave before he departed this world for the habitations of eternal rest and joy. And when, from the number of his years, his health had been broken down and debilitated, becoming every day more infirm, he prepared himself for immortal life, commending his soul, which he possessed in patience, into the hands of God who gave it. The Pastors of the French Church came to converse with him in his last moments, and poured forth their prayers for him: to all of them, the pious and learned Morin, following the examples of our Saviour and his disciple St. John, commended peace, concord, and mutual love; and thus, in the presence of his wife, not without tears and sighs, he took his last farewell, thenceforth directing all his thoughts to religious meditations. He said with Jacob, "I have waited for thy salvation O Lord;" with St. Paul, "I desire to be dissolved, and to be with thee O Christ;" with St. Stephen, "receive my spirit;" with Christ himself, "into thy hands, O Father, I commend my spirit." Nor were his petitions offered up in vain, he hoped in God, in him only and his Son, in whose merits he placed all his trust; he knew that his Redeemer lived, and that he should with his own eyes behold him face to face in the heaven of heavens. Relying on this faith, full of hope, and engaged in sacred meditations, he now perceived death approaching step by step. He fell as though into a

deep sleep, without any pain, without one groan, or any symptom of suffering; and thus placidly and tranquilly departed this life. He who had ever loved peace, he who had always lived in peace, departed as he had lived, with an unclouded and untroubled mind \*.



## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

REV. WILLIAM BURKITT, M.A.

Died October 24, 1703, aged about 53.

*Let us seriously lay to heart, that our time in this world is but a short eve to an everlasting sabbath.*—CLARENDON TRACT.

VICAR and Lecturer of Dedham, in Essex. A seven days' conflict with a very malignant fever carried him off. He was, according to his desire, taken with his death-sickness upon a Lord's-day, when he was in the service of God at Church, and he went to keep his everlasting Sabbath upon the Lord's-day after, about eleven of the clock in the forenoon, where he rests from his labours, and his works will follow him.

*When he came to lie upon his death-bed, there was a sweet calmness and serenity upon his spirit, and expression of his glorious hopes: I will give you his words to me, when he took his solemn leave*

\* Francii oratio xxxiii in funere Stephani Morini, fol. 509 et 518, &c.

of me on the Friday night after the fit was returned that proved fatal; they were these; "I shall leave you, but may the presence of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with you; may the presence of the whole Trinity be with you: I hope to see you again with joy at the resurrection of the just." And he added, '*What you have seen in me that is good and imitable, follow it; but what you have observed in me that is not so, let not your affection and love to me sway you to do it.*'

When his friends about him bewailed their great loss, which they feared was coming upon them by his departure, he desired them not to be too much concerned for him; "for to him," he said, "to live would be Christ, and to die would be gain" and added, "that God would provide for them."

He blessed God that he had finished what he designed upon the New Testament, and that the way of it was prepared and ushered in with very many prayers of his; and he hoped, through God's blessing it would prove beneficial to many, and especially to his own people.

There were several persons by his dying bed, who having declared that under God he had been the instrument of their conversion, put him into an ecstasy of joy. So happily fruitful was his ministry.

His patience in his last sickness was very exemplary: he declared that God made his sick bed easy to him, and said, "he had preached patience, and wrote of patience, and, therefore, was bound to prac-

tise patience: His frame was a continual course of prayer, thanksgiving, and cheerful resignation to the will of God.

He counselled those about him to remember what he had instructed them in from the pulpit, and in private, and that they would order their lives agreeably thereunto, this natural temper was of the happiest and best sort, cheerful enough, and withal very serious. This holy man, a very little time before his expiring breath, signifying his desire to leave this life, prayed in these words, "Come Lord Jesus \*."

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### BOURDALOUE.

Died May 13, 1704, aged 71-2.

*Thou art made of the same earth, livest upon the same products, and shalt return to the same dust with them, perhaps—this very day!*

ST. BERNARD.

THIS celebrated preacher felt unwell on the 11th of May, and *from the first day of his illness he discovered that he was struck with death.* He did not lose his usual presence of mind in this imminent danger; and it would be difficult to shew more courage and constancy than appeared in his conduct. His malady was an internal and very malignant fever,

\* Life by Nathaniel Parkhurst, Vicar of Yoxford, in Suffolk, October, 1707. Biog. Dict.

preceded by a bad cough, which he had for many weeks, during which his zeal did not allow him to take so much care as was necessary; for, ill as he was, he did not give up preaching; nor, according to custom, hearing confessions. But at last he was obliged to cease. On Sunday, after having with great difficulty performed mass, he was obliged to go to bed. Although he guessed his situation, he desired, notwithstanding, to be told candidly the opinion of the physicians; they informed him, as he wished; and without waiting till the person who told him had concluded, he said, “*That is enough, I understand you; I must now do what I have preached and exhorted others to do* \*.”

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JOHN LOCKE,

Died October 18, 1704, aged 72.

*We lodge in a moveable tent, and are travellers and strangers in a foreign land, but we are free denizens of heaven, and our home and all our privileges and properties are there.*

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE celebrated author of “The Essay on Human Understanding.” Mr. Locke’s strength began to fail him more remarkably than ever, at the entrance of the summer of the year 1703, and he seemed

\* Life of Bourdaloue.

now convinced that his dissolution was at no great distance, and often spoke of it himself, but with great composure; though he omitted none of the precautions which his skill in physic taught him that had any tendency to prolong his life. Mr. Coste, who lived in Sir Francis Masham's family, says, "two or three weeks before Mr. Locke's death, as he was sitting in a garden, taking the air in a bright sunshine, whose warmth afforded him a great deal of pleasure, which he improved as much as possible, by causing his chair to be drawn more and more towards the sun as it went down, we happened to speak of Horace, I know not on what occasion, and having repeated to him these verses, where that poet says of himself that he was

Solibus aptum, &c.

'that he loved the warmth of the sun, and though naturally choleric, was easily appeased.' Mr. Locke replied, that if he durst compare himself with Horace in any thing, he thought he was perfectly like him in those two respects. But that you may be the less surprised at his modesty upon this occasion, I must at the same time inform you, that *he looked upon Horace to be one of the wisest and happiest Romans that lived in the age of Augustus, by means of the care he took to preserve himself clear of ambition and avarice, to keep his desires within bounds, and to cultivate the friendship of the greatest men of those times, without living in their dependance.*"

Mr. Locke's weakness continued to increase, and at length his legs began to swell, and for some weeks before his death he could not walk, but was carried about the house in an arm-chair. As he had been incapable for a considerable time of going to Church, he thought proper to receive the Sacrament at home, and two of his friends communicating with him, as soon as the office was finished, he told the minister, "*That he was in perfect charity with all men, and in a sincere communion with the Church of Christ, by what name soever it might be distinguished.*"

His weak and languishing state did not prevent his conversing with his usual cheerfulness and good humour ; and when some persons seemed to wonder at it, he said, "while we are alive let us live." On the day before his death, Lady Masham going to see him, and not finding him in his study where he used to be, seemed to wonder at that alteration. He told her he could not bear the fatigue of rising, having wearied himself too much with it the day before, and that he did not know whether he should ever rise again. He could not eat that day, and in the afternoon some persons who kept him company, went into his chamber, and asked him, if they should read something to amuse him ; but he declined it. However, some papers being brought into his chamber, he inquired what they were, and caused them to be read to him : after which he said, "*that his work here was almost at an end, and he thanked God for it.*" Soon after somebody coming near his



bed, he desired they would remember him in the evening prayers. They told him, that if he pleased the family would come to prayers in his chamber, to which he agreed. They asked him, if he thought he was near death; he answered, "that perhaps he might die that night, but that he could not live above three or four days." He was then in a cold sweat, but that left him in a little time. He was asked to drink some mum, a liquor which he had drank with pleasure the week before, and which he considered the most wholesome of all strong drinks. He took some spoonful then, and drank to the health of the company, "wishing them all happiness when he should be gone." There being, afterwards, nobody else in the chamber but Lady Masham, who sat by the bed-side, "*he exhorted her to look on this world only as a state of preparation for a better.*" He added, "*that he had lived long enough, and that he thanked God he had enjoyed a happy life; but, that after all he looked upon this life to be nothing but vanity.*" After supper the family came up into his chamber to prayers; between eleven and twelve o'clock, he seemed to be a little better. Lady Masham would have sat up with him, but he would not permit her, saying, that perhaps he might sleep, and if he should find any alteration he would send for her. He did not rest that night, but resolved to try to rise the next day, which he did. He was carried into his study, and was seated in an easy chair, where he slept by fits some considerable

time. Then thinking himself somewhat better, he had a mind to be dressed as usual, and asked for some small beer which he used very seldom to taste. After that he desired Lady Masham, who was reading to herself in the Psalms while they dressed him, to read aloud, which accordingly she did, and he seemed very attentive, till he was hindered by the nearer approaches of death: upon which he desired her to read no more, and expired a few minutes after, on the 18th of October, 1704, about three in the afternoon \*.

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### JOHN RAY.

Died January, 1705-6, aged about 78.

*What strange perverseness and dotage is this we labour under, to thirst after the gall and wormwood of this world, to court the storms and shipwrecks of worldly cares, and not rather to aim at the felicity of the saints, the society of God and angels, and unfading happiness.*

ST. BERNARD.

AN English divine, eminent for his piety, and for his great acquirements in Natural History. In his last moments he delivered this encomium on the established Church of England. "I am a priest of the Church of England, ordained by Dr. Sanderson, then Bishop of Lincoln. *That I did not follow the peculiar functions of my duty more, is now the*

\* Life of Locke.

*greatest concern and trouble to me.* I do here profess that as I have lived, so I desire and by the grace of God resolve, to die, in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true though unworthy son of the Church by law established in this kingdom. I do think, from the bottom of my heart, that its doctrine is pure, its worship decent, and agreeable to the word of God, and in the most material points of both conformable to the faith and practice of the godly churches of Christ, in the primitive and purer times. I am not led to this persuasion so much from force of custom and education, as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason. And after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds thereof, *I am fully persuaded that the scruples men raise against joining in communion with it, are unreasonable and groundless, and that the separation which is made, may very justly be charged upon the dissenters themselves, as the blame-worthy authors of it \*.*"

• Rev. Mr. Pyke.

## WILLIAM LAMOIGNON.

Died 1709, aged about 65.

*Why should we Christians fear death? Can death deprive us of Christ, who is all our comfort, our joy, and our life? Nay, forsooth death shall deliver us from this mortal body, which loadeth and beareth down the spirit, that it cannot so well perceive heavenly things.*

BISHOP RIDLEY. }

MARQUIS DE BAVILLE, whose prudence, amiable temper, talents for public affairs, and admiration of learning and learned men, gained him universal esteem. Flechier spoke his funeral oration, and Boileau mentions him with the highest encomiums: President of the Parliament of Paris, and eminent for his Christian virtues. *He had long considered death not only as necessary to mankind in general, but to a Christian as peculiarly advantageous.* When struck by death's dart, he was not confused. Perceiving that his last hour drew near, he fortified his mind against fear, by frequent and serious meditations. Unmoved, he beheld the hour of his departure. He knew that the world would vanish from his view, he never had deemed it lasting. Fully sensible that eternity was hastening towards him, he exerted all his strength, that he might finish well his course. Convinced that God was just, he revered him, and awaited him with confidence. He departed this life with a kind and tender affection for his family and

friends. Banishing all mortal cares, he meditated only on the salvation of his soul \*.

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## BISHOP BULL.

Died February 7, 1710, aged about 76.

*So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

THE learned and pious Bishop of St. David's. The bishop, by the method of his studies, contracted several indispositions of body, such as commonly attend all hard students, especially if they remain up till late hours. But, though this was agreeable enough to his genius, and very serviceable to the end he proposed by it, yet he was at last convinced of its fatal effects upon his whole constitution, which he thereby found sensibly broken. All the time he continued in the diocese of St. David's; he was never well long together. Colds, and other distempers which take thence their rise, created him almost continually some uneasiness in his body, the entire frame whereof he perceived was greatly impaired, and particularly his eye-sight, the decay of which he attributed to nothing else but his studying so much at unseasonable hours.

On the 27th of September, 1709, he was seized with a violent coughing and spitting of blood. The

\* Flechiér in oratione funebri habità, Feb. 13. fol. 146.

danger was arrested for a short period by drinking occasionally two or three glasses of cold water and breathing a vein; but he was so weakened by loss of blood, that he was soon confined to his chamber. He then perceived that his dissolution was near at hand, and accordingly declared, "that he was now sensible of his own decay, and that he was sure he could not live many days." His physicians seemed to incline to the same opinion after some short attendance: though they expressed themselves herein with some hesitation and reserve, which the good bishop perceiving, thus addressed himself to one of them. "*Doctor, you need not be afraid to tell me freely what your opinion of me is: for I thank my good God, I am not afraid to die: it is what I have expected long ago, and I hope I am not unprepared for it now.*"

Repentance and mortification had been so much the happy work of his strongest and healthful days, that when death approached, he received the summons not only with resignation, but with some degree of satisfaction. He had wisely made such a careful preparation for his last hours, that he was now able to bear the thoughts and approaches of his great change without amazement: he had overcome that strong inclination of nature, whereby men usually cleave so fast to life: and by the wiser dictates of reason and religion, became willing and contented to die, whenever God thought fit. This sense of his approaching departure out of the world, made him

careful not to omit any thing that could be now done both for himself and family, for the better securing their common interest, and salvation. During the time, therefore, of his confinement, he would often have the family to prayers in his chamber, at the usual hour, and the prayers for the sick, in the Office of Visitation, were added on those occasions; and sometimes the Litany. The prayers for the sick were frequently repeated during the whole time of his illness, in which he expressed always the greatest devotion.

A few days before his death, while in the presence of several persons, he made a solemn confession and declaration of the conduct of his whole life, and so took his leave of the world in a manner the most edifying that could be. Mr. Bull, his son, Mr. Archdeacon Stephens, his son-in-law, and Mr. Philips, a clergyman of that neighbourhood, and his own chaplain, were of the number of those that were present, who were edified not a little with what they heard from his mouth; and have all attested, that as *he bore his last sufferings with a resigned temper and firmness of mind, which nothing but the grace of God, and the consciousness of a well spent life could inspire, so that they never knew a warmer example to influence all within the reach of it, to a just sense of their own duty.*

First, the bishop made a public confession of his faith in the words of the Apostles' Creed. Then he gave a short account of his life, running over the

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several stages of it, making useful remarks upon the principal passages which occurred in each stage : recounting the several errors and miscarriages which attended them; as far as he could recollect them by his memory at that time. From the former, he took occasion to admire the goodness and wisdom of Divine Providence, in the disposal of all the events of things and conditions of men in the world. And to bless God for all his dispensations towards himself in particular, whether of good or evil things in the whole course of his life.

The latter gave him occasion to renew his sorrow and repentance for them, and for all the other offences in his life past, which he might have forgotten, or could not at present recollect, for all which, he expressed his earnest desire of mercy and forgiveness, in some short but fervent prayers and ejaculations. And, because what he now did, was perfectly conformable to that public profession which he had formerly made when he was in health, and with the prospect of such an hour as this, the reader, perhaps, will not be sorry to have here a copy of it, which is as followeth :—“ I most firmly believe,” said he, “ that as I yield a stedfast assent to the Gospel of Christ, and as I work out repentance by that faith, shaking off by the grace of God the yoke of every deadly sin, and in earnest, devoting myself to the observation of his evangelical law ; I shall obtain, by the sovereign mercy of God the Father, for the merits only of Jesus Christ, his Son, and my Lord



and Saviour, who offered up himself unto the Father, a truly expiatory sacrifice for my sins, and for the sins of the whole world, the full remission of all my past sins, be they never so many and great. But then I have no otherwise any confidence of my sins being forgiven me, or of my being in a state of grace and salvation, but, as by a serious examination of my conscience, made according to the rule of the Gospel, there shall be evidence of the sincerity of my faith and repentance. And I believe, moreover, that while I bring forth fruits worthy of faith and repentance, and while I not only abstain from those crimes, which, according to the Gospel, exclude a man from heaven, but so diligently, likewise, exercise myself in good works, both those of piety towards God, and those of charity towards my neighbour, so long I may preserve the grace that is given me of remission and justification: and that if I die in this state, I am in the way of obtaining it by the mercy of God, and eternal life and salvation for the sake of Jesus Christ. I believe, yet, that I may fall away, and after having received the Holy Ghost, may, as our Church speaketh, depart from grace: and that, therefore, I ought to work out my salvation with fear and trembling. I believe, also, that in the Gospel there is pardon promised to all that fall, let it be never so often, so that they do before their death renew their repentance, and do again their first works: but then there is not any where promised to them, either space of life, or grace, that they may repent. I believe that

there is given to certain persons a certain extraordinary grace, according to the good pleasure of God: but I account it the greatest madness for any one, therefore, to presume upon such a grace, or to challenge aught for himself beyond the promises of God, which are made in the Gospel. And, lastly, it is my firm belief, that throughout the whole course of my salvation, from the very first setting out to the end thereof, the grace and assistance of God's Spirit is absolutely necessary: and that I never have done, and never can do any spiritual good without Christ, is my full and certain persuasion."

This is the confession of his faith, which he declared on his death-bed. While to his faith he thus added repentance, and to repentance charity, as the life and soul of them both: and casting himself, after having done all, upon the infinite mercies of God, and the inestimable merits of Christ, with the deepest sense of his own unworthiness, thereby, expressed the true and only way of justification, which he had chosen; of which he had long before said, "This is the way of salvation, which, by God's grace, I have entered into, or at least, have desired to enter into; which I have, therefore, chosen, because it is clearly set forth to me in the Holy Scriptures, and is a trodden and a safe way, which all catholic Christians for fifteen hundred years at least, from our Saviour's birth, have trodden before me." And which was now ratified by this, his last authentic act and deed, made before many witnesses. For having now solemnly

professed his faith, that he might testify to them his earnest desire of dying in the communion of the Apostles; and adored the most wise and gracious providence of God towards him, upon a faithful review of the good and evil of his life past, from his first setting out to the last period of it; he gave glory to God in the profound humiliation of his soul, and by suitable acts of contrition, adapted to several parts of his life, magnified the grace of his Redeemer, calling upon him by faith, with great fervency, for inward purification and perfect remission of his sins, with devout acts and aspirations, expressing the sincerity of his faith and repentance, and concluded in the very words of the Psalmist David, "Who can tell how oft he offendeth? O cleanse thou me from my secret faults."

After this the good bishop expressed his charity in all the branches of it, as far as he was then able to do it, namely, in a hearty desire of *forgiveness* from all those whom he had offended or misused, and in a cheerful readiness to forgive those who had done him any hurt or injury. As to the other branch of charity, that of giving, he had done it in so generous and plentiful a manner all his life-time, that he did not express any great concern, that the circumstances of his family were not such as would not admit of any act of charity of this kind; this he concluded, likewise, with suitable prayers and intercessions.

In the last place, he professed that as he had always lived, so he was now resolved to die in the

communion of the Church of England, and declared that he believed it was the best-constituted Church this day in the world; for that its doctrine, government, and way of worship were in the main the same with those of the primitive Church. He then put up some prayers for its peace and prosperity, and declaring again that he was resolved to die in its communion, he desired absolution, and received it.

The evening before he departed, his son-in-law, Mr. Archdeacon Stephens, arrived from a great journey, upon the news he received of his dangerous illness. The good bishop embraced him with great satisfaction, when he raised himself up in his bed to give him his blessing. When Mr. Stephens expressed his great sorrow and concern to find him in so great misery by the complaint he had; he told him "he had endured a great deal, that he did not think that he had so much strength of nature, but that it was now near being spent; and that in God's good time, he should be delivered." And when Mr. Stephens, in order to support him, urged that his reward would be great in Heaven, the good Bishop replied, "My trust is in God, through the merits of Christ:" and being prevented from enlarging by the exquisiteness of his pains, he desired Mr. Stephens to retire, and refresh himself after his journey. Some little time after this, he told those that were about him, that he perceived that he had some symptoms of the near approach of death; and ordered them to call the doctor to him: and when he came, he told him he

thought himself a dying ; to which the doctor answered, that he could not say that he would live many hours. Upon this, he sent for his wife and children, and the rest of his family, and desired them to pray with him, and for him. And when prayers were over, he took his solemn leave of every one in particular ; giving each of them some serious exhortation and advice. And this being done, he gave them his benediction, and dismissed them.

He was, moreover, very careful, that none might do themselves an injury by their zealous attendance upon him, while they were not capable of doing him any farther good. Wherefore, he charged his wife, as he did also his son-in-law, Mr. Stephens, to retire to their rest ; and when the doctor offered to continue with him in his last hours, after their dismissal, he told him “ he would not have him impair his health, by sitting up with him, since he could not be farther serviceable to him any other way, than by praying for him ; and that he might do in his chamber.” Nevertheless, he desired his son and daughter, and his chaplain, with some others of the family, who were not in so much danger of being hurt by it, to stay with him till he died ; that they might assist him with their prayers, especially in his last agonies, when he should not be able to pray for himself. He thought now, and, indeed, so did all about him, that he could not last above an hour or two longer, and that by the great weakness he was reduced to when his last sickness left him, and the pain he had endured

since the beginning of his late distemper, the whole fabric in a person of his age, was now so shattered, that the separation of the soul from the body, could not be tedious or uneasy. But, contrary to all expectation, he held out many hours under his last agonies.

*He had his understanding and memory to the very last, and that in as great strength and vigour as ever he had them,* in the remembrance of those who perfectly knew him. As an instance of which, the reader may take this remarkable passage. The night but one before he died, he sent for his son, Mr. Robert Bull, and after having given him his leave and order to publish his sermons, which are now printed, he commanded him to stike out the Preface of his Visitation Sermon, which he said was too juvenile, and to make two or three alterations in another of his sermons, which alterations were taken from his mouth, and since performed. But what was surprising in this matter, was, that he had delivered these sermons to his son, at least six years before, and they were never so much as seen by his lordship afterward. During the time of his last conflict, he scarce troubled himself, or those that waited upon him, with taking any thing. But he passed it all entirely in acts of piety and devotion. Sometimes he joined with those that were present in the prayers of the office of the visitation of the sick : the latter part whereof was by his direction frequently repeated in this interval, but the greater part of it he spent in pious meditations,

and private ejaculations ; upon what subjects can be no farther guessed at, than by observing his eyes and hands frequently lifted up towards heaven, and sometimes tears and smiles, interchangeably succeeding each other in his countenance, one might think that as the former were the attendants of his repentance and confessions, so the latter were the result of that joy and comfort which he felt in his mind, from the sense of the pardon of his sins, and of the peace and favour of a reconciled God ; which might also receive no small addition at this juncture from the near prospect he had of his deliverance from this mortal and painful life, and of his entrance into a state of everlasting happiness.

When he found that he continued thus to live several hours longer than he expected, he sent again for his wife and children to his bed-side, to take his leave once more of them, and the rest of the family that were up ; and he was even fuller now in his exhortations to them than before, and they were very well suited, and particularly applied to the circumstances and conditions of the several persons to whom they were given. He recommended his wife and child to the divine providence and protection, but in so moving and affectionate a manner as is difficult to express ; and he thanked all his servants for the pains they had taken with him in his sickness. And as for the rest, *his exhortations ran chiefly upon the great importance of religion, the vanity of the world, the deceitful nature of riches and honours,*

*and what miserable comforters they would prove at the last, the inefficacy, or at least, the great hazard and uncomfortable state of a death-bed repentance, and the absolute necessity of a holy life, in order to a happy death; a life spent in the service of God, in doing good in the world, especially works of mercy and charity.* These are the subjects which he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of those he left behind him, and then, once more, he gave them his solemn benediction. After this, he recommended his soul into the hands of his Creator, in several short, but most excellent prayers; repeated most part of the seventy-first psalm, so far as it suited his circumstances, than which, nothing could be more proper, to express his trust and dependence upon the power and goodness of God, and the continual want he had of his grace and assistance: moreover he ordered his chaplain to use the commendatory prayer, when he should perceive him to be at the point of expiring, which was accordingly done several times.

About nine in the morning, his spirits began to sink and his speech to falter, and a few minutes after, without any visible sign of pain or difficulty, with two gentle sighs he resigned his soul to God. The last word he spoke was "Amen" to the commendatory prayer, which he repeated twice distinctly and audibly after his usual manner, a very little while before he died \*.

\* Life by Mr. Robert Nelson, October, 1713.



## BISHOP BURNET.

Died March 17th, 1714-15, aged 71-2.

*Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.*

JAM. iv. 14.

AN eminent theological and historical writer, and a very pious and active prelate. In March 1714 or 1715, being in the 72nd year of his age, the Bishop was taken ill of a violent cold, which soon turned to a pleuritic fever: he was attended in it by his worthy friend and relation Dr. Cheyne, who treated him with the utmost care and skill; but finding the distemper grew to a height which seemed to baffle all remedies, he called for the assistance of Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Mead, who quickly found his case was desperate. His character was too well known to induce any one to conceal from him the danger his life was in; he bore the notice of it with that calm resignation to Providence which had always supported him under the severest trials. As he preserved his senses to the last, so he employed the precious remnant of life in continual acts of devotion, and in giving the best advice to his family; of whom he took leave in a manner that shewed the utmost tenderness, accompanied with the firmest constancy of mind. And whilst he was so little sensible of the terrors of death as to embrace its approach with joy, he could not but express a concern for the grief he saw it caused in

others. A short time before his death, this good man thus wrote, "True religion is a perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong within him. Of this I write with the more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and indeed, the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life. It is that which has been for many years my greatest support, I rejoice daily in it, I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy, which I pant and long for, and I am sure there is nothing else which can afford any true or complete happiness \*."

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#### BISHOP KEN.

Died March 19, 1710-11, aged about 73.

*I look into the graves of my ancestors, and find there dust and worms. What I now am, these very lately were ; and what they are now, I shall as certainly be in a little time.*

ST. BERNARD: .

ONE of the most pious divines of the English Church. On Monday he was confined to his bed, and on the Monday following, March 19, his soul was set free. He was remarkably patient in his sickness ; and when upon his own inquiry of his physician, how many days he thought he might probably live ? desiring him to speak plainly and freely, and telling him he had

\* T. Burnet.

no reason to be afraid of dying, and being by him answered about two or three days; his only reply was, (his usual expression, and that without the least concern,) "God's will be done;" desiring that no application might be made to cause him to linger in pain. It can be no wonder he should so little regard the terrors of death, who had for many years *travelled with his shroud in his portmanteau, as what he often said might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments*, and which was by *himself* put on as soon as he came to Long Leat, giving notice of it the day before his death, by way of prevention, that his body might not be stripped. He dozed much the day or two before he died. He was buried at Froome Selwood, it being the nearest parish within his own diocese to the place where he died, as by his own request, in the church-yard, under the east window of the chancel, just at sun-rising, without any manner of pomp or ceremony, besides that of the order for burial in the Liturgy of the Church of England\*.

\* W. Hawkins, Esq., Middle Temple.

## P. CLAUDIUS FRASSEN.

Died 1711, aged 91.

*This death of the Christian is not to be called death; but rather it is a gate or entrance into everlasting life.*

BISHOP RIDLEY.

AUTHOR of several valuable works in divinity and philosophy, and a celebrated doctor of the Sorbonne; born at Peronne. Having attained the age of 85 or 86, he perceived that his strength began to fail, and he then gradually lost the use of his sight. He endured these evils with a tranquil and a pious mind. No longer able to walk to his Church, as he had hitherto done, this aged Christian went there daily, supported by his staff. His friends endeavouring to dissuade him from such an exertion, he replied, "that generals in command esteem it glorious to die in the assault of an enemy's castle, and shall not God's minister think that he is crowned with honour if he expire before the altar?" As long as he could, he attended the daily service without interruption; but when obliged to desist and confined to his chamber, he felt assured that he should never leave it again; and to those conversing with him upon the subject, he replied, with the greatest resignation, "God's will be done." He prepared himself for the last hour, by partaking of the sacrament with a lively faith and sincere charity. He conferred his blessing upon several religious friends and neighbours, and implored the pardon of Almighty God for having so imperfectly taught them

their respective duties by his example and precept, with that clearness of mental faculties for which he had always been distinguished; he manifested at the close of life the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and universal love. He resigned himself to the divine will, and listened with pleasure and attention to the reading of the Psalms and prayers, and especially that part of the service which he used every day, even on the very day of his death; having performed this duty, he said, that he should not live to see another morning, and then expired, February 26, 1711. The strength of his body giving way this holy man fell as it were into a sweet slumber, and died in the Lord, at the advanced age of 91\*.



REV. THOMAS HALYBURTON.

Died September 23, 1712, aged about 38.

*Seeing we have so much occasion to suffer, and to take afflictions for Christ's sake patiently, so many advantages thereby, such weighty causes, so many good examples, such great necessity, such sure promises of eternal life, and heavenly joys from him that cannot lie, let us throw away whatever might hinder us, and patiently run the race that is set before us.*

BP. RIDLEY.

PROFESSOR of divinity in the University of St. Andrews. The particulars of the last hours of this

\* Journal des Sçavants, d'Aoust, 1712, fol. 151, &c.

eminent and pious divine, which have been handed down to us, by those who were eye-witnesses, convey to the religious mind much interesting and useful instruction ; indeed, a noble instance of the divine power of religion triumphing over death and the grave.

“ This night I have been thinking on *Terribilia Dei*, and all that is difficult in death to a saint. I am but young and have but little experience ; but this death-bed now makes me old, and, therefore, I use the freedom to exhort you to faithfulness in the work of the Lord. Ye will never repent this. He is a good master ; I have always found him so ; if I had a thousand lives I would think them all too little to employ in his service. Now I can say, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Now he has filled my mouth with a new song, *Jehovah-Jireh*, in the mount of the Lord. Praise, praise is comely for the upright, what a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily trouble, and in view of my approaching death. He came to me in the third watch of the night, walking upon the waters ; and he said unto me, ‘ I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, I was dead and am alive, and live for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death.’ He stilled the tempest, and Oh ! what a sweet calm in my soul. My heart and my flesh fail ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” When his youngest child was brought, he said, “ the Lord bless you, the God of your father and of my father bless you. The God that fed

me all my life, the angel that redeemed me from all evil bless you, and be your portion. *That is a goodly heritage, better than if I had crowns and sceptres to leave you.*" Declaring his willingness to part with his relatives, he said, "This is a practical part of religion, to make use of it when we come to the *extremity*. *This is a lesson of practical divinity.*" and to his medical attendant, "*the greatest kindness I can shew you, is to commend serious religion to you. Now, get acquaintance with God. The little acquaintance I have had with God within these two days has been better than ten thousand times the pains I have all my life been at about religion.*" It is good to have him to go to, when (like Hezekiah) we are turning our face to the wall. He is known for a refuge in the palaces of Zion, a very present help in trouble. Oh, there is a strange hardness in the heart of man. I believe there are few men come to age, but, when they see others dying, have a conviction that they must die, and yet are not duly affected by it.

"We are foolish creatures, we would limit the Lord as to the circumstances of our trial. Why should I complain of a little trouble in lying on the bed? Blessed be God there is an everlasting rest. I have nothing to do with life but to reap it (spend it thriftily) for my God and the common good. What had I been, if the grace of God had not been revealed in the gospel? He has brought life and immortality to light. In the day when I was in my

distress, and was brought to the foot of Mount Sinai, the mount that might be touched, and when I came to the blackness and darkness, and heard the thunder, I was standing trembling, wishing I had never been. While I was waiting for my sentence, he brought me to Mount Sion, and to the blood of sprinkling, a view that gave my mind rest." )

To his medical attendant, on another occasion, he said, " the Lord is upholding me. The Lord shew you mercy, study religion in the beginning of your years; mind, if you come to be handled as I am, without it you can have no comfort: I give you this as a solemn warning, if you come to be hardened by the frequent sighs of persons in my circumstances, you may be hardened for ever, and your conscience never be sensible more." To some of the clergy he said; "*When the Lord helped me to diligence in studying and meditating, I found him then remarkably shining upon me, and testifying his approbation of a sincere mind.* I am young, but I am near the end of my life, and that makes me old. It becomes me to take advice from you. However it is only to exhort to diligence in the common salvation. I repent I did not more, but I have peace in it, that what I did, I did it in sincerity; he accepts of the mite. I ever thought if I could contribute to the saving of a soul, it would be a star, a crown, and a glorious crown. I was fond enough of books, but I must say, in the course of my ministry, that what the Lord allowed me to see of my evil heart, and what was



necessary against it, was more steadable to me than all my books! Oh, that I had the tongues of men and angels to praise him! I hope soon to have a will to answer duty, with skill and ability to answer will. Brethren, I will only say this: We have need to take care, with the great Apostle, lest when we preach Christ to others, we be castaways; if it be so, we have need to fear, happy is the man that feareth always. Be diligent in preaching the Gospel. Be it your care not only to be diligent in composing sermons, but, above all, scan your own hearts, and make use of the discoveries you find there to enable you to dive into consciences, to awaken hypocrites, and to separate the precious from the vile, and to do it with that accuracy and caution, as not to make sad the hearts of those God has made glad. That is the great point in religion, and in the management of your ministry, that you may obtain the testimony of the great Shepherd, when he shall appear. I would rather be a contemned minister of God, than the greatest prince on earth. I commend it to you all, to make it your business to double your diligence. We have need to put on the whole armour of God, to watch and be sober.

“My dear brethren in the Lord Jesus, there must be condescension, forbearance, and tenderness. Let there be much of the forbearance and meekness that is in Jesus: follow peace, peace is worth much. *These things appear weighty to me now upon the view of eternity.* The great evil this day that is

likely to be our bane, nay, ruin and undoing, is, that there is a coldness and indifference that has crept on, an untenderness in the course of our walk, that gives a great advantage to our enemies; we do not maintain the testimony of God in a humble tender way, in such a day as this, when many are running from God! *It seems to be a principle now with many, how far they may go, and not be ruined, that is, to go to the brink of destruction;* but the Christian's rule is, to stand at a distance. Now, the Lord help you! Pray that I may be helped to honour God in life and death."

To his successor in the parish, he said, "signify to my people, that if it please the Lord to take me away, I die rejoicing in the faith and the profession of what I oft preached to them, under a low state of body; and, without this, I could have no relief. I would have my people understand that that Gospel which I recommended to them, if it is not received, will be a witness against them. We are like our Master, set for the fall and rising again of many."

On other occasions, he said, "*learn to die.* It is rare to die as a Christian. The most part think, there is no more to do, but to lay down their heads and die: this is, even as one would cover his face, and leap over a rock into the sea. *The Scriptures are able to make you wise unto salvation. All the books of the world could not have been in that stead, that since yesterday they have been to me.* I would desire even humbly to seek of the Lord, that he

would condescend to be kind to one that loves his appearance; that he has dealt kindly with me, so he may even deal with me to the end, in unloosing the fastening cords of my tabernacle, and that I may be helped to honour God by a composed resignation into his hand. I find the advantage of one at the right hand of God, who is able to save to the uttermost. That is the sight I long for. He will but shut the eyes to open them in glory. To have my soul entirely submissive to God, and every high imagination and thought made subject, is my sincere desire. That will be done shortly : then never will there be a reluctant thought, never an estranged thought more from God. Now, it does not appear what we shall be, we shall be like him when he appears ; for we shall see him as he is, God has delivered and filled me with peace ; and I hope that he will deliver, even from that which I feared in death, and let me find that I have got the victory, and that the God of Peace will bruise Satan shortly under my feet." When requested to take sleep, he answered, " the people to which I am going, sleep not day nor night, but cry, holy, holy, holy. They that wait on the Lord shall mount up as with eagles' wings. Why are his chariot wheels so long coming ? When shall I be admitted to see the glory of the higher house ; and, instead of that cloudy light of a created sun, to see that clear and perfect glory, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne ?"

He afterwards said, " I will not bring up an ill

report on religion, nay, I cannot but give a testimony to it. Tribulation works patience, and patience experience; experience works hope, and hope makes not ashamed. God has shed abroad his love in my heart; and I am waiting for his salvation. *Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion. That I, a poor weak timorous man, as much once afraid of death as any; I, that have been many years under the terrors of death, come now in the mercy of God, and by the power of his grace, composedly and with joy to look death in the face. I have seen it in its paleness, and all the circumstances of horror attending it; I dare look it in the face, in its most ghastly shape, and hope, within a little, to have the victory.* To mind death is a profitable thing. To mind death is not to go to church-yards, and visit tombs; but it lies in this,—*to be habitually under the impressions of death in its rise and cause, in its present state and relation to both covenants, the various issues and consequences of it, and the way of delivering from it, and all the circumstances attending it.* When told, “you have reason to count that a victory that the Lord has helped you over your late fears,” he replied, “*Holy fear, caution, and jealousy, are still needful.*”

To the clergy he said, “Brethren you are there: in case I should be surprised, I take this opportunity to acknowledge your tenderness to me, that I am most unworthy of it in many respects: I can say I desired to live in love with you, and I bless God there

was harmony among us. The Lord bless you and your labours; the Lord himself multiply spiritual blessings on you and your families, support you against discouragements, and the Lord in mercy look on the rising generation; the Lord hold his hands over the seminaries in this place, God look with pity on them. To one, he said, my dear brother, who has been my comfort in affliction, stand your ground, quit yourself like a man, be strong. Now sir, my dear friend, I shall only say, as I wish you the blessing of God on your family, so I desire that you will even shew kindness to the Lord God, in sympathy with, and kindness to my dear wife and children; I recommend her to your care; she has been the friend of my bosom, the wife of my youth, a faithful friend. He afterwards said, patience must have its perfect work; I will wait for it. My soul longs more than they that wait for the morning. Lord make haste, until the day break, and the shadows fly away."

EXTRACTS FROM HALYBURTON'S DYING TESTIMONY TO  
CHRISTIANITY, WHICH HE HAD PREVIOUSLY DICTATED,  
AND WHICH A SHORT TIME BEFORE HIS DECEASE, HE  
SIGNED.

I desire to join my testimony unto that of the glorious cloud of witnesses; and particularly do I attest as my fixed persuasion, that Christ only has the words of eternal life; that the Gospel only has brought life and immortality to light; that this blest revelation

only is able to make wise to salvation, *and is the only safe directory to be trusted in relation to eternity*, and that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth. I must bear testimony, that *the way of holiness is the way of peace*, and the way of pleasantness, and that the ordinances of the Gospel in their native simplicity and purity, are blessed and effectual means of communion and fellowship with the Father, and with the son. I desire to bequeath this, as my last legacy to my family, even my serious and solemn advice—to make choice of God for your God ; He has been my father's God : he has been we hope our God : I recommend him to my children for their God ; solemnly charging them, as they will be answerable in the great day, to make it their first care to seek after peace with God, and reconciliation through Christ crucified, and being reconciled, to make it their perpetual study to please him in all things. I beseech them with all the affection of a father, as they love their souls, sit not down short of a saving acquaintance with him ; wait diligently upon the means of grace, and attend the worship of God in all duties, secret especially, family likewise, and carefully attend public ordinances : beware of contenting yourselves with the mere form of these duties, but cry to the Lord for communion with him in them, and the outpouring of his Spirit, whereby you may be engaged to worship God, who is a Spirit in spirit. It is my charge to you, and that which I am above all things

relating to you concerned in,—That ye follow God ; follow him early, follow him fully, without turning aside to the right or the left. In this way I promise you blessedness. I leave you my dear family, upon the mercies of God in Christ, and recommend him and the word of his grace to you, and you to him! The sum of the Gospel is Christ crucified. Walk humbly with God : fear always : keep at a distance from appearances of evil : follow peace, truth, and holiness. This, instead of legacies, I leave unto you, as my last will, never to be revoked.

As for my body, I commit it to the dust, under the care of the Keeper of Israel, expecting and hoping that that quickening Spirit, that is the Spirit of the Head, and actuates all the members of his mystical body, will, in due time, quicken my mortal body : and for my spirit, I commit it unto the Lord Jesus Christ ; with him I have intrusted it long ago ; and I will end it with Stephen, crying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit.—THOMAS HALYBURTON,

“ I know,” said he, “ that a great deal from a dying man will go for canting and roving ; but I bless God, he has kept the judgment I had, that I have been able to reflect with composure on his dealings towards me. I am sober and composed, if ever I was so.” To his physician, he said, “ it is a great bravery to face death on a sick-bed. The heathens of old, whenever they turned impatient, made an end of themselves, and durst not abide it. Is it not greater courage, and a nobler spirit, that the Lord

allows even the weak, the timorous, and the faint, a power whereby they can rest under sickness and pain, and brave the stoutest enemy by a patience of spirit."

After a little, he said, "there is a sweet composure on my spirit. The beams of the house are, as it were, giving way. I am laying down my tabernacle to be built again. *Am not I a man wonderfully upheld by God, under affliction and death?* The death of the saints is made a derision in our day. Let them come to my pass, and they dare not; and I will rejoice in my God, and joy in the God of my salvation, 'though the fig-tree should not blossom, and there should be no fruit in the vine, and the labour of the olive should fail.' I want death to complete my happiness. The Lord has been very kind to me, in giving me composure and exercise of my judgment; after I had a distracting trouble in the beginning of this death-bed sickness. *You may believe a man venturing on eternity. I have weighed eternity this last night; I have looked on death as stripped of all things pleasant to nature: I have considered the spade and grave, and every circumstance in it that is terrible to nature; and under the view of all these, I found, that in the way of God, that gave satisfaction, a rational satisfaction that makes me rejoice.*



EXTRACTS FROM TWO LETTERS, WHICH, ON HIS DEATH-BED, HE DICTATED FOR HIS NEPHEWS.

The words of your dying uncle, the last letter from him should have some weight ; and my earnest desire that it may have weight, in order to your eternal salvation, is the reason of my employing some of my last minutes, by a borrowed hand, to commend unto you to make earnest of religion, and not to rest content with a dead, dry, barren profession. I can tell you, *since I came to this bed of languishing, I have found a full proof that religion is a real, useful, noble, and profitable thing.* I have been helped through the mercy of God during my lying here, to rejoice in the goodness of God, and lie composedly and pleasantly ; *nothing but religion can have that efficacy to enable me to do so.* And having found it so steadable a friend, I could not but commend it to you. I never found so much goodness when I was in health and prosperity, as I find now in sickness and languishing. *I find he makes all things to be his people's, for good ; sickness, or health, or diseases, or whatever they be, all is good.* If God be pleased to bless this advice from a dying friend, we will meet, and meet comfortably in the Higher House. Converse much with the word of God. Be much in secret prayer. Seek after lively ordinances. Endeavour by all means to make acquaintance with the saints, the excellent ones in the earth that fear God. The Lord be with your spirits.

You cannot expect from one in my condition a digested, polished letter—but I speak the words of soberness, and full composure of mind.

THOMAS HALYBURTON.

At various times he thus spoke, “weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright. Oh when will it come, that I may win the place where I shall conceive a night of glory? I cannot order my speech now, because of darkness, but I long to behold it. I am going to die; I am going to the marriage; I am going home to my God, and I hope your God. Be oft with God, and if ye be oft with him, you will be where I am. Seek God; seek him early, and he will be found of you. In all things aim at pleasing God, and ye will never rue it. I long to launch out in his praise, it is an ocean; if I come not to be like an angel of God, yet the weak will be like David, the sweet singer of Israel. I am like a shock of corn, fully ripe, I have ripened fast, but I have been under a bright sun, a day when the sun of righteousness shines, and I have refreshing showers. The beginning and end of religion are wonderfully sweet. *Here I am now a man, a weak man, in hands with the king of terrors, rejoicing in the hopes of the glory that is to be revealed, and that by the death and resurrection of Christ. We trust God too little.* Oh let us exalt his name: truly the lines are fallen in pleasant places, and I have

gotten a goodly heritage. Praise him, Oh praise him : praise is comely." After prayer, he said, *death is not terrible : death is unstinged.* The curse of the fiery law is done away : like a good soldier, may I strike the last stroke." On recovering a little from his illness, he said, " I am like to be shipwrecked to health again ; I tremble at this ; I was in hopes to have been at the end of my journey, and now I am detained with a cross wind. What I have is not a flashy and very sensible joy : yet I bless his name, I am much composed, and have solid clear scripture manifestations of God, and the things of God. My great desire has been these many years to suffer for the truth of our religion ; and now *God has given me the greatest honour, to be a living witness to it, and a monument of it,* that we have not followed cunningly devised fables. I would give you a lesson of divinity. *This will be a standing witness, of the reality, solidity, power, and efficacy of these truths I taught you ; for by the power of that grace revealed in these truths, here I lie pained without pain ; without strength, and yet strong.* My body complains of pain, but I complain of none. I was never more myself all my life than in this sickness. I have been days, weeks and months in terror, thinking what I would do in the days of sickness ; but now I see in him, there is safety, and that an invisible God can keep from a visible stroke. Now I am kept in perfect peace. The name of the Lord is a strong tower, and he that dwelleth under the

shadow of the Most High shall abide. I desire to be faithful to the death unto the Lord Jesus, unto my God; until I come into the land of praises, even to Jerusalem's gates, to pay thanks to the name of the God of Jacob. I am lying here, and the Lord helps me to wait for that consolation that is in Christ, which will fill me with admiration to eternity. I have already the pleasant peaceable fruits of righteousness, and sweet composure. I am like a bird on the wing, and I would fain be at Immanuel's land, where the tree of life is. You see religion is advantageous, great is the gain of godliness."

*He caused the 84th Psalm to be sung, and joined in singing the latter part of it:* when he said, "I had always a mistuned voice, a bad ear, but which was worst of all, a mistuned heart; but shortly when I join the temple service above, there shall not be one string of the affections out of tune." To some who had returned from Church, he said, "You have been in the assembly of God's people, the desirable assembly, wherein communion and fellowship with the Father and Son may be attained; and all these enjoyments are amongst the most valuable to be had here, and they are the way to our rest, which remains for the people of God. But, Oh to be joined with the company above! How amiable are thy tabernacles even here, but more so above, where there is the eagle's eye, to see the glorious light, even the light of the Lord. I am hopeful my deliverance is coming. *Under the conduct of the*

*great captain of salvation I will shake hands with the king of terrors."*

*In the night-time he caused to be read the songs of degrees, and said, 'they were so called by some, because they were sung on the steps of the stair that led up to the temple: and said he, "what meeter to be read to a poor sinner, that aims at climbing up the hill of God, where the temple of God is."* He afterwards dictated a letter full of sound and affectionate advice, requesting it might be read to the students of divinity in the University of St. Andrew's, when they should again assemble after their present vacation. He then said to a clergyman near him, "*I think brother my case is a pretty fair demonstration of the immortality of the soul;*" to which it was replied, your case may be confounding to Atheists. He subsequently said, "*If ever I was distinct in my judgment and memory in my life, it was since he laid his hands on me. My bones are riving through my skin, and yet all my bones are praising him. Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? Oh, who is like unto our God? not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name Oh Lord, be the praise. Our light afflictions that endure but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I am now a witness for Christ, and for the reality of religion. I am hastening, and I will not complain of the slow paces of time. I said, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming? but I will not say so any more. Yet*

a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." To one of his parishioners he said, "I have perfect composure of spirit, perfect peace, without any roving, or any thing that is the effect of disorder. Seek God. Make earnest of religion. Oh, what shall I render to the Lord! Blessed be God that he gives so honourable an occasion to commend him." To other individuals he declared, "I have peace in the midst of pain; and Oh, how much of that I have had for a time past! my peace has been like a river, not a discomposed thought. *I have been grappling with the king of terrors, and I find he is conquerable.* Every messenger of death is pleasant to me, and I am only detained here that I may trumpet forth his praise a little longer. I was just thinking on the pleasant spot of earth that I shall lie in beside Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Forrester, and Principal Anderson; and Oh, we'll be a knot of bonny (comely) dust. Strange, said he, that this body is going away to corruption, and yet my intellectuals are so lively, that I cannot say there is the least alteration, the least decay of judgment or memory; such vigorous actings of my spirit towards God, and things that are not seen." To the clergy he said, "*What a demonstration has God given you and me of the immortality of the soul, by the vigour of my intellectuals, and the lively actings of my spirit after God, and the things of God, now when my body is so low, and also pained.*" He complained of his head, but said, "in a battle there

must be blood and dust, every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. It is meet that I should be so hard put to it, that I may know to whom I owe my strength." One said, "blessed are they that die in the Lord." He replied, "when I fall so low, that I am not able to speak, I'll shew you a sign of triumph if I am able." Having recovered from a swoon, he said, "the conflict is pretty long, but blessed be he that gives patience; I am mightily spent, I am very well pleased if the Lord take me away now. The Lord has allowed me long the exercise of thoughts about my condition." To one who said, now you are putting your seal to that truth, that great is the gain of godliness, he replied, "indeed." As a sign of triumph, he lifted up his hands and clapped them when he could not speak. Then in a little he went to the land where the weary are at rest\*.

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#### ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

Died 1713-14, aged about 69.

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*age should  
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.*

A PRELATE eminent for his zealous devotion. During his last sickness, the Archbishop discontinued

\* Memoirs of Halyburton, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrew's, 2d Ed. Edinburgh, 1715.

his diary, and as there are no very detailed accounts of what he said and did whilst ill, I have selected some interesting particulars from his diary, and mentioned some of his devotional habits for some time before his death, on the authority of his son Thomas Sharp.

In the summer time when he resided at Bishopthorpe, and when the weather was fair, he usually offered his thanksgivings, *sub dio* \*, either in his garden or in the adjoining fields and meadows, whither he frequently walked to perform his devotions. The Parish Church of Acaster is within a little mile of the Archbishop's Palace. It stands by itself in the fields. Thither he frequently retired alone, and made the little porch of that Church his oratory, where he solemnly praised and addressed God. Afterwards he removed from this place to another. When the plantations were grown up to some perfection, he changed the scene of his thanksgiving, and offered them up in a particular walk, which from thence he called his *Temple of Praise*; it is a grass walk hedged on each side with yew, so thick and high as to be completely shaded at all times of the day, except at noon, and is near a wilderness. Wandering in these places he spent many a happy hour, especially toward the close of his life. Here was a privacy that answered his design, and a solemnity that suited his taste; and here he poured out his soul in prayers

\* In the open air.



and thanksgivings, and had such delightful intercourse with God as would affect him to a very great degree. Thus for instance in his diary, in the year 1712, he says, "After evening prayers, I walked in my garden, and there in my Temple of Praise poured out my soul to God, in an unusually ardent manner; so that I think I was never so rapturously deyout in my life." *The eye that once beheld him in one of these warmer acts of piety, would rarely meet with any sight again so extremely solemn and affecting.* It was such a lively representation of the power of godliness, as a verbal description cannot reach, which left upon the mind and heart of the spectator, (for he could not pass altogether unobserved,) an indelible impression of the charms of true religion, and he was used to say, *he could not bear to live a day if it were not for the comforts of religion.*

In the beginning of December, 1713, his appetite failed him, and he grew very weak. He went to Bath by the advice of his Physicians, but his strength decreased and his memory decayed every day till he died. Although we have no particular accounts of what he said and did, yet it is observed by those about him that *he prayed continually*, and the chief token by which they perceived how his strength declined, was his shortening of his prayers. He ordered the daily service in his family to be performed in his hearing, and was observed to make his responses along with them. A little time before he

expired he told his Lady, that "*he should be happy.*" The last words he repeated, were from one of Mr. George Herbert's poems\*.



### WILLIAM PENN.

Died July 30, 1718, aged 73-4.

*From the hill of Sion I will look down with tranquillity upon the tumults and dangers, the follies and miseries of this world, and with a mind perfectly composed, will rest myself upon Thee, the true, the holy, the undisturbed peace of every truly pious and devout Christian.*

ST. BERNARD.

ONE of the Society of Friends or Quakers, and the celebrated founder of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania. In 1713, one of the Society of Friends found him pretty well in health, cheerful of disposition, but defective of memory, so that though he could relate many past transactions, yet he could not readily recollect the names of absent persons, nor could he deliver his words so readily as heretofore: yet many savoury and sensible expressions came from him.

In 1714 after the meeting of Friends in Reading, he took leave of his friends with much tenderness. Thomas Story gives an account of his interview with him in the same year at Rushcomb. He was then, says Thomas Story, under the lamentable effects of an apoplectic fit, which he had some time before; for

\* Archdeacon Sharp.

his memory was almost quite lost, and the use of his understanding suspended, so that he was not so conversable as formerly, and yet as near the truth and in the love of it as before. When I went to the house I thought myself strong enough to see him in any condition; but when I entered the room, and perceived the great defect of his expressions for want of memory, *it greatly bowed my spirit, under a consideration of the uncertainty of all human qualifications*, and what the finest of men are soon reduced to, by a disorder of the organs of that body with which the soul is connected and acts during this present mode of being.

And yet his mind was in an innocent state, as appeared by his very loving deportment to all that came near him; and that he had still a good sense of truth, is plain by some very clear sentences he spoke on the life and power of truth, in a meeting we had together there, wherein we were greatly comforted.

We learn from the account of "his friend," and also from Thomas Story, that in 1717 his decay was gradual, and that though his frame had been so shattered, his existence was comfortable. He had sufficient sense and understanding to exhibit the outward appearance of innocence and love, and the inward one of the enjoyment of the Deity himself, by an almost constant communion with his Holy Spirit. After a continued and gradual declension for about six years, his body now drew near to its dissolution, and the 30th July, 1718, between two and three in

the morning, in the 74th year of his age, his soul, prepared for a more glorious habitation, forsook the decayed tabernacle. He was buried in his family vault at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire \* †.



### RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON.

Died June 17, 1719, aged 63.

*Nothing can awaken the attention, nothing can affect the heart of man more strongly than the behaviour of eminent Christians in their last moments, in that only scene of life wherein we are all sure sooner or later to resemble them.*

BACON'S LIFE BY MALLETT.

ADDISON had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy; and finding his danger pressing, he pre-

\* One of the Society of Friends. Thomas Story.

† *A prayer written by William Penn, and taken from his preface to the remains of John Banks, (one of his old friends,) the last thing he ever wrote.*

“ Oh that none who make profession of the dispensation of the Spirit, may build beside the work of Jesus Christ in their own souls, in reference to his prophetic, priestly, and kingly office, in which regard, God his Father gave him as a tried stone, elect and precious to build by and upon; concerning which great and glorious truth, we do most humbly beseech the Almighty, who is God of the Spirits of all flesh, the Father of lights and spirits, to ground and establish all his visited and convinced ones, that they may grow up a holy house and building to the Lord; so shall *Purity, Peace, and Charity* abound in the house and sanctuary that He hath pitched, and not man.”

pared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates, a message by the Earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him. Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited, was then discovered. Addison told him that he had injured him ; but that if he recovered he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know, but supposed that some preferment designed for him, had by Addison's intervention been withheld.

Lord Warwick (Addison's step-son) was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him ; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment however remained to be tried. When he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called ; and when he desired with great tenderness to hear his last injunctions, told him, "*I have sent for you, that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.*" What effect this awful scene had on the earl I know not : he likewise died himself in a short time. In Tickell's excellent elegy on his friend are these lines :—

He taught us how to live, and Oh ! too high  
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

In which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland House, leaving only a daughter\*.



### SIR THOMAS ABNEY.

Died Feb. 6, 1722, aged about 83.

*Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impression, than the examples of mortality which every day supplies?*

DR. JOHNSON.

AN eminent magistrate of the city of London. The fever which seized him did not at all amaze or terrify him: he had learned to die before he was called to it. When his disease grew somewhat threatening, and a Christian friend inquired about his hope as to a better world, he expressed his trust in the mercy of God through Christ, and said he had comfortable hope in his love; telling him also, that he had sometimes enjoyed such views of the heavenly glory through faith, as made him even wish to die, that he might be possessed of it. When the same friend said to him, "Sir, we hope you have no temptation or darkness

\* Life by Dr. Johnson.

upon your spirit;" he answered, "that he thanked God that he had not;" but added, "how it might be with him in the dying hour he could not tell, yet hoped that God would be with him therein also."

When some divines were met for prayers on his account, being asked what his special desires were, he said "that God would give him patience and submission to his will, and preparedness for it, whether it should be in life or death." Which desires seemed clearly to be answered in that resignation to the divine pleasure which he shewed to the last. When afterwards he was told that they had been praying for his life, and that they hoped God would answer their requests, he said, "he hoped God would answer prayer," but lest he should be thought desirous of life, he added, "although God does not always answer prayer in the way which *we* may think the best, yet he hoped God would answer it, as *he himself* should know would be best for him."

He appeared often in his sickness to be lifting up his heart to God; and with a most calm and composed spirit, went on towards death, as he had done through all the stages of life. Serenity and peace, humility and undissembled religion, ran as a golden thread through his whole course. On inquiries concerning his soul, he still expressed good hope, through grace, of a happy eternity.

On the Sunday morning before his death, he prayed for himself, like one departing out of this life; and for his family like one that was leaving it.

In the afternoon, his fever rising high, his thoughts were less connected ; yet something devout and heavenly appeared still in them. He often mentioned Christ, calling on him, “ Blessed Redeemer ! glorious Redeemer ! ” with other the like expressions. The labour of his thoughts and tongue was continually about divine things, as though he was praying in his family, or reading a sermon to them, according to his constant practice in the evening of every Lord’s day. So far did the power of divine grace, and the inward springs of habitual piety work in his soul, and break through all the disorders of the animal life. †

On Tuesday morning, Feb. 6, when his beloved and faithful friend, who often ministered in his family in holy things, had commended his soul to God in his last moments, he signified that he had both attended to, and understood what had been spoken. At noon that day the fever rose with fatal violence, and a little after nine at night prevailed over nature, yet he died without agonies or vehement emotions \*.

\* Memoirs by Jeremiah Smith. Biog. Dict.



## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Died March 20, 1727, aged 84-5.

*If we could give no other argument for Christian patience, it should be enough that never any man found ease, benefit, or relief by impatience, but encreases and extends, and multiplies the agony and pain, and misery, of whatsoever calamity he undergoes by it. Whereas patience lessens and softens the burthen, and by degrees raises the constitution and strength to that pitch, that it is hardly sensible of it.* CLARENDON'S TRACTS.

THE greatest philosopher of this or any other country. By the help of a strict regimen, and other precautions which till then he never had occasion for, he procured great intervals of ease during the remaining five years of his life ; yet he was not free from some severe paroxysms, which even occasioned large drops of sweat to run down his face. *In these circumstances he never was seen to utter the least complaint, nor express the least impatience ;* and as soon as he had a moment's ease, he would smile and talk with his usual cheerfulness. Till this time he had always read and writ several hours a day ; but he was now obliged to rely upon Mr. Conduit for the discharge of his office in the Mint. On Saturday morning, March 18th, he read the newspapers, and discoursed a long time with Dr. Mead his physician, having then the perfect use of all his senses and his understanding ; but that night he entirely lost them all, and not recovering them after, he died on the

Monday following, which was March 20th, in his 85th year.

A little before his death he observed, "I do not know what I seem to the world, but to myself I appear to have been only like a boy playing upon the sea-shore, and diverting myself by now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay before me all undiscovered \* †.

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#### JOHN LE CLERC.

Died 1736, aged 79.

*What fruit have worldly men in the grave of all their vain glories, their transitory joys, their worldly power and grandeur, their sensual pleasures, their mistaken and deceitful riches, their high birth in which they once so prided and indulged themselves?*

ST. BERNARD.

A LEARNED and industrious professor of Philosophy, Hebrew, and Belles Lettres, at Amsterdam: born at Geneva. "I wish," said he, "when God shall call me from this life, that I may be found engaged in persuading men to follow the celestial lights of right, being reason and the Gospel; and in teaching them that as God's beneficence to them may be proved by innumerable arguments, it is their duty to love God, to place all their trust in him, and to obey his laws as much as the frailty of human nature will permit

\* Biog. Brit.

† Spence.

of. When He calls me hence, may I be found assuring my fellow-creatures—that all men are bound mutually to overlook each other's infirmities, and to be mutually kind and beneficent according to the occasion and the means—that they must ever oppose the impious, who either are of no religion at all, or whose morals are depraved and infamous—that mankind should resist those who seize unjustly the property of others, and that they should prevent or punish them by resorting to the law of nature and the bond of human society, which were not destroyed by the Gospel \*."

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MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Died Feb. 20, 1737, aged about 63.

*As a star that glitters in the heavens runs its course swiftly, and suddenly falls and goes out, so is the life of man, swift in its passage, short in its continuance, and sudden in its conclusion.*

ST. BERNARD.

AN English lady, well known for her genius, piety, and the excellence of her writings. When her acquaintance expressed to her *the joy they felt at seeing her look so well*, and possessed of so much health as promised many years to come, she was wont to reply, that *it was the same as telling a slave that his fetters were like to be lasting, or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.*

\* Bibliotheque Choisie, tome 12, fol. 213.

- Her death, the preparation for which she had made so much the business of her life, befel her according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She enjoyed an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a distemper which seemed to herself, as well as to others, attended with danger. Though this disorder, as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends, found her mind not quite so serene and prepared to meet death as usual; yet when by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence from which the most eminent piety may not always be secure, *in that most solemn hour, she experienced such divine satisfaction, that she said, with tears of joy, "that she knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her life."* And she repeated, on this occasion, Mr. Pope's verses, entitled, "the dying Christian to his soul," with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious ecstasy and triumph which breathe in that beautiful piece of sacred poetry. After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health: and though at the time she was somewhat advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturbed with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter them-

selves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life than it pleased heaven to allow them. On the day on which she was seized by death, *she seemed to those about her to be in perfect health and vigour*; and in the evening, about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, *and found her fallen off her chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death*; she had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but *she soon expired* \*.

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### HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

Died Sept. 23, 1738, aged 69-70.

*The best way for a man rightly to conduct himself in sickness is to maintain a universal, ready, and cheerful compliance with the divine and unerring will in all things; as knowing that nothing can issue and flow forth from the fountain of goodness, but that which is good. And, therefore, a good man is never offended with the divine dispensation.* SMITH.

A PHYSICIAN not less eminent for his talents than for his piety. About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the approaches of that fatal illness that brought him to the grave. In this last illness, which was to the greatest degree lingering, painful, and afflictive, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He

\* Dr. Gibbons.

neither intermitted the necessary cares of life, nor forgot the proper preparations for death. Though dejection and lowness of spirits were, as he himself tells us, a part of his distemper, yet even this, in some measure, gave way to that vigour which the soul receives from a consciousness of innocence. About three weeks before his death he received a visit at his country house, from the Rev. Mr. Schultens, his intimate friend, who found him sitting without door, with his wife, sister, and daughter. After the compliments of form, the ladies withdrew, and left them to private conversation; when Boërhaave took occasion to tell him what had been, during his illness, the chief subject of his thoughts. He had never doubted of the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul, but declared that *he had lately had a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking subjects*, which mere reason and philosophy cannot afford, and opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of soul and body, which nothing but long sickness can give. This he illustrated \* by a description of the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties, which yet they did not so oppress, or vanquish, but his soul was always master of itself, and always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker.

He related with great concern, that once his

\* Boërhaave has described these symptoms, the account of which he thus concludes: "patienter expectans Dei jussa, quibus resigno data quæ sola amo, et honoro unicè."

patience so far gave way to extremity of pain, that after having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by death.

Mr. Schultens, by way of consolation, answered, that he thought such wishes, when forced by continued and excessive torments, unavoidable in the present state of human nature; that the best men, even Job himself, were not able to refrain from such starts of impatience. This he did not deny; but said, *he that loves God ought to think nothing desirable but what is most pleasing to the Supreme goodness.*

Such were his sentiments, and such his conduct in this state of weakness and pain; as death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of pain, and more cheerful under his torments, which continued till the 23rd day of Sept. 1738, on which he died, between four and five in the morning, in the 70th year of his age\*.

\* Dr. Johnson.

## COLONEL JAMES GARDINER.

Died September 21, 1745.

*It is a great argument of the wisdom of Divine Providence that he hath not prescribed any certain period of human life; that men might not employ the greater part of their time in luxury and fulness, in merriment and pleasure, or any of the gay diversions of life, and when death shall make its approaches to them, then to prepare themselves for immortality.*

BELLARMIN.

IT was a favourite and a just observation of Prince Eugene, and Gustavus Adolphus, that a pious Christian is the bravest patriot, a very important maxim, and clearly illustrated by the following example. During the rebellion in Scotland, in 1745, Colonel Gardiner's regiment being in that country, and the rebel army advancing to Edinburgh, he was ordered to march with the utmost expedition to Dunbar; which he did; and that hasty retreat, with the news soon afterwards received of the surrender of Edinburgh to the rebels, struck a visible panic into the forces he commanded. This affected his gallant mind so much, that on the Thursday before the battle of Preston Pans, he intimated to an officer of considerable rank that he expected the event would be as it proved; and to a person who visited him he said, "I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish; but *I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it.*" On Friday,



September the 20th, the day before the fatal battle, when the whole army was drawn up about noon, the colonel rode through the ranks of his regiment and addressed them in an animated manner to exert themselves with courage in defence of their country. They seemed much affected by his address, and expressed a very ardent desire of attacking the enemy immediately, a desire in which he and another gallant officer of distinguished rank would have gratified them had it been in their power, but their ardour and their advice were overruled by the strange conduct of the commander-in-chief, Sir John Cope; and, therefore, all that Colonel Gardiner could do was to spend the remainder of the day in making as good a disposition as the circumstances would allow. He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and sheltered under a rick of barley, which happened to be in the field. By break of day, the army was roused by the noise of the approach of the rebels, and the attack was made before sun-rise. As soon as the enemy came within gun-shot, they commenced a furious fire, and the dragoons which constituted the left wing immediately fled. The colonel at the beginning of the attack, which lasted but a few minutes, received a ball in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant who had led the horse would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said "it was only a flesh wound," and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. The colonel

was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last; but after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic, and though their colonel and some other brave officers did what they could to rally them, they at last took to a precipitate flight. Just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause to deliberate what duty required him to do in such a circumstance, he saw a party of foot fighting bravely near him without an officer to lead them, on which he rode up to them immediately, and cried out aloud "fire on my lads, and fear nothing." As he had uttered these words, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound in his right arm, that his sword dropped from his hand, and several others coming about him at the same time, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that savage weapon, he was dragged from his horse; the moment he fell another Highlander gave him a stroke, either with a broad sword or a Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of the head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful servant John Forster, who furnished this account, saw further at this time was, that as his hat was falling off he took it in his left hand as a signal for him to retreat, and added, which were the last words he ever heard him speak, "take care of yourself." The servant immediately fled to a mill about two miles distant, where he changed his dress, and dis-

guised like a miller's servant, returned with a cart about two hours after the engagement. He found his master not only plundered of his watch, and other things of value, but even stripped of his upper garments and boots. He was, however, still breathing, and from appearances not altogether insensible. In this condition he was conveyed to the Church of Tranent, where he expired about eleven in the forenoon, Saturday, September 21, 1745 \*.

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DR. ISAAC WATTS.

Died November 25, 1748, aged 74-5.

*Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth,* PSALM xxxi. 6.

A POPULAR writer in morality and Divinity. A state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbon's representation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known, likewise, to multitudes besides. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and the good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and

Doddridge.

threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop, at least, to his public services for four years. In this distressing state, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. In this family he remained after the death of Sir Thomas. Mrs. E. Abney, in a like degree esteeming and honouring him, till his days were numbered and finished, and *like a shock of corn in its season he was received into the celestial garner.*

By degrees his weakness increased, which at last confined him to his chamber and to his bed; where he was worn gradually away, without pain, till he expired, November the 25th, 1748, aged 75\*.

\* Dr. Johnson.

## DR. DODDRIDGE.

Died 1751, aged 49.

*Blessed are all the saints who have travelled over the tempestuous sea of mortality, and have at last made the desired port of peace and felicity, fearless of future hazards, and full of perpetual joy.*

ST. AUGUSTINE.

It is an observation of Solomon, that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. This was eminently verified in the present instance. The correspondents and friends of Dr. Doddridge plainly observed his great improvement in spirituality and a heavenly temper the nearer he approached to his dissolution. He seemed to be raised above the world ; his affections were more strongly than ever set upon heaven, and he was daily breathing after immortality. On June 2, 1751, when preaching at Northampton, he dropped some hints of his own approaching dissolution, and spoke of taking leave of them with the greatest tenderness and affection.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF DR. DODDRIDGE, WRITTEN  
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

“ Be assured I will take every precaution to live ; and the rather that I may, as far as in me lies, comfort and cheer your heart. I see, indeed, no hope of my recovery, yet my heart rejoiceth in my God and in my Saviour ; and I call him, under this failure of every thing else, its strength and everlasting portion. I must now thank you for your heart-reviving letter to

strengthen my faith, to comfort my soul, and assist in swallowing up death in victory. God hath indeed been wonderfully good to me. But I am less than the least of his mercies, less than the least of his children. Adored be his grace for whatever it hath wrought by me! and blessed be you of the Lord for the strong consolations you have been the instrument of administering! Let me desire you to write again, and pour out your heart freely with all its strong cordial sentiments of Christianity. Nothing will give me greater joy. What a friend will you be in heaven! how glad shall I be to welcome you there, after a long, a glorious course of service, to increase the lustre of your crown! May you long shine like a sun upon the earth, with your light, warmth, and influence, when there remain not any united particles of that poor, wasting, sinking frame, which enable this immortal spirit to call itself your friend in everlasting bonds! P. D."

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As his strength daily decreased, he was advised, as the last resort, to remove to Lisbon (a much warmer climate) for the winter. Before he went from Falmouth, he wrote thus to a friend. "It is not for the love of sun-shine, or the variety of meats, that I desire life; but, if it please God, that I may render him a little more service. *It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God I fear it not.* The most distressing nights to this frail body have been as the *beginning of heaven* to my

soul. *God hath as it were let heaven down to me, in those nights of weakness and waking."*

During all his fatigue of travelling, wearisome nights, and weeks of languishing, *patience had its perfect work*. No complaining word was uttered by him; no mark of an uneasy, discontented mind seen in him: a heavenly calm dwelt in his breast; he seemed continually pleased and cheerful; expressed in obliging terms his thankfulness to the meanest servant that shewed him any kindness or gave him any assistance, and dropped some pious hints that might be serviceable to them in their best interests. He never in his most painful and declining state expressed any regret but what arose from that generous ardour which filled his soul, and the strong desire he felt to testify, by longer and more distinguished services, his gratitude and love to his Divine Master. In this view he would sometimes express his desires of the recovery of his health; but these desires were bounded by the meekest and most entire submission to the divine will. When his friends reminded him of his fidelity, diligence, and zeal in his Master's service, even to his power, and as he then felt, and they saw, beyond his power, he used to reply, I am nothing; all is to be ascribed to God. He often told them that he could not be sufficiently thankful for the honour and happiness God had conferred upon him, in that he had been enabled sincerely to endeavour, though very imperfectly, to do him and his glorious cause some little service in the world; that this, when

compared with his delightful hopes of that future eternal reward with which he had been so often animated and cheered, filled him with such a sense of his infinite obligations to his heavenly Father, and to the dying love of his blessed Redeemer, that all he had done, or ever could do, to serve his cause in the world, appeared to him as nothing, yea, less than nothing. Nor did the meanest and most useless Christian with greater humility renounce all self-dependence, and every shadow of merit; and he often professed that his only hope and joyful expectation of pardon and acceptance were absolutely founded on the mercy of God, through the merits and intercession of his Redeemer. From Falmouth he wrote to a friend, "Let us thank God, and take courage. We may yet know many cheerful days. *We shall at least know one joyful one, which shall be eternal.*" In another letter he says, "When I am writing to such a friend, I seem less absent from him, and it gives me new spirits, and soothes my mind agreeably. Oh! when shall we meet in that world where we shall have nothing to lament, and nothing to fear for ourselves, or each other, or any dear to us! *Let us think of this as a momentary state, and aspire more ardently after the blessings of that.* If I survive my voyage, a line shall tell you how I bear it. If not—all will be well, and *I hope I shall embrace the wave, that when I intended Lisbon should land me in heaven.* I am more afraid of doing what is wrong, than of dying."



No sooner had the vessel sailed, but the new and wonderful scene which opened upon him, the soft air and fresh breezes of the sea gave him new life and spirits. In the captain's cabin, in an easy chair, he generally sat the greatest part of the day. He several times said to Mrs. Doddridge, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had: such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express." In one of his last letters before his death at Lisbon, he mentions his increasing weakness, and adds, "*nevertheless I bless God the most undisturbed serenity continues in my mind, and my strength holds proportion to my day.*" Many devout sentiments and aspirations he uttered a short time before his departure. After lying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told Mrs. Doddridge he had been renewing his covenant engagements with God; and though he had not felt all that delight and joy which he had so often done, yet *he was sure the Lord was his God*, and he had a cheerful well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his everlasting mercy. He lay in a gentle doze the following day, and continued so till about an hour before he died. When in his last struggle, he appeared restless, fetched several deep sighs, and quickly after obtained his release, on Saturday, October 26, O. S. anno 1751, aged 49\*.

\* Job Orton.

Dr. Doddridge was held in very general esteem by many of the most distinguished prelates of that day in the Church of England, and among them Archbishop Secker and the Bishop of Worcester entertained for him the greatest respect ! the former holding a friendly correspondence with him, and the latter showing many marks of attention during his sickness. His Commentaries on the Scriptures are so useful, that passages are quoted from it in "The Family Bible," by Dr. D'Oyly and Bishop Mant.



#### BISHOP BERKELEY.

Died Jan. 14, 1753.

*How often do we see men intent upon the business of life, or laying designs for many years to come, snatched away in a moment, and the soul compelled to take a very abrupt and solemn departure from the body ?*

ST. BERNARD.

A PRELATE eminent for his piety, learning, and attainments in philosophy ; of whom Bishop Atterbury declared that " he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and so much humility, had been the portion of any but angels, until he saw Mr. Berkeley."

EXTRACT FROM HIS LETTER WRITTEN WHEN AT TURIN,  
IN 1714 :

" I am now hardened against wind and weather, earth and sea, frost and snow ; can gallop all day long, and sleep but three or four hours at night."

On Sunday evening, Jan. 14th, 1753, as he was sitting in the midst of his family, listening to a Sermon of Dr. Sherlock's, which his lady was reading to him, he was seized with what the physicians termed a palsy in the heart, and *instantly expired*. The accident was so sudden that his body was quite cold and his joints stiff, *before it was discovered*, as the *bishop lay on a couch, and seemed to be asleep*; till his daughter, on presenting him with a dish of tea, first perceived his insensibility.

The Bishop was summoned out of the world while Mrs. Berkeley was reading to him the lesson in the burial service taken from the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. *On this most sublime chapter he was commenting when his heavenly spirit soared aloft to his kindred souls, &c.\**



#### BISHOP WILSON.

Died, 1755, aged 93.

*Oh, thou stay of our souls, our refuge and strength, whose light, like the sailor's star, shines through the thick clouds that hang over our heads, steer we beseech thee this floating vessel, with the helm of thy cross, into the haven where we would be.*

ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE eminently pious Bishop of Sodor and Man. Bishop Wilson's pious and useful life was drawing to a close. He saw the evening shades advancing,

\* Biog. Brit. Bishop Atterbury.

he felt his earthly tabernacle decaying, he beheld the messengers of death approaching, and welcomed their approach. The scenes which lie beyond the valley of the shadow of death grew brighter the nearer he approached them. Whilst walking thoughtfully along the shore of eternity, he seemed to hear seraphic sounds from the harps of ministering angels; and to behold, with the martyr Stephen, the heavens open, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.

Bishop Wilson stood like a pilgrim, with his staff in his hand, ready to depart. Whilst thus waiting for his summons, and in hourly expectation of going forth to meet the bridegroom, he appeared more like an inhabitant of the world of glory, on which he was about to enter, than a sojourner in this vale of tears.

His last days were his best days. He was ripening fast for Heaven. A candidate for the ministry, who at that time resided in his house, and continued with him till his death, delighted to relate the scenes which he then witnessed. He used to tell, with joy in his countenance, of the benignity in the Bishop's behaviour, the heavenliness of his discourse, and the fervour of his prayers.

This student, who slept in a room adjoining the Bishop's bed-chamber, *frequently overheard, at midnight, the orisons of the holy man.* He could distinguish his whispering voice pouring forth supplications and thanksgivings to the great preserver of

men, who "never slumbers nor sleeps." Sometimes the words of the pious Psalmist were indistinctly heard; I will arise at midnight and give thanks unto thee. Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name. Sometimes passages from the Te Deum, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth. Thus did God give his beloved servant songs in the night season.

Bishop Wilson having passed his ninety-second year, found his intellectual powers begin to fail; there was a sanctity in his expressions, and a dignity in his deportment, during this intellectual eclipse, which inspired every beholder with awe. Few wearisome nights or unprofitable days, were allotted this advanced Christian. He was now almost in view of the heavenly world; his heart and his flesh gradually failing him, till the pulse of life stood still, and his spirit returned unto God who gave it. The coffin was made from one of the elm trees which the Bishop planted soon after his coming to the Isle of Man. A few years before his death, he ordered the tree to be cut down and sawed into planks, to be in a state of readiness to receive his remains, and probably to answer the further end of a memento mori\*.

\* Rev. Hugh Stowell.

## REV. JAMES HERVEY.

Died December 25, 1758, aged 44-5.

*Death is to me the gate of Heaven.*

AN eminently pious divine and popular writer of the Established Church. Mr. Hervey for many years had struggled with much weakness and languor, was frequently confined by severe fits of sickness, but in the latter end of the year 1758 he grew worse. On the first Sunday in December, after family prayers in the evening, he was seized so extremely ill, that his dissolution was apprehended to be very near; with great difficulty he was got up stairs, and after that never left his room. The cramp returned with violence. He was grievously afflicted with a hectic cough in the night, that obliged him to rise very early; he was sensible of his danger, yet was willing to use proper means to mitigate the pain and to prolong life. On the 15th of December, he complained of a pain in his side, for which, at his own desire, he was bled; but the surgeon perceiving his weakness and danger, took but a small quantity of blood. Mr. Maddock, his curate, was much with him, to whom he pathetically spoke of his assurance of faith, and of the great love of God in Christ. "How much," said he, "has Christ done for me, and how little I have done for so loving a Saviour! If I have preached even once a week, it was at last a

burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done, and have not thus preached from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ."

These expressions were accompanied with tears. "But," said he, "do not think that I am afraid to die—I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour hath done for me, and I want to be gone, but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ, in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him." And in another conversation, speaking of his approaching dissolution, and our ignorance of the sacred word, he observed, "How many precious texts are there, great with the richest truths of Christ, which we cannot comprehend, of which we know nothing; and of those we do know, how few do we remember! A good textuary is a good divine—*that is the armour; the word of God is the sword*. They are the weapons I must use when that subtle spirit, the arch-adversary of mankind, comes to tempt and sift me in my last conflict. Surely I had need be well provided with these weapons; I had need have my quiver full of them, to answer Satan with texts out of the word of God, when he assaults me."

On the 19th, the pains of his body abated, but he grew drowsy and lethargic, and in the night his dissolution was expected.

The next day he was visited by his worthy friend, Dr. Stonhouse, who declared his opinion that Mr.

Hervey could not survive above two or three days ; and speaking of the consolation which a good man enjoys in the prospect of death, Mr. Hervey replied, "true, Doctor, true, the only valuable treasures are in Heaven. What would it avail me now to be Archbishop of Canterbury ? Disease would shew no respect to my mitre. That prelate (Dr. Secker) is not only very great, but, I am told, he has religion really at heart ; yet *it is godliness and not grandeur that will avail him hereafter*. The Gospel is offered to me, a poor country clergyman, the same as to his Grace—Christ makes no difference between us: Oh ! why then do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour, fawn upon the great, and hunt after worldly preferments with so much eagerness, to the disgrace of our order ? These, these are the things, and not our poverty, or obscurity, which render the clergy so justly contemptible to the worldlings. No wonder the service of our Church (grieved I am to say it,) is become such a formal, lifeless thing, since, alas ! it is too often executed by persons dead to godliness in all their conversation ; whose indifference to religion and worldly-minded behaviour proclaims the little regard they pay to the doctrines of the Lord who bought them."

When Dr. Stonhouse was going away, Mr. Hervey reminded him of a dangerous fall from his horse, which he had met with not long before, by which he had been much bruised ; and observing that he looked pale, he hoped he would think upon such



narrow escapes, so often fatal to others, as a warning to him from God, and remember them as such ; adding, how careful ought we to be to improve those years which remain, at a time of life when but few remain to us.

The day before his death, Mr. Hervey attempting to walk a few steps in his room, his strength failing him he must have fallen if not supported ; a fainting fit ensued, and it was some time before he recovered. When he came to himself, his brother William, who was come from London to see him, said, “ we were afraid you were gone ; ” he answered “ I wish I had.”

On the 25th, his curate paying him his morning's visit, Mr. Hervey, sitting down, for he was unable to lie in bed, said “ Sir, I cannot talk with you to day.” He complained much of a great inward conflict which he had ; and laying his hand on his breast, said, “ Oh ! you know not how great a conflict I have.” During this time his eyes were almost constantly elevated to Heaven, and his hands clasped in prayer. He frequently said “ when this great conflict is over, then ”—but added no more.

Dr. Stonhouse came to him about three hours before he expired, to whom *he strongly urged the importance of his everlasting concerns, as here is no abiding place ; and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life, but, in the multiplicity of his business, to attend to the one thing needful.*

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ;  
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

The Doctor observing the difficulty with which he spoke, and finding by his languid pulse, that his dissolution was near, desired that he would spare himself. "No, no," was his reply, "*you tell me that I have but few moments to live—Oh! let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer.*" He then said, "though my heart and my flesh fail me, yet God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." He expatiated also on those words, "All things are yours, life and death, for ye are Christ's." "Here," said he, "is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is. *How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and giver of eternal life ;* and as it frees from all this misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure, as long as God thinks fit ; for I know he will, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. *Oh! welcome, welcome, Death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian.* To live is Christ, but to die is gain."

When Dr. Stonhouse was taking his final leave, Mr. Hervey expressed great gratitude for his visits, though medicine had been unable to relieve him. He then paused a little, and with great composure,

although the pangs of death were upon him, said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word; for mine eyes have seen thy most precious salvation. Here, Dr. Stonhouse, is my cordial; what are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me." About three o'clock he said, "the great conflict is over; now all is done." After which he scarce spoke any words intelligibly, excepting now and then "precious salvation!" During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against the side of the chair, and, without the least struggle expired, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, on Christmas day, 1758, in the 45th year of his age.



RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTELTON.

Died 1773, aged 64.

*We ought to employ the term allotted us in this world, as becomes men who have a lively hope, that when their perishing bodies shall be food for worms, their immortal souls shall enter into joy with the saints.*

ST. BERNARD.

A POET, scholar, and Christian. On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which, for a week past, had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man.

From this time he suffered by restlessness, rather than pain; and though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake. His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event: his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, account for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently. Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is a folly, a keeping me in misery now, to attempt to prolong life." Yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery. On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me; he said "he felt a great hurry of spirits, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it." He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart from whence goodness had so long flowed as from a copious spring. "When I first set out in the world," said he, "I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. *The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian*

*religion.* I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatever." At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before my illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing."

On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, "I shall die, but it will not be your fault." When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solid benediction, and said, "be good, be virtuous, my lord, *you must come to this.*" Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, though with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired without a groan \*.

\* Related by his physician, Dr. Johnstone, of Kidderminster.

## ALBERT DE HALLER, M.D.

Died December 12, 1777, aged 69.

*As death puts an end in a moment to all that is mortal, so it requires the operation of more than is mortal to make that last moment agreeable and happy.* CLARENDON'S TRACTS, 130.

ONE of the most eminent physicians and philosophers of the eighteenth century. Haller was born with a delicate constitution, which he had strengthened by temperance: for the only excess which he indulged in, was, the most excusable of all others, that of study. But though the effects of intense application to letters on the constitution, are often slow, they are in general severely felt at some period of life. But a few days before his death, he employed himself in his favourite occupation of retouching his works; and though reduced for a long time to the necessity of confining himself to his house, and even to his room, he continued to enjoy the society of his friends; and in this situation he received the best recompence of a good father of a family, in the affectionate and constant attention of his wife and children.

In the midst of his great sufferings, he put the finishing hand to his physiology, and he drew up a regular journal of his disorder, which he sent to the Academy of Gottingen; supposing the abilities to be equal, the patient himself should be more capable of making observations than any other person: but

unfortunately a sick man has seldom that serenity of mind to be an accurate observer. M. de Haller, perceived the approach of death, and *confiding firmly in the Supreme Being, whom he had faithfully served, prepared to render him an account of a life which had been spent in the study of God's works, and in doing good to his fellow-creatures, and then looked forward to his dissolution without dismay or impatience.*

He desired his friend and physician M. Rosselet, not to conceal from him his real situation : and this gentleman ventured to tell him that the autumn of 1777 would probably be the period of his existence. *Haller exhibited no signs of fear at the information ; continued his usual mode of life ; and in his last moments employed himself in marking the decay of his organs.* He felt his pulse from time to time ; " My friend," said he, to M. Rosselet, with great tranquillity, "*the artery no longer beats,*" and immediately expired \*.

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#### LORD KAMES.

Died December 27, 1782, aged 86-87.

*God's providence is the best protection.*

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

AN eminent metaphysical writer. A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a

\* Memoirs of Haller. Chalmers.

short walk which he took with Mrs. Drummond \*, in the garden, he desired her to sit down by him on one of the benches, saying he felt himself much fatigued : and adding, that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. “ My dear child,” said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, “ My dear child, I know well that no physician on earth can do me the smallest service ; for I feel that I am dying ; and *I thank God that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good-will towards all mankind.* My life has been a long one, and prosperous on the whole, beyond my deserts : but I would fain indulge the hope that it has not been useless to my fellow-creatures. My last wish regarded my son, and you my dear child, and I have lived to see it accomplished. *I am now ready to obey my Maker’s summons.*” He then poured forth a short but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden, he said, “ this is my last farewell to this place. I think I shall never see it more. *But go where I will I am in the hands of Almighty God.*”

\* Mrs. Drummond, his daughter-in-law, from whose statement this account is taken.



## DR. JOHNSON.

Died December 20, 1784, aged 75.

*Affliction may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*

THE Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, who gave me this account, “ *Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance!*” he also explained to him passages in the Scriptures, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects.

On Monday, the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris, daughter to a particular friend of his, called, and said to Francis, that she begged to be permitted to see the doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing. Francis went into the room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, “ God bless you, my dear !” These were the last words he spoke. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o’clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber and Mrs. Desmoulins, who were sitting in the room, observing that the noise he made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed and found he was dead.

About two days after his death, the following very agreeable account was communicated to Mr. Malone, in a letter by the honourable John Byng :

“ Dear Sir,

“ Since I saw you, I have had a long conversation with Cawston, (servant to the right honourable William Wyndham) who sat up with Dr. Johnson, from nine o'clock on Sunday evening, till ten o'clock on Monday morning. And, from what I can gather from him, it should seem that Dr. Johnson was *perfectly composed, steady in hope, and resigned to death*. At the interval of each hour, they assisted him to sit up in his bed, and move his legs, which were in much pain ; *when he regularly addressed himself to fervent prayer* ; and though sometimes his voice failed him, his sense never did, during that time. The only sustenance he received, was cyder and water. He said his mind was prepared, and the time to his dissolution seemed long. At six in the morning, he enquired the hour, and on being informed, said, that *all went on regularly*, and he felt that he had but a few hours to live.

“ At ten o'clock in the morning, he parted from Cawston, saying, ‘ You should not detain Mr. Wyndham’s servant :—I thank you ; bear my remembrance to your master.’ Cawston says, that *no man could appear more collected, more devout, or less terrified at the thoughts of the approaching minute*. This account which is so much more

agreeable than, and somewhat different from yours, has given us the satisfaction of thinking that this great man died as he lived, full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope."

A few days before his death, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, "doubtless, in Westminster Abbey," seemed to feel a satisfaction very natural to a poet\*.

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#### BISHOP LOWTH.

Died November 3, 1787, aged 77.

*Prepare to meet thy God!*

THE uncertainty of human life was very forcibly shown in the family of this most learned and pious prelate. His eldest daughter, of whom he was passionately fond, died *aged only thirteen*. On her mausoleum the doctor placed the following beautiful and pathetic epitaph:—

Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,  
 Et plusquam natæ nomine, cara, vale!  
 Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius ævum,  
 Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.  
 Cara, redi, læta tum dicam voce, paternos  
 Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

\* Boswell.

Which has been thus translated by Mr. Duncombe :

Dearer than daughter, paralleled by few  
In genius, goodness, modesty,—adieu !  
Adieu, Maria !—till that day more blest,  
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.  
Come, then thy sire will cry, in joyful strain,  
O ! come to my paternal arms again.

His second daughter, Frances, died *as she was presiding at the tea table*: she was going to place a cup of coffee on the salver ; “ Take this,” said she, to the Bishop of Bristol ; immediately the *cup and her hand fell together* upon the salver, and *she instantly expired*. His eldest son also, of whom he was led to form the highest expectations, *was hurried to the grave in the bloom of youth*. Amid these scenes of distress, the venerable Bishop, animated by the hopes which the religion of Jesus alone inspires, viewed, with pious resignation, the king of terrors, snatching his dear and amiable children from his fond embrace ; and at length *himself met the stroke of death* with fortitude, and left this world in full and certain hope of a better. He died November 3, 1787, and was buried at Fulham \*.

\* Chalmers.

## SOLOMON GESNER.

Died 1788, aged 58.

*Since the time of our death is so very uncertain, it concerns us to improve our present time; because no time is ours, but what is present.*

A DISTINGUISHED German poet, and the author of "The Death of Abel." For several years past, he had been labouring under a complication of disorders, when accidentally he ruptured a vessel in his lungs. Exhausted by the loss of blood, his life was now in imminent danger. On the next day, he invited his two colleagues in office, with the archdeacon, to visit him; in whose presence, with an audible voice, unimpaired mind, and clasped hands, he declared the principles of his faith, and having exhorted his colleagues to constancy, confessed his sins, received absolution, and partaken of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, said with a cheerful countenance, "now I possess my soul in tranquillity, and patiently await my God: his will be done, for it alone is good and holy. Whether I live or die, Christ is my life; death, my gain. If I live, I will live unto the Lord, or whether I die, I shall die unto the Lord, for whether we live or whether we die, we are of the Lord." A weakness of his bodily frame soon succeeded, together with a difficulty of breathing, and he appeared at the very point of death: and yet he recovered so far as to say, "Now, Lord, permit thy servant to depart in peace, because mine eyes have seen thy salvation. To

thee, Oh Lord, do I lift up my soul : my God, in thee I put my trust, I shall not be confounded. Look down on me and pity me, for I am poor and in misery. The sorrow of my heart is great, save me from my tribulations." And when he was reminded of those consolations, which in the hour of trial would keep him from the temptations of Satan, " I have no communion with him," said he, " nor has he wounded me in the time of my disorder. Let him come and fall before me : let him use all his strength against me if he will. I will never despair. I know that I have sinned against my God. Wherefore, following the Israelites in the desert, I will shew my enemy, not the brazen serpent, but the Son of God himself, suspended on the cross, and will say, against him, and not against thee, have I sinned ; in him I trust : I know that he has paid to God the Father, a sufficient price of ransom, not only for me, but for the whole world. Wherefore, Satan ! depart, and direct thy fiery darts, if thou dare, against the seed of the woman. If thou overcome him, thou wilt also conquer me." On the 7th of February, he exercised himself in devout prayers and sacred hymns, and then quietly fell asleep in the Lord, for his eyes began to grow dark, and twice he appeared to draw his breath with some degree of difficulty ; he then breathed with that tranquillity, that he appeared more like one sinking into sleep, than into death \*.

## JOHN HOWARD.

Died January 20, 1790, aged 63.

*"He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity. May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements."*—Epitaph on the monument to Howard in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE celebrated philanthropist. The great earthquake at Lisbon first called forth the benevolent feelings of Howard. He was proceeding toward the ruins of that city, when he was captured, with the Hanover frigate, in which he was sailing, by a French privateer, and the inconveniences which he suffered during his imprisonment in France, are supposed to have awakened his sympathies in favour of all unfortunate prisoners. In his book on Lazarettos, he had announced his intention of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and some other countries, and extending his tour in the East. "I am not insensible," says he, "of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction, that I am pursuing the path of duty, and a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive use-

fulness to my fellow-creatures, than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life." He did actually fall a sacrifice to this design; for in visiting a sick patient at Cherson, who had a malignant epidemic fever, he caught the distemper.

The philanthropist, prepared himself for his decease, which was now rapidly approaching. On the 18th of January the symptoms of this great and good man's disease began to assume a still more alarming appearance, for he was seized with a violent hickupping which continued the next day. To Admiral Priestman he said, "you endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death, but I entertain very different sentiments. *Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure;* and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; I must die." Turning from that subject, he spoke of his funeral; and cheerfully gave directions where he would be buried. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphigny, five versts from Cherson; this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, *place a sun-dial over my grave,* and let me be forgotten." When his friend returned to him with



the intelligence that he had executed his commission respecting the place of his interment, his countenance brightened, a gleam of satisfaction came over his face, and he prepared to go to bed. He begged the admiral to read the Burial Service of the Church of England over his body; he breathed his last about 8 o'clock in the morning of the 20th January, 1790; aged 63.

The immediate cause of Howard's death was supposed to be either an exposure to the severity of the weather, while going to visit a sick lady, or the infectious fever caught by him in the invalid's chamber. His death was announced to the public in the London Gazette of the 23d of March, 1790. *A distinction never before or since conferred upon any private individual.* A short time previous to his death he wrote the following remarkable and beautiful passage on a manuscript leaf of his work on the principal lazarettos of Europe; "I am a stranger and pilgrim here; but I trust, through grace, going to a land peopled with my fathers and my kindred, and the friends of my youth. And I trust my spirit will mingle with those pious dead, and be for ever with the Lord \*."

\* Brown. Chalmers. Howard's Lazarettos.

## MR. JAMES HAY BEATTIE.

Died Nov. 19, 1790, aged 22.

*Heaven in reversion,—like the sun, as yet  
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world,  
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,  
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.*

A YOUTH remarkable not less for his great acquirements than for his ardent devotion, who was the son of the celebrated Dr. Beattie. In the night of the '30th of November 1789, he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of fever, attended with excessive trembling and shivering, such as seemed to threaten his immediate dissolution. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and before morning a perspiration ensued; which freed him from fever, but left him weak and languid. This night must be considered as the end of his literary career, for though he lived almost a year longer, he was never after able to engage in study that required any energy of mind. From this time to his death, the night sweats continued to molest him, though they were not often violent; and now a decline came on, wonderfully gradual, though it seemed in general to gain a little ground every week. In the end of June 1790, a cough made its appearance, and it was then I began to lose hopes of his recovery, as I have reason to think he also did: he saw death approaching, and met it with his usual calmness and resignation. "*How pleasant a medicine is Christianity!*" said he one evening while he

was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for, in the belief that he was just going to expire. Sometimes he would endeavour to reconcile my mind to the thoughts of parting with him, but for fear of giving me pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. His composure he retained, as well as the full use of his rational faculties, to the last; nor did his wit and humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak, except in a whisper. His last allusion to literature, and probably the last time his favourite Virgil occurred to his mind, was on occasion of some difference of opinion happening when he was present, between Mr. Wilson, (surgeon,) and me, about the meaning of a Greek word. To give him a little amusement I referred the matter to him. "Ah!" said he with a smile, (finding himself unable to say more,) "Fuimus Troes."

One day, long before the little incident last mentioned, when I was sitting by him, soon after our second return from sea, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him, I begged him to drop that subject, and was proceeding to tell him that I had never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted; and that for the little I had done, his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompence. When he interrupted me, (which he was not apt to do,) and starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me,

*His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic.* Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done, and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him; and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears, till the day before his death; when he desired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell.

† As his life drew towards a close, his pains abated considerably, and he passed a good deal of his time in sleep. When I asked him whether his dreams were distressing, he said, “No; for that he sometimes dreamed of walking with me; which was an idea peculiarly soothing to his mind.”

At seven in the morning of the 19th Nov. 1790, he said his throat was dry, and desired a draught to be given him. Mr. Wilson stepped to the table to fetch it, but before he got back to the bedside, the last breath was emitted, without a groan, or even a sigh\*.

\* Life by his father, Dr. Beattie.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Died April 27, 1794, aged 47.

*To one not prepared to die, death would be a frightful sight when he comes within view, and shews his scythe, and only some few sands at the bottom of the glass.*

THE celebrated Orientalist, and a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William, in India. Having attained, by the assiduous exertion of his abilities, and in a course of useful service to his country and mankind, a high degree of reputation, and by economy that did not encroach upon his beneficence, a liberal competence, he was prepared, one would have thought, at the age of 47, to enjoy a long life with dignity and independence.

On the evening of the 20th April, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation in an unwholesome situation, he called upon a very intimate friend, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "An ague in the spring is medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called in to his assistance, but it had then ad-

vanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. "The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call his friend, (Lord Teignmouth,) who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was to be lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found.

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"I have reason to believe," says the Rev. D. Brown, "that he had little faith in any help that the physician could bring him, and he even intimated, that the will of God must be done, although he submitted to take whatever was prescribed." On the night in which he died, his servants say that he was restless. He got up, ordered some tea, and dressed himself. He then took a little tea, and finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry

him into an inner apartment, when at his desire they left him. Returning after a short interval, *they found him in a kneeling posture with his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed towards heaven. As they were removing him he expired.* He died on Sunday morning 27th of April, 1794, and was interred the following morning. I went very early and found only Emin by his body, who shed many tears. I took a candle, and dwelt for some minutes on every feature; *his face was infinitely more beautiful in death;* his nose had an exquisite delicacy, a fineness and variety I cannot describe, though the idea is fixed deep and clear in my own mind; his mouth was speaking, his forehead expressive of awe, and deeply characteristic of the laborious and unremitting attention he devoted to the acquisition of knowledge.

When we compare the shortness of his life with the extent of his labours, the mind is overpowered; yet his example, however disgraceful to the indolent, and even apparently discouraging to the humble scholar, will not be without the most salutary effects, if it be allowed to prove that no difficulties in science are insurmountable by regular industry, that the human faculties can be exalted by exercise beyond the common degrees of which we are apt to be satisfied, and that the finest taste is not incompatible with the profoundest studies and the exercise of Christian piety

\* Lord Teignmouth, Chalmers, and Rev. David Brown, Pro-

## THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY.

Died May 2, 1800, aged 20 years.

*My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*

HEB. xii. 5.

SON of the poet. While four or five persons were holding or moving together the different helpless parts of his body, all full of pain and debility, with death in his countenance, *and without the slightest symptom of fear, or perturbation of any kind*, he gave the clearest and most endearing directions to all around how to manage his poor frame : he indeed possessed

“ The gentlest manners with the bravest mind.”

Once, when his father expressed some degree of impatience at the length of his sufferings, the gentle martyr said to him, “ Let us not complain, my dear father ; *remember, our Saviour was sanctified by suffering.*”

vost of Fort William College, and Senior Chaplain of the Hon. East India Company †.

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† The Rev. Mr. Brown had designed a work on Death similar to this ; the same observation applies to Alexander Chalmers, Esq., and Henry Kirke White. The last of whom was cut off before he had time to execute his plan.



Perhaps the records of mankind could afford very few examples of a father and a son in whom reciprocal affection arose to such a height, and supported itself in so striking a manner, through a series of checquered years; indeed this memorial is intended to notice an affection so memorable, and with hopes that the just representation of its delights, may in the progress of time call forth and inspirit many new examples of filial and parental attachment. He departed this life after a short but severe agony, May 2d, 1800, aged twenty years.

After his decease, the following beautiful Meditation was found written by him in a small book.

THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY'S MEDITATION IN THE  
PROSPECT OF DEATH.

“ Although it has pleased God to visit me with a long and enervating illness, by which I have lost in a great degree the faculties of my body; yet in his mercy (for which mercy I hope I am grateful,) he has preserved to me the faculties of my mind, and I have employed them, during my confinement, in that study so important to us, a guard against evil in this world, and as a means of rendering us more fit for the next, and yet so little attended to—*the knowledge of oneself*. I have examined (and I trust with an eye tolerably impartial) to what defects and errors in conduct I am particularly liable; and I hope, by being sensible of those defects, I may be

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able to regulate my conduct in life so, that it may be upon all occasions such as becomes a man and a Christian."

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## NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JAMES NECKER.

Died 1804, aged 72.

*The reflection that we must die is a great incentive to virtue ; it will, therefore, be useful to accustom ourselves whenever we see sickness or death, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.* DR. JOHNSON.

A GREAT financier. When disengaged from all external objects, he evinced the elevation and the sensibility of his soul. He incessantly mentioned religion with love and respect. He implored with fervour the indulgence and the mercy of God. What are we, if such a man humbly distrusted his acceptance? He gave his blessing to my three children; —he blessed also his daughter. Laying his hand upon his heart, he repeated many times the affecting words, *She has loved me much.* He was anxious for my future state. On a previous occasion when asked by her what she should do when deprived by his death of that protection she had hitherto enjoyed, (with a broken voice, and with an angelic expression of countenance) he only replied, "*My child, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"

The last words which he uttered were addressed to the Deity; "*Great God,*" he exclaimed, "*receive thy servant who approaches death with hasty steps.*" Doubtless this petition was accepted.

Other men have pursued a career more brilliant, more dazzling, resplendent to the eye of ambition, and flattering to the heart, whose only aspiration is for prosperity; but few men of genius have arisen, so warmly, so devotedly the friend of virtue\*.

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REV. DR. ARCHIBALD MACLAINÉ.

Died November 25, 1804, aged 82.

*Every thing is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality; every thing becomes truly sublime when we look to the goal to which he is hastening.*

BOSSUET.

A PIOUS and learned clergyman, and for fifty years minister of the English Church at the Hague, and the well known translator of "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History." Many of his observations shortly before death were truly sublime. "I feel," said he "that I am going very gradually. I shall not long be here; but *I have been used to consider my latter end, and am not now disturbed at its approach.* I have always had a religious turn of mind, which has kept me from bad habits. When very young I was fond of

\* Madame de Staël.

attending places of worship of all kinds, and of going to funerals, being impressed with the solemnity of the service. I have no pain, and though very weak, and daily becoming more and more so, yet the faculties of my mind are in a better state than they were two months ago ; *I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going. It appears to my mind very magnificent and very awful* : there is no cloud in the prospect that is now before me, though I say it with humble confidence and reliance on the Divine mercy, through the mediation of my blessed Redeemer, *whom I always loved too much to fear that he should now forsake me.* All is bright : I think of the Being of all perfection, into whose presence I am going, and whom I shall see as he is ; and the more I dwell upon such infinite perfections, the more I am filled with awe and wonder. I am quite lost in astonishment, though I can contemplate him as my kind parent, who has bestowed on me so many mercies, and now will not leave me nor forsake me ; who knows my frame, and remembers that I am but dust. I think almost continually of the sublime objects in the new scene that is before me, of the society that I shall join in that untried state, and I feel the subject very awful, but *it is a pleasing awe, accompanied with the highest reverence and trust in an heavenly Father* \*.

\* Mr. Simpson.

## ARCHDEACON PALEY.

Died 1805, aged 62.

*A good life is the best preparation for a happy death.*

EMINENT for his writings on moral philosophy and theology. In 1804 his valuable life was then drawing fast to a close; and the powers of nature, gradually exhausted by repeated sufferings, were becoming daily less able to resist the force of his inveterate disease. Yet he kept his annual residence at Lincoln in 1805, and returned to Bishop Wearmouth about the beginning of May. Soon after his arrival there he experienced a most violent attack, in which the usual remedies were found ineffectual. Human skill was therefore in vain; his appetite failing him, he was no longer able to take the requisite support; but soon sunk under the accumulated influence of debility and disease. His sight is supposed to have failed a few days before his death, whilst his other faculties remained unimpaired. *Perhaps no man ever preserved greater self-possession and composure, during his concluding scene.* The evening of his life was clouded with no displeasing recollections, no vain anxieties, no fond regrets: he had enjoyed the blessings of this world with satisfaction; and he relied for future happiness on the promises of that divine revelation, the truth of which he had so strenuously laboured to evince. He consequently met the approach of death with firmness, comforted

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his afflicted family with the consolations of religion, and late on the evening of Saturday, May 25, 1805, breathed his last \*.

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HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Died Oct. 19, 1806, aged 21.

*Behold thou hast made my days as a handsbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee ; verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.*

PS. XXXIX. 5.

WELL known for his poetical talent, piety, indefatigable industry, and premature death. Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations ; every University honour was thought to be within his reach ; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree ; but these expectations were poison to him, they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength ; it failed as the year advanced : he went once more to London to recruit himself,—the worst place to which he could have gone : the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him ; and when he returned to College, he was so completely ill, that no power of

\* Meadley.

medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that, if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family, which always appeared in his letters, that *he thought himself recovering*; but *his disorder increased so rapidly*, that this letter was never sent; *it was found in his pocket after his decease*. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville of his danger; he hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day he sunk into a state of stupor, and on Sunday, October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world and a higher state of existence\*.

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BISHOP PORTEUS.

Died 1808, aged 77-8.

*When the sun is gone down, we do not spend the watches of the night in tears, because we know it shall rise again on the morrow with renewed glory.*

A PRELATE distinguished for unaffected piety, eloquence, and learning. Within a very few days after

Robert Southey.

his visit to Carlton House, a visible and alarming alteration took place in the Bishop's already shattered and exhausted frame; and it became evident to those most constantly with him, that nature could not much longer sustain the shock. He was himself indeed strongly impressed with the conviction that his end was fast approaching; and he contemplated the event with all that calm composed resignation, which nothing can inspire but a deep sense of piety, and a devout religious submission to the will of God. On Thursday the 10th of May I saw him for the last time, and never can I forget the affecting solemnity of voice, and look, and manner in which he begged my most earnest prayers for his early and easy release. He said little more to me, for his mind seemed wholly absorbed in the near prospect of an eternal world. The following day he was, at his own desire, removed to Fulham, and for a short time the change of air and scene appeared to cheer and exhilarate him. *As he sat the next morning in his library, near the window, the brightness of a fine spring day called up a transient glow into his countenance, and he several times exclaimed, "O, that glorious sun!"* Afterwards, while sitting at dinner, he was seized with some slight convulsions, which were happily of short duration, and *he then fell as it seemed into a gentle sleep.* From that time, however, he never spoke, and scarcely could be said to move. Without a pang or a sigh, by a transition so easy, as only to be known by a pressure of his hand



upon the knee of his servant, who was sitting near him, the spirit of this great and good man fled from its earthly mansion to the realms of peace. The Bishop was buried at Sundridge, in Kent\*.



REV. J. BROWNRIGG, A.M.

Died 1809.

*The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want: when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.*

CURATE of Aldershott, near Farnham, Surrey. While he was being raised up in his bed, he said to his friends, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. The Lord deals with me in a way of peculiar tenderness; he knows my frame, how weak it is, and that it would be greatly shaken by a succession of rapturous enjoyments or great exercises of conflict: therefore, in compassion, he gives me to see and experience such gentle, yet rich displays of his love, that while I am lost in the heavenly meditation, it soothes my heart, and produces that desirable calm which alone my body would support in this very weak state."

On observing his friends to be affected, he said to them, "I only want to weep this once over the mercy

Dr. Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle.

of my God, and then I will indulge myself no more, for I know it shakes my weak frame. 'I hope I have loved to declare the truth in the great congregation; and could have wished, had it been the will of God, to have died in the pulpit, especially the last time I preached, for I felt I should preach no more, and then it might have been by my death the Lord would have roused some to think of the importance of their latter end. But such is the hardness of the human heart, that unless God had worked by his Spirit in the hearts of men, all would have been in vain. The Lord hath wrought resignation in my soul, so as to make me content to die in this bed, thereby causing me to give up my will to his. Although my desire to live has been great, that I might continue as an ambassador from God, I am willing and ready to depart, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'"

When his friends were about to leave him, "Stay," said he, "I will not detain you much longer; only let me sum up all in the words of the Apostle: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am ——— chief. But the Lord is my shepherd!' I shall not, I do not want! When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.' Come and see me smile; for I am made so happy by such a gentle,

though sweet out-pouring of the love of God, that I know you will rejoice with me." In this pious frame of mind he expired only three years after he had been ordained\*.

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JAMES ROBERT BURCHETT, ESQ.

OF DOCTORS' COMMONS, LONDON.

Died 1810, aged 45.

*A just consideration of death helpeth to the well-disposing and due ordering of thy life.*

BRADFORD.

IN his last illness he said to a friend, "Do not grieve, there is no occasion for it; I hope as it respects myself, all is well; but it is very probable this may be the last opportunity we may ever have of conversing together, and, as I have several things to say to you, I know you will excuse my sending for you at this early hour. You and I, B, have spent many happy hours together, and you will naturally be desirous of knowing something of the state of my mind; but such is the weakness of my body that I shall not be able to say much. You see the situation in which I am; but I hope I can say that I desire to submit with patience and resignation to God's will, and to be very thankful that I was not cut off in my youthful days in the midst of my sins. I now feel that *if the important concerns of religion had not been attended to before, this is not the time*; but blessed

\* Written by an intimate friend.

be God, Jesus Christ has done all things well ; his salvation is complete ; and I desire to renounce all my own doings, and to throw myself at his feet as a poor sinner, entirely depending upon his atoning blood and righteousness for acceptance with God.

“ You and I have been walking many years together, and devising many plans for the glory of God and the good of souls, and I hope you will long be spared as an instrument to promote his cause ; but, O, do let me, as a dying man, recommend to you, that you *look well to all your motives*. I now see that the best of plans may be formed, and the best of works done without the best motives. You do not know a hundredth part of what has daily and hourly passed in my mind. *I have now such a view of the infinite holiness of God, that if it were not for the promise of his word, I sometimes think I should be ready to sink in despair.*

“ I know you have been praying for my recovery ; but the greatest kindness you can now do me is, to pray for my speedy dismissal from this world of sorrow to a heaven of joy.

“ I have been now afflicted so long, I would rather depart and be with Christ, which is far better. While I was able I thought upon, and poured out my soul in prayer to God ; but my intellects are now so weak, I can only offer up a short petition with my amen. I have prayed earnestly through this affliction for sincerity. I hope I can appeal to the searcher of hearts, that I have been sincere.

“ I trust I can say I know in whom I have believed. My mind is very comfortable, my faith is unshaken, *the fear of death is taken away*. I long to depart and be with Christ. I would not exchange for ten thousand worlds, the glory I have in prospect.”



### PRINCESS AMELIA.

Died November 2, 1810, aged 27.

*If we would deal faithfully with ourselves and the world, and report and acknowledge how much we have found ourselves the better for our suffering in sickness ; how by it we have corrected the follies and infirmities of our nature, improved the faculties of our mind and understanding, mended ourselves towards God and man ; we should be so far from repining, that we should even thirst and long and desire to undergo it.*

CLARENDON'S TRACTS.

THE eminently pious daughter of his late Majesty King George the Third. Towards the close of 1810, the illness of the king was hastened, if not actually brought on, by domestic sorrow for the loss of his beloved daughter, Amelia, on the 2nd of November, 1810. The last act of whose filial tenderness evinced that it was not in the power of sickness, severely as it operated upon her, to lessen the amiable temper of her mind ; for languid as she was at some periods, and tortured by pain at others, a desire of testifying her affection for the best of fathers was one of the

strongest feelings of her heart. She wished to present that royal parent with a token of her filial duty and affection, and she had the satisfaction of placing on his finger a ring, made by her own directions, for the express purpose, containing a small lock of her hair, inclosed under a crystal tablet, set round with a few diamonds. The effect of that present on his majesty's heart, after so many trials during the progress of her illness, the public had too soon cause to lament; for the circumstance of an amiable and beloved daughter, in the prime of life, passing rapidly on to her dissolution, in the midst of the most acute sufferings, naturally affected the good old king. Indeed, it seemed that his whole soul became absorbed in the fate of his daughter, and he dwelt on it with harassing and weakening grief and despair. On some occasions he kept the physicians, when they made their reports, two or three hours in minute inquiries. Indeed, so restless was his anxiety, that he was accustomed to receive a report every morning at 7 o'clock, and afterwards every two hours of the day. At 3 o'clock regularly he went to her lodge to visit her, and the effect of these visits upon his heart was visible in his tears. When informed that the life of his beloved child was not certain an hour, but that yet she might languish many days, his agitation became most manifest, as he passed some days in excessive grief, while at intervals his gleams of hope seemed to be equally elevated by flattering expectation.

But the best picture we can give of the venerable monarch and his daughter at that moment was drawn by a worthy divine : after having asked a gentleman who was in the habit of close and official attendance on the Princess Amelia, during her whole protracted illness, of what nature were the interviews and conversations held between her and his majesty, and who replied—" they are of the most interesting kind," the divine enquired, " are they of a religious tendency ?" " Yes," said the gentleman, " decidedly so ; and the religion is exactly of that sort which you, as a serious Christian, would approve. His majesty speaks to his daughter of the only hope of a sinner being in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He examines her as to the integrity and strength of that hope in her own soul. The princess listens with calmness and delight to the conversation of her venerable parent, and replies to his questions in a very affectionate and serious manner. If you were present at one of these interviews, you would acknowledge with joy that the Gospel is preached in a palace, and that under highly affecting circumstances. Nothing," added he, " can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her about salvation through Christ, as a matter far more interesting to both than the highest privileges and most magnificent pomp of royalty."

The effect which such conversations must have had upon the expiring princess, is fully illustrated by

*the following stanzas, which, upon incontestible evidence, are known to have been the effusions of her parting spirit.*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
 I laugh'd and danc'd, and talk'd and sung;  
 And proud of health, of freedom vain,  
 Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;  
 Concluding, in those hours of glee,  
 That all the world was made for me.  
*But when the hour of trial came,*  
*When sickness shook this trembling frame,*  
*When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,*  
 And I could dance and sing no more,  
 It then occur'd how sad 'twould be  
 Were this world only made for me \*.



### PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

Died November 6, 1817, aged 22.

*Patience in tribulation, and a resigned will, are so much and so essentially a part of the character of a Christian, that no performance of our duty, and of God's commands, on our part, can be a security and assurance of his blessing upon us without it.*

CLARENDON'S TRACTS. †

DAUGHTER of King George the Fourth, and heiress apparent to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, Throughout the whole of her painful illness, Her Royal Highness evinced the greatest firmness. There

\* George the Third, his Court and Family.



is, indeed, scarcely an instance of any female who had suffered such severe and protracted pain, enduring it with an equal degree of fortitude. She was perfectly calm and composed, manifesting no agitation respecting herself; ejaculating, "Blessed be God, for the sake of my prince!" and faintly but piously observing, when informed of the state of the child, "It is the will of God! praise to him in all things!" adding, when a little more composed, "I regret extremely this circumstance. I feel it as a mother naturally should; I feel it also for the people of the country; but, above all, Oh! I feel it for my husband. Tell it to him with caution and tenderness, and be sure to tell him from me, that I am the happiest wife in England."

A shortness of breathing soon came on, attended with spasms, followed by a coldness of the extremities, too often the precursor of death. About this time she asked Dr. — if he thought she was in danger? He assured her that he did not anticipate actual danger, but wished her Royal Highness to compose herself; to which the Princess calmly replied, *She perfectly understood what that signified.* She added, that she had one request to make, and also begged that it might be put in writing: it was, that *she hoped the customary etiquette would, at some future day, be dispensed with; and that her husband, when his time should arrive, might be laid by her side.*

For the last half hour her spasms are said to have

subsided. She then sunk into calm composure; silent, but still apparently not insensible. Her consort did not quit the corpse, until obliged by the arrangements which were necessary \*.

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### GEORGE THE THIRD.

Died January 29, 1820, aged 81-2.

*The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength we come to fourscore years, then is our strength but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and it is gone.*

*The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.*

THE last time that this venerable and truly pious sovereign was publicly seen, with some few exceptions, was on the day when his people, with one accord, devoted themselves to rejoicing in honour of his completion of a period of his reign far beyond the common term of dominion. He was blind: but as he rode through the assembled thousands of his subjects, his countenance was dilated by the goodness and the rapture of his heart; he was, indeed, the object of every one's veneration and love.

It has been stated that the king, when old and blind, preserved the taste of his youth for music, and made himself be led to his piano-forte, or ordered a violin to be brought.

\* Biographical Memoir of Princess Charlotte of Wales.

We have every reason to know, that he who had so ardently expressed his wish that a copy of the Scriptures might be in the possession of, and read by every subject in his dominions, duly appreciated in his own mind their inestimable value, and no doubt, while in possession of reason, they were to him, when journeying onward to the spiritual Jerusalem, as a well-spring in the valley of Baca.

The protracted sufferings and existence of the monarch were now fast drawing to a close. As early as the month of November, the hitherto firm health of his majesty had undergone a sudden alteration; and though the immediately dangerous symptoms of the attack were removed, they were productive of a state of general feebleness and decay, which his immediate attendants soon perceived to admit but of one termination. No bulletins, except the monthly reports of the physicians to the council over which the Duke of York presided, were however issued; and the country received the notification that on the evening of the 29th of January, 1820, King George the Third had breathed his last, without sufferings, and almost without a disease, after having attained the 82nd year of his age, and the 60th of his reign \*.

\* Dr. Aikin.



## **APPENDIX.**



## APPENDIX,

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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PLOTINUS. Died A.D. 270, aged 66.

His dying words are worthy to be written in letters of gold, inasmuch as they prescribe to each of us what to do in the like case. He was almost dying when Eustachius went to Puteoli to visit him. "*Hitherto,*" said Plotinus, "*I expected thee, [death?] and even now I am labouring to return that which is divine in us, unto that Divinity which informs and animates the whole universe.*" And having said these words he gave up the ghost\*.

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CHAUCEER. Died October 25, 1400, aged 72.

AN eminent poet. Chaucer died in London, and no doubt in the house he had hired from the Abbot of Westminster, the situation of which is said to have been nearly on the same spot where Henry the Seventh's Chapel now stands. There is a copy of verses, which appears to be genuine, and which is contained in several works, entitled, *GODE COVNSAILE OF CHAUCER*; that is said to have been "made by him upon his dethe bedde lying in his grete anguysses†." These verses are expressive of that serene frame of temper,

(1)

\* Cælius Rhodanus.

† The manuscript is preserved in the Cottonian library.

that pure and celestial equanimity, which so eminently characterised the genius of Chaucer and of Shakspeare. Thus, then, we may have the pleasure of believing, what is sufficiently probable from other circumstances, that Chaucer died at the venerable age of 72, in the same happy frame of mind in which he lived; cheerful, composed, and serene; at peace with the world, and philanthropically disposed, with his dying breath, to speak counsels of prudence and contentment to those who survived\*.



LORENZO DE MEDICI. Died April 8, 1492, aged 44.

SURNAMED the Great, and the father of letters, chief of the Republic of Florence. *In the height of his reputation* died Lorenzo de Medici.

To judge from his conduct, and that of his servants, says his friend Politiano, *you would have thought that it was they who momentarily expected that fate from which he alone appeared to be exempt.* Even to the last the scintillations of his former vivacity were perceptible. Being exhorted by Savonarola to bear his death with fortitude, "*With cheerfulness,*" replied Lorenzo, "*if such be the will of God.*" Having affectionately embraced his surrounding friends, and submitted to the last ceremonies of the Church, he became absorbed in meditation, occasionally repeating portions of Scripture, and accompanying his ejaculations with elevated eyes, and solemn gestures of his hands, till the energies of life gradually declining, he calmly expired†.

\* Godwin.

† William Roscoe.



LINACRE. Died 1524, aged 64.

THE first president of the College of physicians of London, the friend of Erasmus, and one of the most learned men of his age. A little before his death, when worn out with sickness and fatigue, he began to read the New Testament, and when he had perused the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew, laid down the inspired volume, exclaiming, *either this is not the Gospel or we are not Christians!* A declaration, if rightly understood, equally honourable to the morals he found there inculcated, and satirical to those of the age \*.



CARDINAL WOLSEY. Died November 29, 1530, aged 59.

A PRELATE eminent for his power, wealth, and ambition, and the suddenness of his downfall. There are few instances on record which shew more forcibly the instability of human wealth and grandeur, than the one now to be related. We will, therefore, state the particulars nearly in full, as they are presented by his biographer, Cavendish, who appears to have been an eye-witness of what he here has handed down to us.

Then rode he (Wolsey) with his conductors towards Pomfret, from Cawood†; and as he rode, he demanded of me (Cavendish, his gentleman-usher) whither they would lead him that night. "Marry, Sir," quoth I, "to Pomfret."

\* Aikin's Biog. Mem. of Medical Men.

† (Cawood) A parish, and formerly a market town, on the banks of the river Ouse, twelve miles from York. The ruins of the castle in which Wolsey was arrested are now visible. It was demolished in the civil wars.

"Alas!" quoth he, "shall I go to the castle, and lie there, and die like a beast." "Sir, I can tell you 'no more,'" quoth I, "what they intend to do, but, Sir, I will inquire of a secret friend of mine in this company, who is chief of all their councils."

With that I repaired unto the said Roger Lassels, and desired him as earnestly as I could that he would vouchsafe to shew me whither my lord would go to be lodged that night; who answered me again that my lord should be lodged in the abbey of Pomfret, and in none other place: the which I reported to my lord, who was glad thereof, so that within night we came to Pomfret, and then lodged within the abbey as is aforesaid.

And my lord of Northumberland continued all that night at Cawood to see the dispatch of the household, and to establish all the stuff within the same with security.

The next day my lord removed towards Doncaster, and came into the town by torch-light, the which was his desire because of the people. Yet, notwithstanding, the people were assembled, and cried out upon him, "God save your Grace, my good lord Cardinal," running before him with candles in their hands, who caused me to ride by his side to shadow him from the people; and yet they perceived him, and lamented his misfortune, cursing his accusers. And thus they brought him within the Black-friars, within which he was lodged.

And the next day we removed and rode to Sheffield Park, where my lord of Shrewsbury lay within the lodge, the people all the way thitherward still lamenting him, crying as they did before. And when we came into the Park of Sheffield, nigh to the lodge, my lord of Shrewsbury with my lady, and a train of gentlewomen and servants, stood without the gates to attend my lord's coming to receive him: at whose alighting the earl received him with much honour,

and embraced my lord, saying these words: "My lord," quoth he, "your Grace is most heartily welcome unto me, and I am glad to see you here in my poor lodge, where I have long desired to see you, and should have been much more gladder if you had come after another sort." "Aye, my gentle lord of Shrewsbury," quoth my lord, "I heartily thank you, and although I have cause to lament, yet as a faithful heart may, I do rejoice that my chance is to come unto the custody of so noble a person, whose approved honour and wisdom hath always been right well known to all noble estates. And, Sir, however my accusers have used their accusations against me, this I know, and so before your lordship and all the world I do protest, that my demeanour and proceedings have always been both just and loyal towards my sovereign and liege lord; of whose usage in his Grace's affairs your lordship hath had right good experience, and, even according to my truth, so I beseech God to help me." "I doubt not," quoth my lord of Shrewsbury, "of your truth. Therefore, my lord, be of good cheer and fear not, for I am nothing sorry but that I have not wherewith to entertain you according to my good-will and your honour, but such as I have ye shall be welcome to it, for I will not receive you as a prisoner, but as my good lord and the king's true and loving subject." This done, these two lords went into the lodge arm in arm, and conducted my lord into a fair gallery, where was in the further end thereof a goodly tower, with lodgings where my lord was lodged. There was also in the midst of the same gallery a traverse of sarsenet drawn, so that the one end thereof was preserved for my lord, and the other for the earl. And once every day my lord of Shrewsbury would repair unto him, and common with him, sitting upon a bench, in a great window, in the gallery. And although that my said lord of Shrewsbury would right heartily comfort him, yet would he lament so piteously, that

it would make my lord of Shrewsbury to be very heavy for his grief.

Remaining there thus with my lord the space of a fortnight, having goodly entertainment, and often desired by the earl to kill a doe or hart in his park there, who always refused to take any pleasure, either in hunting or otherwise, but applied his prayers continually with great devotion. So that it came to pass at a certain time, as he sat at dinner, in his own chamber, having at his board's end, the same day as he accustomedly had every day, a mess of gentlemen and chaplains to keep him company, towards the end of his dinner, when he came to the eating of his fruits, I perceived his colour often to change, whereby I judged him not to be in good health. With that I leaned over the table, and speaking softly unto him, said, "Sir, me seemeth your Grace is not well at ease," to whom he answered and said with a loud voice, "Forsooth, no more I am; for I am," quoth he, "taken suddenly with a thing about my stomach that lieth there along as cold as a whetstone; therefore I pray you take up the table, and make a short dinner, and that done resort shortly again." And after the meat was carried out of the chamber into the gallery, where all the waiters dined, and every man set, I rose up and forsook my dinner, and came into the chamber unto my lord, where I found him still sitting very ill at ease, notwithstanding he was communing with them at the board's end, whom he had commanded to sit still. And as soon as I was entered the chamber, he desired me to go to the apothecary. Then went I to the earl, and shewed him what state my lord was in, and what he desired. With that my lord of Shrewsbury caused incontinent the apothecary to be called before him, and at his coming he demanded of him if he had any thing that would make him well. And he answered that he had such gear; then quoth the earl, fetch me some; then departed the

apothecary, and brought with him a white confection, in a fair paper, and shewed it unto my lord, who commanded me to give some thereof before him, and so I did. And I took the same and brought it to my lord, whereof also I took some myself, and then delivered it to my lord, who received up all at once. He then rose from the table and went to his prayers, as he used every day after dinner.

As I repaired unto him I found him sitting at the upper end of the gallery, upon a chest, with his staff and his beads in his hands. And espying me coming from the earl, demanded of me what news. "Forsooth, Sir," quoth I, "the best news that ever came to you, if your Grace can take it well." "I pray God it be," quoth he, "what is it?" "Forsooth, Sir," said I, "my lord of Shrewsbury perceiving, by your often communicating with him, that ye were always desirous to come before the king's majesty, he, as your most assured friend, hath travailed so with his letters unto the king, that he hath sent for you by Mr. Kingstone, and twenty-four of his guard, to conduct you to his highness." "Mr. Kingstone," quoth he, rehearsing his name \* once or twice, and with that clapped his hand and gave a great sigh. "Sir," quoth I, "if it please your Grace, if you would or could take all things in good part, it should be much better for you. Content yourself for God's sake, and think that God and your friends have wrought for you according to your own desire. Did ye not always wish that ye might clear yourself before the king? and now that God and your friends have brought your desire to pass, you will not take it thankfully."

\* "Rehearsing his name" (Kingstone's). Fuller in his *Church History*, B. V. p. 178, informs us that Wolsey had been told by fortunetellers, *that he should have his end at Kingston*; supposing this to mean Kingston on Thames, he always avoided riding through that town. It struck him to his heart, when he perceived too late, that the prediction related to Kingstone, the captain of the Tower at London.

Mr. Kingstone when sent for came, and as soon as my lord espied him coming at the gallery end, he made haste to encounter him. Mr. Kingstone came towards him with much reverence, and at his coming he kneeled down unto him, and saluted him in the king's behalf, whom my lord, bareheaded, offered to take up, but he still refused. "Then," quoth my lord, "Mr. Kingstone, I pray you to stand up, and *leave your kneeling unto me, for I am but a wretch replete with misery, not esteeming myself, but as a vile object utterly cast away* without desert, as God knoweth; and, therefore, good Mr. Kingstone, stand up, or I will kneel down by you," whom he would not leave until he stood up. Then spake Mr. Kingstone, and said, with humble reverence, "sir, the king's majesty hath him commended unto you." "I thank his highness," quoth my lord, "I trust he is in health and merry." "Yea, without doubt," quoth Mr. Kingstone, "and he commanded me to say unto you that you should assure yourself that he beareth unto you as much good-will and favour as ever he did, and willeth you to be of good cheer, and where report hath been made unto him that you should commit against his royal majesty certain heinous crimes, which he thinketh to be perfectly untrue, yet, for the ministration of public justice, in such cases requisite, he can do no less than send for you to your trial, mistrusting nothing your truth and wisdom, but that ye shall be able to requite yourself of all complaints and accusations exhibited against you; and to take your journey to him at your own pleasure, commanding me to attend upon you with ministration of due reverence, and to see your person preserved against all inconveniences that may ensue, and to elect all your old servants, now his, to serve you by the way, who have most experience of your diet. Therefore, sir, I beseech you to be of good cheer; and when it shall be your own pleasure to take your journey, I shall be ready to

give attendance upon you." "Mr. Kingstone," quoth my lord, "I thank you for your good news, and sir, hereof assure yourself that if I were as able and lusty as I have been but of late, I would not fail to ride with you in post; but, sir, I am diseased with a flux that maketh me very weak. But Mr. Kingstone, all the comfortable words that ye have spoken unto me be spoken but for a purpose to bring me into a *fool's paradise*. I know what is provided for me; notwithstanding, I thank you for your good-will and pains taken about me, and I shall, with all speed, make me ready to ride with you to-morrow." And thus they fell into other communication, both the earl and Mr. Kingstone with my lord, who commanded me to foresee and provide that all things might be made ready to depart the morrow after. Then caused I all things to be trussed up and made in readiness as fast as they could conveniently. When night came that we should go to bed my lord waxed very sick. Therefore, in consideration of his infirmity, they caused him to tarry all that day.

And the next day he took his journey with Mr. Kingstone and them of the guard. And as soon as they espied him, *considering that he was their old master and in such estate, they lamented his misfortune with weeping eyes.* Whom my lord took by the hand, and many times as he rode by the way, he would talk now with one then with another, until he came to an house of my Lord of Shrewsbury, called Hardwick-hall, where he lay all that night very ill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sick, and the next day he rode to Leicester-abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was almost fallen from his mule, so that it was night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester\*, where at his coming

\* About a mile from the city of Leicester the abbey was situated, in which Wolsey died, November 29, 1530. In the reign of James I., it was sold to the

in at the gate, the abbot with all his convent met him with divers torch-lights, whom they right honourably received and welcomed with great reverence. To whom my lord said, "*Father Abbot, I am come to leave my bones among you;*" riding so still until he came to the stairs of his chamber, where he alighted from his mule, and then Master Kingstone took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards, he never felt so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday, at night, and then continued he sicker and sicker. Upon Monday, in the morning, as I stood by his bed-side, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, and having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast towards death. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by the bed-side, asked who was there? "Sir," quoth I, "I am here;" "How do you do?" quoth he to me; "very well sir," quoth I, "if I might see your grace well." "What is it of the clock," said he to me? "sir," said I, "it is past eight in the morning." "Eight of the clock," quoth he, "that cannot be," rehearsing divers times, "eight of the clock, eight of the clock; nay, nay," quoth he at last, "it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the o'clock shall ye lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart this world." With that one Dr. Palmes, a worshipful gentleman, being his chaplain and ghostly father, standing by, bad me secretly demand of him if he would be shriven \*, and to be in readiness toward God

Earl of Devonshire, in whose family it still continues, or rather the site and remains. For it was in a great measure (like Gawood Castle) destroyed during the civil wars. Several stone coffins have been found where the abbey church once stood. Among them it has been said that the Cardinal's has certainly been discovered.

• Shriver. A Confessor.



whatever should chance. At whose desire I asked him that question; "What have you to do to ask me any such question?" quoth he, and began to be very angry with me for my presumption; until at the last master Palmes took my part, and talked with him in Latin, and so pacified him.

My lord waxed very sick, most likely to die that night, and often swooned, and as me thought drew on fast to his end, until it was four of the clock of the morning; at which time I spake to him, and asked him how he did. "Well," quoth he, "if I had any meat, I pray you give me some." Then went I to Mr. Palmes, and told him what case my lord was in, willing him to rise and resort to him with speed. And then I went to Mr. Kingstone, and gave him warning that as I thought my lord would not live, advising him that if he had any thing to say to him, he should make haste for he was in great danger. "In good faith," quoth Mr. Kingstone, "ye be to blame: for ye make him to believe that he is sicker, and in more danger than he is indeed." "Well, sir," quoth I, "ye shall not say another day, but I have given you warning, as I am bound to do, and discharge myself therein. Therefore I pray you whatsoever shall chance, let no negligence be ascribed to me herein, for I assure you his life is very short. Do, therefore, as ye think best." Yet, nevertheless, he rose and made him ready, and came to him. After he had eaten of a cullace made of chicken, a spoonful or two at the least, quoth he, "whereof was this cullace made?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth I, "of a chicken." "Why," quoth he, "it is fasting day," (being St. Andrew's even.) "What though it be," quoth Dr. Palmes, "ye be excused by reason of your sickness?" "Yea," quoth he, "what though? I will eat no more."

Then was he in confession the space of an hour, and when he had ended his confession, Master Kingstone came to him and bade him good-morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. "Sir," quoth he, "I

*tarry but the pleasure of God to render up my poor soul into his hands.* “Not so, sir,” quoth Master Kingstone, “with the grace of God ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer.” “Nay, in good sooth,” Master Kingstone, “my disease is such that I cannot live, for I have had some experience in physic. Thus it is, I have a flux with a continual fever, the nature whereof is, that if there be no alteration of the same within eight days, either must ensue excoriation of the entrails, or phrensy, or else present death, and the best of these three is death. And as I suppose this is the eighth day, and if ye see no alteration in me, there is no remedy save that I may live a day or two after, but death which is the best of these three must follow.” “Sir,” said Master Kingstone, “you be in such pensiveness, doubting that thing that in good faith ye need not.” “Well, well, Master Kingstone,” quoth my lord, “I see the matter maketh you much worse than you should be against me, how it is framed I know not. But if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in these grey hairs \*. *But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service, not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure.* I pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him in my behalf to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world, and the progress of the same, and most especially in his weighty matter, (meaning the matter between good Queen Catharine and him) and then shall his grace’s conscience know whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart, and rather than he will miss or want any part

\* It appears from several statements that these words were not the fiction of Shakspeare, but were really spoken by Wolsey.

of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him the space sometimes of three hours to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore," Mr. Kingstone, I warn you if it chance you hereafter to be of his privy council, as for your wisdom ye are very meet, be well assured and advised what ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again. And say, furthermore, that I request his grace, on God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new sort of Lutherans, that it do not increase through his negligence in such a sort as he be at length compelled to put on harness upon his back to subdue them.

" Master Kingstone farewell! I can no more say, but I wish ere I die all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast; I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have said and charged you withall: for when I am dead ye shall peradventure remember my words better." And even with those words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance; and caused the yeomen of the guard to stand by secretly, to see him die, and to be witnesses of his words at his departure, who heard all his said communication, and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then gave he up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that either he knew or prophesied of his departure, we sent for the abbot of the house to annoil him; who made all the speed he could, and came to his departure, and so said certain prayers before the breath was fully out of his body \*.

ANNE BOLEYN. Died 1536.

THE daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, and the second wife of Henry the Eighth. When led to be beheaded in the Tower, she called one of the king's privy-chamber to her, and said unto him, "Commend me to the king, and tell him, *he is constant in his course of advancing me; for, from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen: and now that he hath left no higher degree of worldly honour for me, he hath made me a martyr* \*.

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ERASMUS. Died July 12, 1536, aged 69.

AN illustrious character in the republic of literature. He was for almost a month ill of a dysentery, and he saw plainly, that his disease would prove mortal. He had foreseen for several months that he could not hold out long, and he foretold it again three days, and then two days before his death. Amerbachius, Froben, and Episcopius, coming in to pay him a visit, he told them that *in them he beheld Job's three friends*. The rest of his time he constantly implored the mercy of Almighty God, and of Jesus Christ; and he preserved his reason to the end of his life †.

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JOHN BUGENHAGEN. Died 1558, aged 73.

A MOST learned and zealous reformer in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Norway, and an intimate friend of Luther and Melancthon. When he had commenced reading the works of the former he denounced him as a heretic; when

\* Baker's Chronicles.

† Archdeacon Jortin.

he had finished reading them, he declared "the whole world is blind, and this man alone sees the truth." Enfeebled so as to be no longer able to undergo the fatigue of preaching, he went every day to his Church, and with pious prayers commended God's people and his own soul to the protection of the Supreme Being, and continued to offer his petitions even on his death-bed, frequently repeating, "*This is life eternal to know thee, the only God, and thy Son Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent* \*."

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ALPHONSO.

KING of Arragon, &c. Panorman reports "that the King visited a young man of an excellent disposition, who shuddered at the thought of death more than any thing else," to whom the king said, "*Death which you fear is life to those who live well*; and the beginning of that life where there is no place left for grief, fear, envy, or any kind of misfortune."

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JAMES BEURLINUS. Died 1501, aged 41.

CHANCELLOR of the University of Tubingen. Shortly before his death he is said to have written these verses *impromptu*.

Εγγυς εγω θανατου, φριζει κεν αλλος, αταρ μοι  
Ουτι μελει θανειν, εμαθον παρος, ουχι παρεργως.

Death approaches, let others tremble; my soul is tranquil;  
I have betimes learned to die, and have not left my preparation for an untimely hour †.

\* Adami vitæ Theologorum, fol. 153.

† Ibid. fol. 175.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Died Feb. 17, 1563, aged 89.

A GREAT painter, sculptor, and architect. In the month of February, 1563, he was attacked by a slow fever; which gave him symptoms of his approaching death. His fever increased, when in the presence of his physicians and others, he made this short will; "*My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin;*" then he admonished his attendants, "*In your passage through this life remember the sufferings of Jesus;*" and soon after delivering this charge he died \*.

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FOX. Died April 18, 1587, aged 70.

THE celebrated martyrologist. Having long served both the Church and the world by his ministry, by his pen, and by the unsullied lustre of a beneficent, useful, and holy life, he comfortably resigned his soul to Christ on the 18th of April, 1587, aged 70. He seems to have had some presentiment of his departure, and so fully persuaded was he that the time was just at hand when he should quit the body, that (probably to enjoy unmolested communion with his God, and to have no worldly interruption in his last hours) *he purposely sent his two sons from home, though he loved them with great tenderness, and before they returned, his spirit, as he had foreseen would be the case, was flown to heaven.* He was interred in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, of which parish in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign he was for some time Vicar †.

\* R. Duppa.

† Erasmus Middleton.

EDMUND AUGER. Died 1591, aged 61.

PREACHER and confessor to Henry the Third, King of France. His virtues shone brighter and brighter as death approached. A few moments before he expired, he said to a friend who was present, "Do you see that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which those holy men invite me that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness. How delightful is it to be in the society of blessed spirits. Let us go. We must go. Let me go \*."

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BISHOP FLETCHER. Died 1596.

BISHOP of Worcester, and afterwards of London, in the reign of Elizabeth. He fully verified the Scripture maxim, that "in the midst of life we are in death." He died suddenly in his chair at his house in London, being to all appearance *well, sick, and dead in fifteen minutes* †.

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ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT. Died February 29, 1603.

ANOTHER striking instance of the uncertainty of human life. Going from Whitehall to the council-chamber to dinner, he was taken with a fit, which ended in the dead palsy on the right side, and his speech was taken away. When conveyed home to Lambeth, he was visited by the king, who told him that he would pray to God for his life, and that if he could obtain it, he should think it one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given him in this kingdom. The archbishop would have said something to the king, but his speech failed him, so that he uttered only imperfect

\* Le journal des Sçavans d'Octobre 1716, fol. 418.

† Biog. Brit.

words: but so much of his speech was heard, repeating earnestly, with his eyes and hands lifted up, "pro Ecclesia Dei." And as he would have spoken his mind to the king, being present, so he made two or three attempts to write his mind to him, but by reason of the prevailing of his disease he could not, and the next day, being Feb. 29th, he quietly departed in the Lord \* †.



FRANCIS BACON (LORD VERULAM). Died April 9, 1626, aged 65-6:

THE father of natural philosophy. Lord Bacon pursued his philosophical researches to the last, in the midst of bodily infirmities, brought on by intense study, by multiplicity of business, and above all by anguish of mind. In the winter of 1625, he found his health and spirits much impaired; but in the spring of the following year he made an excursion to try some experiments on the preservation of bodies. Having probably exposed himself imprudently, he was seized with pains in his head and stomach, which obliged him to stop at the Earl of Arundel's house at Highgate. Here he fell sick of a fever, and after a week's illness he expired ‡ §.

\* Strype's Life and Acts of Whitgift.

† Stowe says that Whitgift was born for the benefit of his country and the good of his Church; and Fuller affirms, that up to his time, the archbishop was the worthiest man that ever the English hierarchy did enjoy.

‡ Aikin.

§ It appears that we have no account of the observations made by this great man toward the close of his life. There is extant a letter written by him within a few days before he died to the Earl of Arundel, in which he says that he resembled the elder Pliny (who it will be remembered lost his life in attempting to explore the cause of a phenomenon of nature). Fuller relates in his "Worthies of England," that a monument to Lord Bacon was raised by *his servant*,



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. Died 1632, aged 38.

KING of Sweden, deservedly surnamed the Great. In the battle of Lutzen, Gustavus received a ball in his left arm, which at first he either did not feel or disregarded, still keeping foremost with great intrepidity. *Courage, my comrades,* replied he, *the affair is nothing ; let us resume our point, and return to the charge.* At length, perceiving his voice and strength fail him, and fearing to dismay his brave associates, he whispered the Duke of Lunenberg to this purport ; “Cousin, I perceive myself to be grievously wounded, convey me hence to some place of safety ;” in so doing, the attendants were mostly wounded or dispersed, and the king himself more dangerously wounded, by an unexpected attack ; when Gustavus, being asked who he was, replied, “I am the king of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion, and the liberties of Germany.” His last words were, *My God, My God\*!*

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LORD STRAFFORD. Died 1641, aged 47.

A VICTIM to faction. Turning to Usher, the primate of Ireland, he said, “My lord, I will tell you what I should have

Master Mutis.\* I am not aware that any other monument has since testified the great services of this most practical of all philosophers. But how applicable to him are these words of a poet, describing the immortality of such great and useful labours ;

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ære perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.  
Non omnis moriar, &c.

\* Rev. Walter Harte.

spoken to my lord's grace of Canterbury;—You shall desire the archbishop (Laud) to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I go abroad to-morrow; and to be in his window, that, by my last farewell, I may give him thanks for this and all his other former favours." When Usher delivered this mournful message, Laud replied, "that in conscience he was bound to the first, and in duty and obligation to the second; but he feared weakness and passion would not lend him eyes to behold his last departure." "The next morning," says Laud, "as he passed by, he turned towards me, and took the solemnest leave that I think was ever by any at a distance taken one of another." Solemn indeed it was, beyond all example; for Strafford halted before the window, and when his old and venerable friend came to it, bowed himself to the ground, and said, "My lord, your prayers and your blessing!" Laud lifted up his hands, and bestowed both, and then overcome with grief fell to the ground senseless, while Strafford bowing himself a second time, said "farewell, my lord, God protect your innocence." When the primate recovered his senses, he said, as if fearing that what had passed might be deemed an unmanly and unbecoming weakness, "He trusted by God's assistance that *when he should come to his own execution, the world would perceive he had been more sensible of Lord Strafford's fate than of his own.*" He was executed in 1641, aged 47\*.

When the lieutenant of the Tower requested Strafford to petition Parliament for a reprieve, he said, "*I am now petitioning a higher court, where neither partiality can be expected nor error feared.*"

At his execution he said, "*I as cheerfully lay down my head at this time as ever I did when going to repose.*"

\* Southey.

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF CARBERY. Died October 9, 1650.

I KNOW not by what instrument it happened, but when death drew near, before it made any shew upon her body, or revealed itself by a natural signification, it was conveyed to her spirit; she had a strange secret persuasion that the birth of her child should be her last scene of life: and we have known that the soul, when she is about to disrobe herself of her upper garment, sometimes speaks rare magnificent verba: mors pròpe admota excutit; sometimes it is prophetic; sometimes God, by a superinduced persuasion, wrought by instruments, or accidents of his own, serves the ends of his own providence and the salvation of the soul. But so it was that the thought of death dwelt long with her, and grew from the first steps of fancy and fear, to a consent, from thence to a strange credulity and expectation of it; and without the violence of sickness she died as if she had done it voluntarily and by design, and for fear her expectation should have been deceived, or that she should seem to have had an unreasonable fear or apprehension, or rather (as one said of Cato) sic abiit è vitâ ut causam moriendi nactam se esse gauderet.

She had in her sickness (if I may so call it; or rather in the solemnities and graver preparations towards death) some curious and well becoming fears concerning the final state of her soul. But from thence she passed into a kind of trance, and as soon as she came forth of it, as if it had been a vision, or that she had conversed with an angel, and from his hand had received a label or scroll of the book of life, and there seen her name enrolled, she cried out aloud, "Glory be to God on high. Now I am sure I shall be saved \*." Concerning which manner of discoursing, we are

\* Her days had been dedicated to God and works of charity; her assurance, therefore, was as well grounded as that of the mere enthusiast is visionary.

wholly ignorant what judgment can be made, but certainly there are strange things in the other world, and so there are in all the immediate preparations to it; and a little glimpse of heaven, a minute's conversing with an angel, any ray of God, any communication extraordinary from the spirit of comfort, which God gives to his servants in strange and unknown manners, are infinitely far from illusions, and they shall then be understood by us, when we feel them, and when our new and strange needs shall be refreshed by such unusual visitations \*.



JOHN SMITH. Died 1652, aged 34 years.

FELLOW of Queen's College, Cambridge, eminent for his learning and piety. His "Select Discourses" would alone immortalize his name. He lived in a continued sweet enjoyment of God, and so was not disquieted with scruples or doubts of his salvation. There was always discernible in him a cheerful sense of God's goodness, which ceased not in the time of sickness. But we most longed to see the motions of his soul, when he drew near to the centre of his rest. He that had such a constant feeling of God within him, we might conclude would have the most strong and powerful sense when he came nearer to a close conjunction with him. But God was pleased to deny this to us, and by a lethargic distemper which seized on his spirits, he passed the six last days of his life (if I may call it a life) in a kind of sleep, and without taking much notice of any thing, he slept in the Lord †.

\* Jeremy Taylor.

† Bishop Patrick.

SELDEN. Died 1654, aged 69-70.

A SCHOLAR of the greatest attainments, of whom Grotius says, "that Selden was the glory of the English nation;" and Lord Clarendon observes, "that he was a man whom no written character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. In the year 1654 the constitution of Selden began to give way, and the infirmities of age to gain ground upon him. Sensible that his end was approaching, he sent for his friends, Primate Usher and Dr. Langbaine, with whom he discoursed concerning his state of mind. He observed that he had his study full of books and papers of most subjects in the world, and owned that out of the numberless volumes he had read and digested, *at that time he could not recollect any passage wherein he could rest his soul, save out of the Holy Scriptures, wherein the most remarkable passage that lay upon his spirit, was Titus ii. 11—14\*.*

The import of these verses is the assurance of salvation, through the redemption of Christ, to all who live righteously—a truth which he, therefore, regarded as the essence of the Christian revelation.

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• GASSENDI. Died October 22, 1655, aged 62-3.

A VERY eminent mathematician and philosopher. He had suffered the operation of bleeding nine times, when perceiving himself to be too much sunk he proposed to forbear a repetition, as thinking himself not able to undergo it; and two of his physicians had yielded to this suit, when a third obstinately insisting on the contrary, drew his

\* Aikin. Chalmers.

colleagues into his opinion. Gassendi submitted, and the operation was repeated even to the fourth time, at which, holding out his arm for the purpose, he said to Peter his amanuensis, who constantly attended him, "*It is more eligible by this deprivation of strength to sleep quietly in Christ, than to be taken off with more pain by suffocation.*" Having undergone the operation he presently felt himself approaching to his last hour, and expired about four in the afternoon on Sunday, October the 22d, 1655, in the 63d year of his age. At his death his hand was found upon the region of his heart, which place he had frequently desired his amanuensis to touch; in order to mark its motion, which when this attendant observed to be very faint and fluttering, he said *You see what is man's life*, which were the last words he spoke \*.



BISHOP HALL. Died Sept. 8, 1656, aged 81-2.

THE pious and eloquent Bishop of Norwich. Driven out of his palace without allowing him sufficient time to look out for another residence, he retired with his family to a small estate which he rented at Heigham, a hamlet in the western suburbs of Norwich, where he terminated his earthly pilgrimage, after all the outrages, persecutions, and hardships he endured in those turbulent times, and *entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God; where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.* The Bishop's house is now existing; it is an ancient house built of flint, near the Church. There are the dates of 1587 and 1615 on it. During his retirement at Heigham our good Bishop spent the remainder of his days

in doing all the good he could. He was ready on all occasions to preach in any of the Churches in Norwich, as appears from several sermons still extant, "till he was first forbidden by men, and at last disabled by God." And when he could not preach as often, and as long as he was able, "he was as diligent a hearer as he had been a preacher. *How oft have we seen him,*" says Whitefoot, "*walking alone like old Jacob, with his staff to Bethel, the House of God!*" When he was in the eightieth year of his age he preached in Heigham Church the forty-second Sermon in the fifth volume of his works, intitled "Life, a sojourning," on Sunday, July 1, 1655, from 1 *Pet.* i. 17. "If ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear." The venerable and aged Bishop on this occasion observed to his audience, "that it hath pleased the Providence of my God so to contrive it, that this day, this very morning, fourscore years ago, I was born into the world. A great time since ye are ready to say; and so indeed it seems to you, that look at it forward; but to me that look at it past, it seems so short, that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks but like yesterday. It can be no offence for me to say, that many of you who hear me this day, are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads as I have done. *There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day.* We are all tenants at will, and for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh then what should we do but as wise husbandmen, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves a surer and more during tenure?" The minds of the audience could not fail to be impressed by such pertinent remarks from so venerable and aged a pastor; indeed, it was the Bishop's endeavour in his last years to keep in view, "that house not made with hands, eternal in

the heavens," and to prepare others for that change by his last writings and sermons, which particularly treated upon the last things, death and judgment, heaven and hell.

He spent much of his last years in devotion and meditation, lamenting the sufferings and calamities of Church and State. Under all his sufferings he distributed a weekly charity to a certain number of poor widows out of the little which was left him. During his last illness he evinced extraordinary patience and submission to the divine will. He was afflicted with violent and acute pains, which he bore most patiently, till death put an end to all his sufferings and troubles. It is said that he punctually foretold the night of his death, and accordingly gave orders for the time and manner of his funeral. He was gathered to his fathers in a good old age, dying Sept. 8, 1656, in the eighty second year of his age. By his will he desired to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of his executors, with this only monition, that *he did not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints.*

On occasion of his wife's death he wrote his tractate intitled "Songs in the Night; or, Cheerfulness under Affliction." In the letter addressed to a dear and worthy friend, prefixed to his treatise, the bishop observes, "indeed, it pleased my God lately to exercise me with a double affliction at once; pain of body, and grief of mind, for the sickness and death of my dear consort. I struggled with them both, as I might; and by God's mercy attained to a meek and humble submission to that just and gracious hand, and a quiet composedness of thoughts; but yet, methought, I found myself wanting in that comfortable disposition of heart and lively elevation of spirit, which some holy souls have professed to feel in their lowest depression, fetching that inward consolation from heaven, which can more than counterpoise their heaviest crosses. Upon this occasion you see here how I



held fit to busy my thoughts, labouring by their holy agitation, to work myself, through the blessing of the Almighty, to such a cheerful temper as might give an obedient welcome to so smarting an affliction ; and *that even while I weep, I might yet smile upon the face of my heavenly Father, whose stripes I do so tenderly suffer.* If in some other discourses I have endeavoured to instruct others, in this I mean to teach myself, and to win my heart to a willing and consented acquiescence in the good pleasure of my God, how harsh soever it seems to rebellious nature." In another part of this excellent treatise, speaking of his heavy afflictions and losses, the pious and aged Bishop says, " Come then all ye earthly crosses, and muster up all your forces against me. Here is that which is able to make me more than conqueror over you all." (He had spoken before of that blessed eternity which he wished to keep in view.) " Have I lost my goods, and foregone a fair estate ? Had all the earth been mine, what is it to heaven ? Had I been the Lord of all the world, what were this to a kingdom of glory ? Have I parted with a dear consort, the partner of my sorrows for these forty-eight years ? She is but stopt a little before me to that happy rest, which I am panting for ; and therein I shall speedily overtake her. In the mean time, and ever, my soul is espoused to that glorious and immortal husband from whom it shall never be parted. Am I bereaved of some of my dear children whose hopes promised me comfort in my declined age ? Why am I not rather thankful it hath pleased my God, out of my loins to furnish heaven with some happy guests ? Why do I not instead of mourning for their loss, sing praises to God for preferring them to that eternal blessedness ? Am I afflicted with bodily pain and sickness, which banisheth all sleep from my eyes, and exercises me with a lingering torture ? Ere long this momentary distemper shall end in an everlasting rest. Am

I threatened by the sword of an enemy? Suppose that man to be one of the guardians of Paradise, and that sword as flaming as it is sharp, that one stroke shall let me into that place of inconceivable pleasure, and admit me to feed on the tree of life for ever. Cheer up then, Oh my soul; and upon the fixed apprehension of the glory to be revealed, while thy weak partner, my body, droops and languishes under the sad load of years and infirmities, sing thou to thy God even in the midnight of thy sorrows, and in the deepest darkness of death itself, songs of confidence, songs of spiritual joy, songs of praise and thanksgiving; saying with all the glorified ones, ‘ *Blessing, honor, glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever, Amen*\*.’ ”



#### PRINCESS HENRIETTA ANN.

WIFE of the Duke of Orleans, and daughter of Charles the First, King of England. At length Bossuet arrived. As soon as the princess saw him, she made him promise not to quit her before she breathed the last. He knelt down, dissolved in tears, and leaned on the bed. With a tremulous voice often interrupted by his own feelings, he requested her to join him as far as her sufferings allowed, in the reflections, prayers, and acts of contrition, faith, hope, and charity, which he should address to God for her and in her name. He was exceedingly moved, and every person present sympathized in the scene. Nothing could exceed the tender and affecting sentiments of devotion and piety which Bossuet suggested; he finally subdued, in a great measure, the sense of cruel sufferings which she endured. The

\* Life, by Rev. John Jones, and Bishop Hall's Works, vol. viii. *ad fin.*

Princess heard him with mild and composed constancy. He then read over the recommendation of the soul in the Liturgy; explained it; made her repeat with him its consolatory prayers; spoke of the sentiments which they are intended to convey; filled her soul with faith, with compunction, with calmness, with resignation, and above all, with divine love for Him, into whose hands she was soon to yield her soul. She herself at last felt a consciousness of triumph over pain. Louis XIV. sent for Bossuet, heard from him again the account of her death, and by that king's desire preached her funeral oration. The Princess became suddenly ill after taking a glass of liquid in which it was supposed poison had been given.

It is said that when Bossuet in his oration described her death, *the whole audience rose from their seats in confusion, and terror was visible in every countenance* \*.

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BISHOP WALTON. Died November, 1661, aged 61.

A LEARNED English Bishop, and editor of the celebrated English Polyglott Bible. In September, 1661, he went to take possession of the Bishopric of Chester, and was met upon the road, and received with such a concourse of gentry, clergy, militia, both of the city and county, and with such acclamations of thousands of the people, as had never been known upon any such occasion. This glory, however, which attended Bishop Walton, though very great, yet was short-lived; for returning to London, *he died* at his house in Aldersgate-street, *the following* November †.

\* Butler.

† Chalmers.

REV. THOMAS FULLER. Died 1661, aged 53.

AN eminent divine and historian in the reigns of Charles the First and Second. On Sunday, the 12th of August, 1661, having promised a relation to preach his wedding sermon (though advised not to do so on account of sickness) he declared that he had often gone into the pulpit sick, but always came down well; and said to his audience, *I will preach this sermon though it be my last.* In the middle of it he faltered, and after it, was so weak, that he was led down the pulpit stairs, carried in a sedan to his lodgings in Covent Garden, and died soon after. When his intellects were affected by the attack, he frequently called out for "*the pen and ink,*"—and said "*he would write it out \*.*"



CHRISTIAN ZIMMERMAN. Died 1665, aged 65.

INDEFATIGABLE in his duties of preaching to the last, he died worn out by age more than disorder. At length exhausted, he was confined to his bed, and *about two hours only before his decease, he sung some sacred hymns* with those who surrounded his bed, and whilst they were praying he fell as it were into a gentle slumber, and slept in Christ†.



DRELINCOURT. Died November 3, 1669, aged 74.

A PROTESTANT divine, eminent for his piety, eloquence, and erudition. He expired in the most devout disposition that could be expected from a minister, who had been always

\* Biog. Brit.

† Freheri Theatrum, fol. 654.

animated with an ardent zeal, and who had devoted all his labours with indefatigable application to the glory of God and the service of the Church. - *He applied himself extraordinarily to prayer, and in the last years of his life, if he was alone, he never heard the clock strike without falling down on his knees, in prayer to God \**.



DANIEL BECKHER. Died 1670, aged 46.

PROFESSOR of medicine at Königsberg, and an eminent counsellor and physician to one of the German princes. He kept the prospect of death daily before his eyes, and wrote on the page of his pocket-book, "*Labour as though always about to be overcome. Live as though about to die on the morrow.*" This daily meditation on death was so profitable to him, that death unexpected did not find his mind unprepared. Without any warning of its approach he quietly submitted to it, when it was least expected. After the evening hymns and devout prayers which daily were used in his family, he commended his soul to the Supreme Being, February 7 †.



JOHN MILTON. Died November, 1674, aged 66.

THE author of *Paradise Lost*. After he had lost his sight, it appears that immediately on rising in the morning, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then was in his study till twelve, when he took some exercise for an hour, dined, played on the organ, and sung, or heard another sing; studied to the hour of six, and entertained his visitors till eight. He had been long a sufferer by the gout, and in

\* Dictionnaire de Bayle.

† Freheri Theatrum, fol. 1408.

July, considering his end to be approaching, he informed his brother Christopher, who was then a bencher in the Inner Temple, that he wished to dictate to him the disposition of his property. He died on Sunday, the 8th of November, at a small house in the Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, where he had resided on leaving his house in Jewin-street. *His death was so easy that the time of his expiration was unperceived by the attendants in his room.* He was buried in the parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate; where the late Samuel Whitbread erected a tablet and bust to the memory of the author of *Paradise Lost* \*.



#### NICHOLAS HEINSIUS.

HAVING spent his whole life in public business, or in attainments of human art and science—on his death-bed, he *repented that he had wasted away his life*, and so slightly accounted of his own publications, that *he declared they would remain lasting monuments after his death of his past pancy* †.



DR. ISAAC BARROW. Died May 4, 1677, aged 46-7.

AN eminent mathematician and divine, tutor to Sir Isaac Newton. The last time he was in London, whither he came, as it is customary, to the election of Westminster, he went to Knightsbridge, to give the Bishop of Salisbury a visit, and then made me engage my word to come to him at Trinity College, immediately after the Michaelmas ensuing. I cannot express the rapture of the joy I was in, having, as I

\* Rev. H. J. Todd. Chalmers.

† Journal des Sçavans, tome 10. fol. 115.

thought, so near a prospect of his charming and instructive conversation, I fancied it would be a heaven upon earth, for he was immensely rich in learning, and very liberal and communicative of it, delighting in nothing more than to impart to others, if they desired it, whatever he had attained by much time and study. But of a sudden all my hopes vanished, and were melted like snow before the sun. Some few days after he came again to Knightsbridge, and sat down to dinner, but I observed he did not eat. Whereupon I asked how it was with him? He answered, that he had a slight indisposition hanging upon him, with which he had struggled two or three days, and that he hoped, by fasting and opium, to get it off, as he had removed another and more dangerous sickness at Constantinople, some years before. But these remedies availed him not; his malady proved, in the event, an inward, malignant, and insuperable fever, of which he died, in mean lodgings, at a sadler's near Charing Cross; an old, low, ill-built house, which he had used for several years. For though his condition was much bettered by his obtaining the mastership of Trinity College, yet that had no bad influence upon his morals; he still continued the same humble person, and could not be prevailed upon to take more respectable lodgings\*.

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*The following additional circumstances concerning Dr. Barrow's death, are related by Mr. Roger North, in his life of Dr. John North.*

The good Dr. Barrow ended his life in London, in a prebend's house that had a little stair to it out of the cloisters, which made him call it a man's nest, and I presume it is so

\* Dr. Pope. Mr. R. North.

called at this day. The master's disease was a high fever. It had been his custom, contracted when (upon the fund of a travelling fellowship) he was at Constantinople, in all his maladies to cure himself with opium. And being very ill, (probably), augmented his dose, and so inflamed his fever, and at the same time obstructed the crisis; for he was as a man knocked down, and had the eyes as of one distracted. Our doctor, (Dr. North), seeing him so, was much struck; for he that knew him so well in his best health, could best distinguish; and when he left him he concluded he should see him no more; and so it proved.

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JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER. Died 1680, aged 32,

A NOBLEMAN notorious for his profligacy, and eminent for his true penitence. I cannot easily express the transport he was in when he awoke and saw me (Bishop Burnet) by him. He broke out into the tenderest expressions concerning my kindness in coming so far to see such an one, using terms of great abhorrence concerning himself, which I forbear to relate. He told me, as his strength served him at several snatches, (for he was then so low that he could not hold up discourse long at once) what sense he had of his past life, what sad apprehensions for having so offended his Maker, and dishonoured his Redeemer; *what horrors he had gone through*, and how much his mind was turned to call on God and on his crucified Saviour; so that he hoped he should obtain mercy, for he believed he had sincerely repented, and had now a calm in his mind after that storm that he had been in for some weeks. He had strong apprehensions and persuasions of his admittance to heaven, of which he spake once not without some extraordinary emotion. He made me pray often with him, and spoke of his conversion to God as a thing



now grown up in him to a settled and calm serenity. He was very anxious to know my opinion of a death-bed repentance. I told him that before I gave any resolution in that, it would be more convenient that I should be acquainted more particularly with the circumstances and progress of his repentance.

Upon this he satisfied me in many particulars. He said he was now persuaded both of the truth of Christianity and of the power of inward grace, of which he gave me this strange account. He said Mr. Parsons, in order to his conviction, read to him the 53d chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, and compared that with the history of our Saviour's passion, that he might there see a prophecy concerning it, written many ages before it was done, which the Jews that blasphemed Jesus Christ still kept in their hands as a book divinely inspired. He said to me, that *as he heard it read, he felt an inward force upon him, which did so enlighten his mind and convince him, that he could resist it no longer :* for the words had an authority which did shoot like rays or beams in his mind, so that he was not only convinced by the reasonings he had about it, which satisfied his understanding, but by a power which did so effectually constrain him, that he did ever after as firmly believe in his Saviour, as if he had seen him in the clouds ; he had made it be read so often to him, that he had got it by heart, and went through a great part of it in discourse with me, with a sort of heavenly pleasure, giving me his reflections upon it. Some few I remember. Here he said was foretold the opposition the Gospel was to meet with from such wretches as he was. " He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him." On this he said, the meanness of his appearance and person has made vain and foolish people disparage him. What he said on the other parts I do not well remember ; and, indeed, I was so affected

with what he then said to me, that the general transport I was under during the whole discourse, made me less capable to remember these particulars as I wish I had done. He told me that thereupon he had received the Sacrament with great satisfaction.

He told me he had overcome all his resentments to all the world; that he bore ill-will to no person, nor hated any upon personal accounts. He said he now found his mind possessed with another sense of things than ever he had formerly. He did not repine under all his pain; and in one of the sharpest fits he was under while I was with him, he said, he did willingly submit; and looking up to heaven, said, "God's holy will be done. I bless him for all he does to me." He professed he was contented either to die or live as should please God. And though it was a foolish thing for a man to pretend to choose whether he would live or die, yet he wished rather to die. He knew he could never be so well that life should be comfortable to him. He was confident he should be happy if he died, but he feared if he lived he might relapse. And then, said he to me, in what a condition shall I be if I relapse after all this? But he said, he trusted in the *grace and goodness of God*, and was resolved to avoid all those temptations, that course of life and company, that was likely to insnare him; and he desired to live on no other account, but that he might, by the change of his manners, somehow take off the high scandal his former behaviour had given.

Having understood all these things from him, and being pressed to give him my opinion plainly, about his eternal state, I told him that though the promises of the Gospel did all depend upon a real change of heart and life, as the indispensable condition upon which they were made, and that it was scarce possible to know certainly whether our hearts are changed, unless it appeared in our lives; and the repentance

of most dying men being like the howlings of condemned prisoners for pardon, which flowed from no sense of their crimes, but from the horror of approaching death, there was little reason to encourage any to hope much from such sorrowing; yet, certainly, if the mind of a sinner even on a death-bed, be truly renewed and turned to God, so great is his mercy, that he will receive him even in that extremity. *He said he was sure his mind was entirely turned, and though horror had given him his first awaking, yet that was now grown up into a settled faith and conversion.*

He called often for his children, his son, the now Earl of Rochester, and his three daughters, and spake to them with a sense and feeling that cannot be expressed in writing.

In this disposition of mind did he continue all the while I was with him, four days together, he was then brought so low that all hope of recovery was gone. But he had formerly been so low that he seemed as much past all life as now: which made him one morning, after a full and sweet night's rest, procured by laudanum, given him without his knowledge, to fancy it was an effort of nature, and to begin to entertain some hopes of recovery; for he said he felt himself perfectly well, and that he had nothing ailing him but an extreme weakness, which might go off in time; and then he entertained me with the scheme he had laid down for the rest of his life; how retired, how strict, and how studious he meant to be. But this was soon over, for he quickly felt that it was only the effect of a good sleep, and that he was still in a very desperate state.

I thought to have left him on the Friday, but not without some passion he desired me to stay that day.—There appeared no symptom of present death: and a worthy physician then with him, told me that though he was so low that an accident might carry him away on a sudden, yet, without that he thought he might live some weeks. So on Saturday,

at four o'clock in the morning, I left him, being the 24th of July; but I durst not take leave of him, for he had expressed so great an unwillingness to part with me the day before, that if I had not presently yielded to one day's stay, it was likely to have given him some trouble; therefore, I thought it better to leave him without any formality.—Some hours afterwards he asked for me, and when it was told him I was gone, he seemed to be troubled, and said, "Has my friend left me? then I shall die shortly." After that he spake but once or twice, till he died. He lay much silent, once they heard him praying very devoutly. And on Monday, about two o'clock in the morning, he died without any convulsion, or so much as a groan \* †.

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A reflection on the very limited number of well attested late conversions, cannot but impress every serious mind with a sense of the awful danger of procrastination, and the consequent necessity of a diligent performance of our moral and religious duties, while we have time and opportunity. A truth still more deeply inculcated by a consideration of the almost innumerable examples afforded of departures as unprepared for as they were instantaneous.

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ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON. Died Feb. 1, 1684, aged 74.

A PRELATE eminent for his piety and learning. One instance connected with his death ought not to be unnoticed.

\* Gilbert Burnet.

† Dr. Johnson has somewhere said, the critic ought to read Burnet's narrative for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the Christian for its piety.—I have not hesitated in classing the death of Rochester with those of true Christians.

He had often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. In such a place he thought that a Christian believer might properly finish his pilgrimage; *the whole world being to him but a large and noisy inn, and he a wayfarer tarrying in it as short a time as possible, and then hasting away to his father's house.* This singular wish was gratified, for he breathed his last in the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane. Bishop Burnet and others attended him constantly during his illness, and witnessed his tranquil departure \*.

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BISHOP PEARSON. Died July 16, 1686, aged 74.

A VERY learned English bishop, of whom Dr. Bentley used to say that bishop "Pearson's very dross was gold." He was disabled from all public service by ill health, having entirely lost his memory. Bishop Burnet says that Pearson was in all respects the greatest divine of his age, and that he was an affecting instance "of what a great man can fall to, for *his memory went from him so entirely, that he became a child some years before he died* †."

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REV. HENRY MORE. Died Sept. 1, 1687, aged 73.

AN eminent divine and moral philosopher. One evening after supper, he was taken very ill in the combination room, and sunk into a swoon. His strength wore away gradually, and he went out of life in the same easy and calm way that he had passed always in it; insomuch that *his attendant was not sensible of the moment of his departure* ‡.

\* Norman Pearson.

† Bentley, Burnet, and Chalmers.

‡ Biog. Brit.

## CARDINAL DE SALIS.

ARCHBISHOP of Seville, who died at the age of 110 years. He enjoyed to the last every faculty except strength and hearing. He used to tell his friends, when asked what regimen he observed, "*By being old when I was young I find myself young now I am old.*" I led a sober, studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate. I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised for a couple of hours. So far I took care for the body; and as to the mind, I endeavoured to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, *and keeping*, as the Apostle directs, *a conscience void of offence towards God and man.* By these innocent means I have arrived at the age of a Patriarch, with less injury to my health and constitution than many experience at forty. I am now like the ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death; and by the mercy of my Redeemer, have strong hopes of being translated into his garner \*."

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DR. SYDENHAM. Died Dec. 29, 1689, aged 64-5.

A VERY eminent English physician. He was not destined for long life; his health began to fail when in the 52nd year of his age. His distempers, which even the art of Sydenham could only palliate, were without hope of a perfect cure, but which if he has not been able by his precepts to instruct us to remove, he has at least by his example taught us to bear; for he never betrayed any indecent impatience, or unmanly dejection, under his torments, but sup-

\* Easton.

ported himself by the reflections of philosophy, and the consolations of religion, and in every interval of ease applied himself to the assistance of others with his usual assiduity\*.

... ==

HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE. Died Dec. 30, 1691, aged about 65.

A MOST illustrious natural philosopher. Being sensible from the decays of his health, that his death could not be very remote, he determined to draw up his last will. His sister Ranelagh was about this time taken ill, and died on the 23d of December. "*As they were pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided,*" for as he had lived with her for the greatest part of forty-seven years, so *he did not survive her above a week*. His sight began to grow dim, not above four hours before he died; and when death came upon him, it was with so little pain, that the flame appeared to go out merely for want of oil to maintain it † ‡.

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ANTHONY WOOD. Died November 29, 1695.

*University Coll. Dec. 1, 1695.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

HAVING been absent some days from this place, I crave leave now to give your Grace an account of the death of our laborious antiquary, Mr. Anthony Wood. Having missed him for several days (more particularly because he had left several queries with me, to answer which I knew he very impatiently desired), upon enquiry I was surprised to hear that he lay a dying. Immediately I sent to see him. His relations sent me word, "there were no hopes of his reco-

\* Dr. Johnson.

† Rev. T. Birch and Chalmers.

‡ Boyle was born the same year in which Lord Bacon died. Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.

very, being the eleventh day ; but that he apprehended no danger, was so very froward that they durst not speak to him ; that, therefore, they did very much beseech me to come to him, being the only person they could think on that probably he would hearken to. I was very sensible of the difficulty, but having been so long and familiarly acquainted, I thought myself obliged to go without delay. His relations ventured to leave his doors unlocked, so I got up into his room, which he never let me see before. At first sight, poor man, he fell into a fit of trembling and disorder of mind, as great as possible. I spoke all the comfortable words to him, and complained to him that he would not send for me. After he had composed himself, I then began to be plain with him. He was very unwilling to believe any thing of it, insisting that he was very well, and would come to see me at night. I was forced to debate the point with him, till at last, upon mentioning a parallel case of a common acquaintance, with whom I was conversant every day, he yielded, and said, "the Lord's will must be done, what would you have me do?" I desired him not to lose a minute in vain complaints and remonstrances, but proceed directly to settle his papers that were so numerous and confused. He then asked in whom he could trust ? I advised him to Mr. Tanner, of All Souls, for whose fidelity I could be responsible. His answer was he thought so too, and that he would in this and all the other particulars follow my advice, promising me immediately to set about his will, and prepare for the Sacrament the next day ; he having otherwise resolved to receive it on Christmas day. I was extremely glad to find him in so good a temper, and having discoursed with him on several subjects, I told him I never expected to see him again, and therefore took my last farewell, telling him I should hear constantly by Mr. Tanner. After I came home, I repeated all that I had said in a long letter to him, being



somewhat jealous of him, and sent it by Mr. Tanner. He kept his word punctually, and immediately sent to a very good man, his confidant, to pray with him, appointing his hours, received the Sacrament the next morning very devoutly, made his will, went into his study with his two friends, Mr. Bisse and Mr. Tanner, to sort that vast multitude of papers, notes, letters,—about two bushels full he ordered for the fire as he was expiring, which was accordingly done, he expressing both his knowledge and approbation of what was done by throwing out his hands. He was a very strong lusty man, aged 65 years. He was twenty-two hours dying. God Almighty spared him so long, that he had his senses entire, and full time to settle all his concerns to his content, *having written the most minute particulars under his hand concerning his funeral*. He has given his books and papers to the University, to be placed next his friend Sir William Dugdale's MSS., which are very valuable to any of his own temper. His more private papers he has ordered not to be opened these seven years, and has placed them in the custody of Mr. Bisse and Mr. Tanner, of whose care I am told he makes me overseer. The continuation of *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, in two folios, which he had carried on to the 10th of October last (Dr. Merret and Dudley Loftus being the two last), he gave the day before he died, with great ceremony, to Mr. Tanner, for his sole use, without any restrictions\*.

\* Dr. Charlett's Letter to Archbishop Tenison, inserted in Hearne's Appendix to his edition of *Johannis Confratris et Monachi Glastoniensis Chronica*, Oxon. 1726.

LADY CUTTS. Died September 1, 1697, aged 81.

THIS lady was the wife of the Right Honourable John, Lord Cutts, of whose gallant behaviour at the siege of Namur see Rapin's History, vol. xiv. 8vo. p. 237.

Her character has been admirably delineated by Bishop Atterbury in the dedication to a sermon he preached on occasion of her death. As her life was short, so her death was sudden. She was called away in haste, and without any warning: one day she drooped, and the next day she died; nor was there the distance of many hours between her being very easy in this world, and very happy in another.

However, though she was seized thus suddenly by death, yet she was not surprised, for she was ever in preparation for it; her loins girt, and her lamp ready trimmed and burning. The moment almost that she was taken ill, she was just risen from her knees, and had made an end of her morning devotions. When she had expressed her resignation to the divine will, she sunk immediately under her illness, and after a short unquiet slumber, slept in peace\*.



BOSSUET. Died April 12, 1704, aged 75-6.

A FRENCH divine, eminent for his learning, piety, and eloquence. It appears that at once to beguile and sanctify his sufferings in his cruel disorder, Bossuet employed his intervals of ease in the composition of a commentary on the Psalm numbered 21 in the Vulgate, and 22 in the English Liturgy. That Psalm has always been considered to be a prophetic description, remarkably distinct and clear, of the bodily and mental sufferings of Christ on the cross, of the resurrection

\* Bishop Atterbury.

of Christ; and of his establishment of his Church. *It was the aim of Bossuet, by the frequent meditation of the subject of this Psalm, to raise himself to an imitation of the great model of patience which it describes.* The learning and eloquence of the Paraphrase which Bossuet wrote in his last sickness, afford a pleasing instance of the triumph of genius and piety over age, over pain, and the near approach of death. In this manner Bossuet employed his last hours; it remains only to add, that he died in the arms of M. Hébert, who had been curate of Versailles, and had then recently been appointed to the See of Agen \*.

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JAMES BERNOULLI. Died 1705, aged 51.

A MATHEMATICIAN of great genius and industry, born at Basil, and the friend of Leibnitz. After many inventions in geometry, like another Archimedes, he ordered a logarithmic spiral curve to be inscribed on his tomb with this epitaph, "*Hæc mutata resurgam,*" in allusion to the resurrection, which he thought in some measure to be represented by the properties of that curve, which he had the honour of discovering †.

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JOHN EVELYN. Died Feb. 27, 1705-6, aged about 86.

CELEBRATED as a philosopher, patriot, and learned writer of the seventeenth century. This learned person's life and labours terminated together; for in a short time after he had prepared the fourth edition of his *Sylva* for the press, he departed this life. His tomb is about three feet high, of free-stone, shaped like a coffin, with an inscription upon a

\* M. de Burigney.

† Journal des Sçavants de 1706, fol. 134.

white marble stone, expressing, according to his own intention, that he had learned this truth, which he desired might thus be communicated to posterity, that *All is vanity which is not honest; and there is no solid wisdom but in real piety* \*.

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ESPRIT FLECHIER. Died February 16, 1710.

BISHOP OF NISMES, distinguished for elegant learning, abilities, and exemplary piety; born June the 10th, 1632. It is said that he had a presentiment of his death by means of a dream; in consequence of which he employed an artist to design a monument for him, wishing to have one that was modest and plain, not such as vanity or gratitude might think it necessary to erect. He urged the artist to execute the design before his death †.

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MR. ROBERT NELSON. Died 1714, aged 59.

MR. ROBERT NELSON is so well known, and so much respected by those who desire the prosperity of the Established Church, that an anxiety would naturally be felt to peruse whatever memorials of his last hours could be collected; I regret that his remarks and conversations appear to have been un-noted by any friend: we are briefly informed that he had for some time laboured under an asthma and dropsy in the breast, that the distemper grew to a great height, and that for the benefit of the air he retired at length to his cousin's, Mrs. Wolf, a widow at Kensington ‡.

\* Chalmers.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

Mr. Cherry says "when Mr. Nelson was dying, he lay several hours speechless, perfectly composed, taking no nourishment, shewing no signs of life, but it was perceptible that he continued to breathe."

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DR. SAMUEL CLARKE. Died May 17, 1729, aged 54.

A DIVINE distinguished for his profound reasoning. Whilst Dr. Clarke was finishing the remainder of Homer, (for he had published but half the Iliad), and had completed almost four books, he was seized with a pleurisy on the Sunday morning, May 11, as he was going to preach at Serjeant's-inn. He was not blooded till two o'clock the next morning. His pain was so far abated on Wednesday, that neither himself nor those about him apprehended him to be in any danger. On the Saturday morning his head was seized; he grew speechless, and continued so till about half an hour after seven that night, and then died\*.

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MARY ASTELL. Died 1731, aged 63.

EMINENT for her piety and erudition. When she was confined to her bed by a gradual decay, and the time of her dissolution drew near, *she ordered her shroud and coffin to be made and brought to her bed-side, and there to remain in her view, as a constant memento of her approaching fate,* and to keep her mind fixed on proper contemplations†.

\* Whiston.

† Alexander Chalmers.

PRINCE EUGENE. Died April 10, 1736, aged 73.

PRINCE of Savoy. The participator in Marlborough's renown and military talent. It is said of Prince Eugene that he never travelled without his "Thomas à Kempis de imitatione Christi," and that it was a favourite maxim with him, "that a good Christian always made a good soldier." Gustavus Adolphus used to make the same remark. On the 20th of April, 1736, Prince Eugene paid a visit to a friend, and sat up till nine o'clock. Every one present then perceived him in disorder, and persuaded him to retire to his palace. He did so, and went immediately to bed, expressing a great inclination to sleep. *That sleep was his last, and he was found dead the next morning* \*.

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LA CROZE. Died 1739, aged 70-1.

A LEARNED French writer. About a quarter of an hour before his death he desired his servant to read the 51st and 77th Psalms, which are so suitable, that they may be read with profit by all persons in affliction, during which he expired †.

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BISHOP HOUGH. Died 1743, aged 92.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO LORD DIGBY, BY BISHOP HOUGH, SHORTLY BEFORE HE DIED.

"I wait contentedly for a deliverance out of this life into a better, in humble confidence that by the mercy of God,

\* By an English Officer.

† Chalmers.

through the merits of his Son, I shall stand at the resurrection on his right hand: and when you, my Lord, have ended those days that are to come, (which I pray may be many and comfortable) as innocently and exemplarily as those that are passed, I doubt not of our meeting in that state where the joys are unspeakable, and will always endure \*."

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ALEXANDER POPE. Died May 30, 1744, aged 56.

AN illustrious poet. In May, 1744, he evidently grew worse and more infirm. One day he said to Spence, *I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition.* When visited by the priest, such was the fervour of his devotions, that as Chiselden the surgeon related to Dr. Hoadley, "*he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of his bed, that he might receive the last Sacraments kneeling on the floor*†."

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BISHOP SHERLOCK. Died July 18, 1761, aged 83-4.

A PRELATE of great erudition and strength of mind, Bishop of London. The last time in which he probably used his pen, was in an affectionate congratulatory letter to his Majesty on his accession, being incapable of waiting upon him in person. The following are extracts: "This will probably be the last time I shall ever trouble your Majesty.—Let there be but one contest between them, whether the king loves the people best, or the people him; and may it be a long, a very long contest; may it never be decided, but let

\* Worcester.

† Dr. Wharton.

it remain doubtful ; and may the paternal affection on the one side, and the filial obedience on the other, be had in perpetual remembrance.—May the God of heaven and earth have you always under his protection, and direct you to seek his honour and glory in all you do ; and may you reap the benefit of it by an increase of happiness in this world and the next \*.”



DOCTOR CHANDLER. Died 1766, aged 72.

A THEOLOGICAL writer of considerable talent. In his last illness he frequently declared “ *That to secure the divine felicity promised by Christ was the principal and almost only thing that made life desirable ; that to attain this he would gladly die, submitting himself entirely to God, as to the time and manner of death, whose will was most righteous and good, and being persuaded that all was well which ended well for eternity †.*”



GELLERT. Died Dec. 13, 1769, aged 54.

A GERMAN philosopher and poet. On the day of his dissolution, convinced that he felt the immediate approach of death, he earnestly inquired of his friends, how long he might still have to struggle with it ? Upon receiving for answer, “ perhaps an hour ;” *God be praised ! he exclaimed, raising his hands with a joyous countenance ; only one hour !* Then, with a countenance still more serene, he turned on his side ; silently addressed himself in prayer to God ; and *in the midst of that prayer, he sunk into the sleep of death ‡.*

\* Chalmers.

† En-cyc. Brit.

‡ Biog. of Gellert.



COUNT STRUENSEE. Died 1772.

A CELEBRATED statesman in the kingdom of Denmark. Though I could not see the scaffold, yet I guessed from the motion of the spectators, that it was Struensee's turn to mount it; I endeavoured to prepare him for it by a short prayer, and within a few moments we were called. He passed with decency and humbleness through the spectators, and bowed to some of them.

With some difficulty he mounted the stairs. When we came up I spoke very concisely and with a low voice, upon these words of Christ—"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." It would have been impossible for me to speak much and loud, even if I had attempted it.

I observe here, that he shewed not the least affectation in his conduct upon the scaffold. I found him to be one who knew that he was to die, on account of his crimes, by the hands of the executioner. He was pale, it was difficult for him to speak, the fear of death was visible in his whole countenance; but at the same time, submission, calmness, and hope, were expressed in his air and deportment.

His sentence, and afterwards the king's confirmation of it, were read to him; his coat of arms was publicly shewn and broken to pieces. During the time that his chains were taking off, I put the following questions:—

"Are you truly sorry for all those actions by which you have offended God and men?"

"You know my late sentiments on this point, and I assure you they are this very moment still the same."

"Do you trust in the redemption of Christ as the only ground of your being pardoned before God?"

"I know no other means of receiving God's mercy, and I trust in this alone."

“ Do you leave this world without hatred or malice against any person whatever ?”

“ I hope nobody hates me personally, and as for the rest you know my sentiments on this head, they are the same as I told you just before.”

I then laid my hand upon his head, saying, “ Then go in peace whither God calls you ! His grace be with you.”

He then began to undress, and inquired of the executioners how far he was to uncover himself, and desired them to assist him. He then hastened towards the block, that was stained and still reeking with the blood of his friend, laid himself quickly down, and endeavoured to fit his neck and chin properly into it. When his hand was cut off, his whole body fell into convulsions. The very moment when the executioner lifted up the axe to cut off his hand, I began to pronounce slowly the words, “ Remember Jesus Christ crucified, who died but is risen again ;” before I had finished these words, both hand and head severed from the body lay before my feet \*.



BISHOP HILDESLEY. Died Dec. 6, 1772, aged 74.

BISHOP Hildesley succeeded Bishop Wilson in the diocese of Sodor and Man. “ It is remarkable,” says Mr. Moore, “ that for a fortnight before the Bishop died, *he was apparently in better health and spirits than he had been for some months preceding*. This was what they here call a lightning before death. On the very day previous to his being taken ill, Sunday the 29th of November, 1772, he performed the whole duty of the day in his chapel, seemingly with much ease and pleasure to himself, as well as to the great satisfaction of all his hearers.

\* Dr. Munter.

In less than two minutes his sister returned, and found that he had fallen off his chair, and had fast hold of a moulding under the window-seat, which he had pulled off in attempting to rise. On being set up, a petition was given to him, but it was found he had lost his speech, and the use of one hand, indeed of one side entirely \*. *The bishop had been just reading No. 441 of the Spectator, in which Addison speaks of the frailties, dangers, and misfortunes to which human nature is subject.*

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BISHOP PEARCE. Died 1774, aged 84.

A LEARNED English prelate. In 1773, by too much diligence in his office, Bishop Pearce had exhausted his strength beyond recovery. Having confirmed, at Greenwich, seven hundred persons, he found himself the next day unable to speak, and never regained his former readiness of utterance. This happened on the first of October, and from that time he remained in a languishing state; his paralytic complaint increased, and at length his power of swallowing was almost lost. Being asked, by one of his family who constantly attended him, how he could live with so little nutriment, "*I live*," said he, "*upon the recollection of an innocent and well-spent life, which is my only sustenance* †."

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DR. BATTIE. Died June 13, 1776, aged 71-2.

AN eminent physician. He was seized with a paralytic stroke which proved fatal. The night he expired, conversing with his servant, a lad who attended him as a nurse, he said

\* Rev. Weeden Butler.

† Chalmers.

to him, " Young man, you have heard no doubt how great are the terrors of death. This night will probably afford you some experience; but *may you learn, and may you profit by the example, that a conscientious endeavour to perform his duty through life, will ever close a Christian's eyes with comfort and tranquillity\*.*"

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BISHOP Warburton. Died June 7, aged 80-1.

AN English prelate of great abilities. Like Swift and the great Duke of Marlborough, he gradually sunk into a situation in which it was a fatigue to him to enter into conversation. There were however a few old and valuable friends, in whose company, even to the last, his mental faculties were exerted in their wonted force; and at such times he would appear cheerful for several hours, and on the departure of his friends, retreat, as it were, within himself. This melancholy habit was aggravated by the loss of his only son, a very promising youth, who died of a consumption but a short time before the bishop resigned himself to fate †.

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NATHAN ALCOCK, M.D. Died December 8, aged 24.

A FEW days before I departed from him, which was but about a month before his death, talking to him on religious subjects, I mentioned this saying of Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope, Letter XXXVI. " When I was of your age, I often thought on death: but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less, *I conclude that Provi-*

\* Chalmers.

† Ibid.

*dence has ordered our fears to decrease with our years."*  
 "That is exactly my case," replied Dr. Alcock, "The thought of death was once terrible to me; but *now* it comes nearer and nearer to me, *it loses its dread and appears natural and harmless* \*.".

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LADY GLENORCHY. Died 1786, aged 43.

HAVING arrived at Edinburgh from Bath, her friends observed, with concern, her declining state of health. She frequently spoke to them of death, and of her persuasion that to her it was near; and *she uniformly expressed her satisfaction and joy at the prospect*. Her conversation was, nevertheless, as easy, pleasant, and cheerful as ever. Religion in her was not the production of gloom, either during the progress of life, or in the near view of its termination. Almost her last words were, *if this be dying, it is the easiest thing imaginable* †.

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AMBROSE VARADÆUS.

HE attained his eighty-fourth year, and but a short time before his death, delivered discourses on the blessedness of the soul after death, so sublime, that his friends who surrounded him, no longer commiserated, but envied his condition. Such were his cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition in that moment, that they entertained no other desire than with him to enter the abode of blessedness. His discourse concluded, he soon expired, apparently in a gentle slumber †.

\* Memoirs of; 1780.

† Jermont.

‡ Cardanus in Theonos, fol. 388, &c.

LORD MANSFIELD. Died 1793, aged 88-9.

A CELEBRATED lawyer and Lord Chief Justice. When we calmly consider the very advanced age of Lord Mansfield, and the whole tenor of his long life, we may fairly draw this conclusion, that for once death had lost its sting, and was no longer to him a king of terrors. By the skill of his physicians, being recovered from great insensibility and danger, he asked Dr. Turton a question, equally uncommon and unexpected, "*Why did you endeavour to bring me back, when I was so far gone on my journey?*"

On Tuesday morning he desired to be got up, and taken to his chair, but soon wished to be put to bed again, and said, "*Let me sleep—let me sleep.*" After this he never spoke. He slept quietly till the night of Wednesday the 20th, when the lingering dying taper was quite extinguished \*.

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HENRY ALBERT SCHULTENS. Died August, 1793, aged 44.

A GREAT linguist; professor of the Oriental languages in the universities of Amsterdam and Leyden. Some time before his death his physician found him reading the latter part of St. John's Gospel †, of which he expressed the warmest approbation, and added, "*It is no small consolation to me, that in the vigour of health I never thought less highly of the character and religion of Christ, than I do now, in the debility of sickness.* Of the truth and excellence of Christianity I have always been convinced; and have always, as far as human frailty would allow, endeavoured so to express this conviction, *that in these my last hours I might with confidence look forwards to a blessed immortality ‡.*"

\* Holliday.

† Chapters xiv. xv. xvi. and xvii. of St. John's Gospel, the xliith chapter of Hebrews, together with selections from the Psalms, may be read with great advantage in sickness.

‡ Chalmers.

DOCTOR REID. Died October 7, 1796, aged 87.

CELEBRATED as a profound and accurate metaphysician. Towards the close of life, indeed, his memory was much less vigorous than the other powers of his intellect, in none of which could I ever perceive any symptoms of decline. His ardour for knowledge too remained unextinguished to the last, and when cherished by the society of the young and inquisitive, seemed even to increase with his years. What is still more remarkable, *he retained in extreme old age all the sympathetic tenderness, and all the moral sensibility of youth*: the liveliness of his emotions, wherever the happiness of others was concerned, forming an affecting contrast to his own unconquerable firmness under the severest trials. In apparent soundness and activity of body, he resembled a man of sixty more than of eighty-seven.

His active and useful life was now drawing to a conclusion. A violent disorder attacked him about the end of September, but does not seem to have occasioned much alarm to those about him, till he was visited by Dr. Cleghorn, who soon after communicated his apprehensions in a letter to Dr. Gregory. Among other symptoms he mentioned particularly, "that alteration of voice and features, which though not easily described, is so well known to all who have opportunities of seeing life close." Dr. Reid's own opinion of his case was probab'y the same with that of his physician, as *he expressed to him on his first visit his hope that he was soon to get his dismissal* \*.

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GENERAL WASHINGTON. Died Dec. 14, 1799, aged 67-8.

THE founder of the independence of the United States of America. On the 13th of December, 1799, attending to

\* Dugald Stewart.



some improvements on his estate, his neck and hair from a slight rain became wet. In the following night he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the wind-pipe, attended with some pain and difficult deglutition, which was soon succeeded by fever and a laborious respiration.

He was bled in the night, but would not permit his family physician to be sent for before day. About 11 o'clock Dr. Craik arrived, and rightly judging that the case was serious, recommended that two consulting physicians should be sent for. The united powers of all three were in vain, respiration became more contracted and imperfect. Between eleven and twelve on Saturday night, and *in about thirty-five hours* from the time he was in his usual health, *he expired without a struggle, and in the perfect use of his reason.*

In every stage of his disorder he believed that he should die, and was so much under this impression, that he submitted to the prescriptions of his physicians more from a sense of duty than expectation of relief. Having given them a trial, *he expressed a wish that he might be permitted to die without further interruption.* After his power of deglutition was gone, he undressed himself and went to bed to die there. To his friend and physician, Dr. Craik, he said, I am dying, and have been dying for a long time, but *I am not afraid to die.* The equanimity which attended him through life did not forsake him in death. *He submitted to the inevitable stroke with the dignity of a man, the calmness of a philosopher, and the resignation and confidence of a Christian\*.*

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REV. WILLIAM JONES. Died February 6, 1800, aged 74.

A VENERABLE and pious divine of the Church of England. *Like many other good and pious men before him, he had*

\* Ramsay.



*long very much dreaded death; but to his own great comfort this dread he completely overcame*\*. The Sacrament had frequently been administered to him during his confinement; and he received it, for the last time, about a week prior to his death. A little while previous to his dissolution, as his curate was standing by his bed-side, he requested him to read the 71st Psalm, which was no sooner done, than he took him by the hand, and said, with great mildness and composure, "*if this be dying, Mr. Sims, I had no idea what dying was before* †."

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COWPER. Died 1800, aged 69.

A DISTINGUISHED poet. On April the 25th, about five in the afternoon, *he expired so quietly, that not one of his friends who were present perceived his departure, but from the awful stillness which succeeded* †.

\* If in order to disparage Christianity, the last hours of some infidels be contrasted with that dread of death and its consequences which this pious clergyman, with Cowper, Dr. Johnson, and some other sincere Christians entertained during life, the cause may be inferred on perusing the following narrative:—

Quum aliquando Corinthum navigasset, (i. e. Aristippus) et orta tempestas naufragium minaretur, expalluit Aristippus: id animadvertens è vectoribus crassus quispiam militaris, ac philosophorum osor, sedatâ tempestate cœpit insultare: Cur, inquit, vos philosophi, qui prædicatis mortem non esse formidandam, expallescitis in discrimine, nos indocti non timemus? Quoniam, inquit Aristippus, non de pari animâ tibi mihique cura ac metus est. A. Gellius hoc addit: Ego timeo animæ Aristippi, tu non times animæ nebulonis. Dicitur aliis Aristippum ostendisse porcum qui in terribili tempestate spatari transtra navis sine curâ seu periculi seu mortis.—*Erasmî Apophth.* fol. 152. *Laert.* fol. 135. *Gellius excusat pallorem in philosopho*, fol. 498.

† Chalmers.

† Ibid.

DR. BEATTIE. Died August 18, 1803, aged 68.

THE celebrated author of the *Essay on Truth*. The death of his only surviving child completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie; the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary, but almost total loss of memory, respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him; and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, "You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is?" She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. When he looked, for the last time, on the dead body of his son, he said, "*I have now done with the world*," and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so. Extreme and premature debility, occasioned by two paralytic strokes, terminated his life \*.

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MADAM NECKER.

THE mother of Madam de Stael, and wife of Necker, the financier. *It was often a solace to my mother to hear music during her sickness. Every evening musicians were summoned to her chamber, and she felt that harmonious sounds might inspire those elevated thoughts, which can alone give to death the character of sublime serenity.* On the last day of her life, whilst wind-instruments were playing in an apartment close to hers, there was something inexpressibly sombre in the contrast between the different expressions of the airs and the uniform sentiment of sadness

\* Sir William Forbes.



with which the approach of death filled every heart. One day when it happened that no musicians were in attendance, at the request of my father, I sat down to the piano, and after having executed several pieces, began to sing the air of *Edipus Colonna* by Sacchini, the words of which describe the cares of *Antigone*:

"She has lavished her tenderness and her cares;  
Her sympathy has lent charms to my misfortunes."

My father could not listen to these words without shedding a torrent of tears. I ventured not to proceed; and for several hours after saw him at the feet of his dying wife, wholly abandoned to that powerful emotion which reduced a great man, a man occupied with important interests, and fortified by sublime meditation, the mere creature of feeling, overwhelmed with grief, and inaccessible to consolation.

Some hours after my mother's death, I entered his chamber, the windows of which opened on a magnificent view of the Alps, illumed by the morning sun. Perhaps her soul hovers there, exclaimed he, pointing to a slight cloud that passed over the horizon, and then he remained silent for a long time\*.

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WILLIAM PITT. Died January 23, 1806, aged 46-7.

THE eminent statesman. The bishop (of Lincoln) immediately went to Mr. Pitt's bed-side, and told him, he found it to be his duty to inform him, that his situation was considered as precarious, and requested his leave to read prayers to him, and to administer the Sacrament. Mr. Pitt looked earnestly at the bishop for a few moments, and then, with

\* Madam de Staël.

perfect composure, turned his head to Sir Walter Farquhar, who stood on the other side of the bed, and slowly said, "How long do you think I have to live?" The physician answered, he could not say, and expressed a faint hope of his recovery. A half smile on Mr. Pitt's countenance shewed that he placed this language to its true account. In answer to the bishop's request to pray with him, Mr. Pitt said, "*I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground for hope that it can be efficacious on a death-bed.* But," rising as he spoke, and clasping his hands with the utmost fervour and devotion, "I throw myself *entirely*," the last word being pronounced with a strong emphasis, "upon the mercy of God, *through the merits of Christ!*" The bishop assured him that the frame of his mind at this awful moment was exactly such as might reasonably be expected to render prayer acceptable and useful.

The bishop then read prayers, and Mr. Pitt joined in them with calm and humble piety. He repeatedly expressed, in *the strongest manner*, his sense of his own unworthiness to appear in the presence of God, disclaiming all ideas of merit, but with a conscience evidently clear and undisturbed. He appealed to the bishop's knowledge of the steadiness of his religious principles, and said it had *ever* been his wish and endeavour *to act rightly*; and to fulfil his duty to God and to the world, but that he was very sensible of many errors and failures. He declared that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God; that he felt no enmity towards any one, but died in peace with all mankind; and expressed his hope, at once humble and confident, of eternal happiness, through the intercession of his Redeemer.

Mr. Pitt was much exhausted by his exertions, and very soon grew much worse. About two o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon, he suffered much for some time, and seemed



to struggle for breath. He then fell into a kind of stupor, but remained sensible almost to the last. About a quarter past four on Thursday morning, the 23d of January, 1806, the anniversary of that day on which, twenty-five years before, he had first become a member of the British senate, he breathed his last, without a struggle, and without pain\*.

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BISHOP HURD. Died May 28, 1808, aged 88.

PRESENTED to the Bishoprick of Worcester, and made clerk of the closet, May 1781, by his Majesty, George the Third. From his elevation to this see, humbly declining the offer of that of Canterbury, afterwards made by his gracious majesty, "as a charge not suited to his temper and talents," he spent his time in the discharge of his episcopal duties, as far as his increasing infirmities would permit, and in studious retirement. So late as the first Sunday in February before his death, though then declining in health and strength, he was able to attend his parish church, and to receive the Sacrament. Free from any painful or acute disorder, *he gradually became weaker, but his faculties continued perfect.* After a few days' confinement to his bed, *he expired in his sleep*†.

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HAYDN. Died 1809, aged about 77.

AN eminent musician. The war broke out between Austria and France. This intelligence roused Haydn, and exhausted the remnant of his strength. He was continually inquiring for news; he went every moment to his piano, and sang

\* Gifford. Bishop Tomline.

† Chalmers.

with the small thread of voice which he yet retained, "God preserve the emperor." The French armies advanced with gigantic strides. At length, on the 10th of May, having reached Schönbrunn, half a league distant from Haydn's little garden, they fired, the next morning, fifteen hundred cannon-shot, within a few yards of his house, upon Vienna, the town which he so much loved. The old man's imagination represented it as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his house. His two servants ran to him full of terror. The old man rousing himself, got up from his easy chair, and with a dignified air demanded, "*why this terror* ; know that no disaster can come where Haydn is." A convulsive shivering prevented him from proceeding, and he was carried to his bed. On the 26th of May, his strength diminished sensibly. Nevertheless, having caused himself to be carried to his piano, he sung thrice, as loud as he was able,—

" GOD PRESERVE THE EMPEROR !"

It was the song of the swan. *While at the piano he fell into a state of insensibility, and at last expired* \*. Haydn was a religious character. On all his scores he inscribed "in nomine Domini," or "soli Deo gloria," and ended with "Laus Deo." "When I was employed upon the Creation," said he, "I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the piano-forte, I prayed to God with earnestness, that he would enable me to praise him worthily."

\* From the French of Bombet.



ALEXANDER ADAM, LL.D. Died Dec. 18, 1809, aged 68.

RECTOR of the High School of Edinburgh. He had proceeded as far as the word "comburo," with a plenitude of illustration that would have made the work a treasure of Latinity, when he was seized in school with an apoplectic affection,—occasioned perhaps by the intenseness of his application, and the small portion of sleep he allowed himself; certainly not by his mode of living, which was simple and abstemious to an extreme degree. He lingered five days under the disease. During the last days of his life, Dr. Adam expressed no presentiment of death, nor did he seem to be influenced by any of those feelings of anxiety which are commonly believed to occupy the mind in our dying hours. He was much impressed with the idea of his usual avocations; and upon the verge of existence, *he fancied himself employed in putting questions to his scholars.* He often expressed the most anxious wish to be permitted to walk out to the High School, and at certain times it was with much difficulty he was detained in his rooms. Amidst the wanderings of mind that accompanied it, he was constantly reverting to the business of the class, and addressing his boys; and *in the last hour of his life, as he fancied himself examining on the lessons of the day, he stopped short and said, "But it grows dark, you may go,"* and almost immediately expired\*.

\* Sup. Brit. Enc. An account of the life and character of, &c., October, 1810.]

BISHOP WATSON. Died July 4, 1816, aged 78-9.

CELEBRATED for his writings against infidelity, and for his ability in general. The health of the Bishop of Llandaff rapidly declined: bodily exertion became extremely irksome to him; and though his mental faculties continued unimpaired, yet he cautiously refrained from every species of literary composition. The example of the Archbishop of Grenada was often before him.

He expired; illustrating in death the truth of his favourite rule of conduct through life, "*Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last* \*."

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DR. BROWN Died April 2, 1820, aged 42.

AN eminent metaphysician; professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. During the whole period of his illness he never was heard to utter a complaint. Gentle as he ever was, sickness and pain made him still more so. His only anxiety seemed to be the distress which his illness occasioned to those who were dear to him.

After he became unable to sit up, he was carried to the drawing-room every forenoon, where he lay upon a sofa for a few hours. He thought himself much refreshed by this. On the morning before his death, he wished to be carried into the drawing-room before breakfast. He had suffered much during the night, but upon his being removed he seemed considerably relieved. Soon after his physician left him he became rather faint, and got a little wine, which seemed to revive him for a moment, though he was still very

\* R. Watson, Prebendary of Llandaff and Wells.



low. His head was raised that he might cough with more ease, and in this state he breathed his last \*.

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REV. THOMAS RENNELL. Died June 30, 1824, aged 36.

A VERY pious and able divine of the Church of England. The course of this admirable man was now fast drawing to its close, and that too at a time when the full blaze of prosperity had just opened upon it. In the autumn of 1823, he was united by marriage to a very amiable and excellent lady, the eldest daughter of John Delafield, Esq., of Kensington. At this period, indeed, his cup of blessings was full to the very brim. Surrounded by "troops of friends," bound to him by the strongest ties of esteem and gratitude, honoured for his talents and learning and virtue, by those even who were personally unacquainted with him; possessing in a singular degree the respect and affection of his parishioners; placed in circumstances of affluence sufficient for the indulgence of every reasonable desire, and having before him the certain prospect of rising to the highest rewards and distinctions of his profession—to this rare assemblage of felicities, he now added the invaluable jewel of domestic affection. But the seeds of decay and dissolution were at this very time rapidly working within him. "*O fallacem hominum spem, fragilemque fortunam, et inanes nostras contentiones: quæ in medio spatio sæpe franguntur et corruunt, et ante in ipso cursu obruuntur quam portum conspiciere potuerunt.*" O how fallacious the hope of man, how frail his fortune, and how vain his petty strifes; frequently are they wrecked midway, and foundering in the voyage itself, are totally overwhelmed by the waves without being able even to see the haven.

\* Life of Dr. Brown.

(Cic. de Orat). Not many weeks after his marriage, Mr. Rennell was attacked by a fever, from which he was for some time in imminent danger. Nothing could exceed the earnest and affectionate solicitude which on this occasion was manifested by persons of all ranks, particularly by his parishioners, whose attachment had so lately displayed itself in a very different manner by a public entertainment given in honour of his happy marriage. From the immediate attack of the disease he recovered; but the utmost efforts of his medical attendants, who joined the most zealous assiduity of friendship to the highest professional skill, were unavailing to counteract the fatal effects which were left behind. A gradual decline ensued, interrupted indeed by occasional rallyings of his constitution; which, added to the vivacity of spirits and vigour of intellect still exhibited by him, served to keep alive in his family and friends hopes, which, alas! were soon to be dashed to the ground for ever. But while his body languished, his mind still was active; and, anxious that no part of his life should be without its fruits, he employed the intervals of ease which were afforded him, in preparing a last tribute to the holy cause which he had so earnestly embraced, and so effectually supported. "Munter's Narrative of the Conversion and Death of Struensee," first translated from the German into English in 1774, was a book upon which he had long and justly set a very high value, as admirably calculated for the counteraction of irreligious and licentious principles. As, therefore, it had become scarce, and was but little known, he thought that he should render good service to the world by introducing it anew to public notice. This he accordingly did by putting forth a new edition of it, which he only just lived long enough to complete, with notes, substituting English books for the German ones recommended by the original, and with a short but useful and very impressive introduction, breath-



ing the purest spirit of piety and benevolence. "Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox." (Cic. de Orat.) The time of his departure was at hand: "He had fought the good fight, he had finished his course; he had kept the faith. Henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness!" He had now fallen into a confirmed and hopeless atrophy; and having vainly tried the effects of sea air, had retired into the bosom of his family at Winchester, where at length he expired in peace on the last day of June, 1824. The close of his life (they are the words of a suffering witness, who it is hoped will pardon their introduction here) was in perfect unison with the whole preceding tenor of it; and his pious serenity, resignation, and benevolence in his last moments were never surpassed. *In the extremity of bodily weakness and exhaustion*, he said, *I am supported by Christ!* And so he departed to be with Christ, to have his portion with the good and faithful servants of the Lord, to shine with the wise "as the brightness of the firmament, and with them that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever \*."

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DR. PARR. Died March 6, 1825, aged 73.

A CELEBRATED classic. To the latest period of his life the vigour of Dr. Parr's mind remained unimpaired. In his 77th year he wrote to Mr. Brougham, "Animo quam nulla senectus, say I, triumphantly, in the words of Statius." His last illness was long protracted. In the course of it appearances were, more than once, so favourable as to excite the strongest hopes of his recovery; but about a fortnight before his decease, all these flattering ideas took their flight.

From that time he gradually declined, the vital powers slowly and almost imperceptibly wasting, until exhausted nature sunk, and in the evening of the 6th of March, 1825, he gently expired, having completed his seventy-eighth year on the 26th of January. He was to the last serene and placid—calmly, even cheerfully resigned. It was most gratifying to his weeping relatives and friends to hear, mingled with the devoutest breathings of pious acquiescence in the will of Providence, the warm and glowing expressions which often broke from his lips, of intense feeling and generous concern for the welfare of his friends, his numerous acquaintance, his country, and his fellow men. Even in his last hours, it seemed to be still his delight, as it ever was in his previous life, to range through the whole compass of rational creation; embracing within his kindest thoughts and wishes, all human beings; and interesting himself in every event, in every part of the world which wore a favourable aspect towards human improvement and human happiness. With that greatness of mind which can anticipate with perfect composure the last awful change of mortal man, *he gave minute directions respecting his funeral* \*.

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BISHOP BARRINGTON. Died March 25, 1826.

LATE Bishop of Durham. He attained the great age of ninety-two with very little sickness! *On the Sunday preceding his dissolution, he read the appointed lessons to his assembled household, and feelingly told them it was for the last time.* In his letter to Lord Teignmouth, apologizing for his non-attendance at the general meeting of the Bible Society, to which from the beginning he was always a fast

\* Ann. Obit.



friend, he signified that this would be his last communication. *His decease was very tranquil, and almost imperceptible to his attendants* \*.

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REV. JAMES HALL, D.D. Died 1826, aged 71.

IN his last sickness he observed, "I find that the same spiritual processes, the same processes of spiritual reasoning, and the same hopes which go on and animate us when we are well, go on when we are ill; and encourage, support, and delight us more abundantly, in the hour of sickness, and in the prospect of death."

On looking upwards from his sick chair, among other things he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

"I know in whom I have believed, and that what I have committed to him he will preserve against that day."

"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"I have finished my course, I have kept the faith;

\* Biog. and Obit.

*The following anecdote of a Child, at the Spitalfields' Infant School, will show how early religious impressions may be made upon the infant mind, and the effects such impressions have in the dying moments of a child.*

A little boy, between the age of five and six years, being extremely ill, prevailed on his mother to ask me to come and see him; the mother called and stated that he said, "he did want to see his master so bad, that he would give any thing if he could see him." The mother likewise said, she should be very much obliged if I would come; conceiving that the child would get better after he had seen me. I accordingly went, and on seeing the child, considered that he could not recover. The moment I entered the room, the child attempted to rise but could not. "Well, my little man (said I), did you want to see me?" "Yes, sir, I want to see you very much," answered the child. "Tell me what

henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

"I was sensible of my mind becoming gradually unhinged. I felt it difficult to collect my thoughts, and some doubts of darkness for a short time overspread my mind. But it is written, '*It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light; and, blessed be God, now all is light in the Lord.*'"

"The cords that bind me to this world are numerous and very tender; but they must all be cut, and that very soon. That is a true saying of David's—'*my heart faileth.*' Yes, my flesh and my heart faileth: but *God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*"

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DR. MASON GOOD.

REMARKABLE for his piety, and extensive attainments in literature. He possessed high intellectual endowments, which were made instrumental to the acquirement of very extensive erudition. His principal works are a new translation of the Book of Job, Solomon's Song, the Book of Psalms, and "The System of Nature," a recent publication; to these

you wanted me for." "I wanted to tell you that I cannot come to school again, because I shall die." "Don't say that (said the mother), you will get better, and then you can go to school again." "No (answered the child), I shall not get better, I am sure, and I wanted to ask master to let my class sing a hymn over my body, when they put it in the pit-hole." The child having made me promise that this should be done, observed, "you told me master, when we used to say the pictures, that the souls of children never die, and do you think I shall go to God?" "You ask me a difficult question my little boy," said I. "Is it, Sir? (says the child) I am not afraid to die, and I know I shall die." "Well, child, I should not be afraid to change states with you, for if such as you do not go to God, I do not know what will become of such as myself; and from what I know of you, I firmly believe that you will, and all like you; but you know well I need to tell you at school." "Yes, Sir, I do; you used to tell me, that I should pray to God to assist me to do to others as I would they should do to me, as the hymn



may be added several medical treatises of great merit, and some minor publications, all characterised by talent and industry.

To his own family he avoided speaking particularly of himself, and of those sufferings which it is now known he must have endured for some time previous to his departure, knowing the distress it would give; but to others he frequently spoke of his declining health, yet rather gently intimating, than openly declaring, what the issue would be. His journey to Shepperton, a few days previous to his death, brought on violent pain, and he was almost exhausted on his arrival, but he rallied after a time. During his last illness, extreme pain incapacitated him from talking much; but he was sometimes heard to utter broken sentences, such as, *Oh the folly of putting off religion to a dying bed!* without seeming to have any immediate reference to his own case, because he expected, at this time, to recover from the present attack. Again, *Oh the vanity of human learning!* The person who sat up with him in an earlier part of this illness alone, says, that *great part of the night was spent in prayer*. Sometimes he would speak, and the purport of his observations, we have reason to believe, was an exhortation not to put off religion. Unwilling to grieve his

says; and mother knows that I always said my prayers night and morning, and I used to pray for father and mother, master and governess, and every body else." "Yes, my little man, this is part of our duty; we should pray for every one, and I think if God sees it needful, he will answer our prayers, especially when they come from the heart." Here the child attempted to speak, but could not, but waved his hand in token of gratitude for my having called; and I can truly say, that I never saw so much confidence, resignation, and true dependence upon the Divine will, manifested by any grown person on a death-bed, much less by a child under the tender age of seven years. I bade the child adieu, and was much impressed with what I had seen. The next day the mother called on me, and informed me that the child had quitted his tenement of clay, and that just before his departure he had said to her and those around him, that the souls of children never die: it was only the body that died: that he had been told at school, that the soul went to God who gave it.—S. Wilderspin.

family by any expressions of the agony he endured, his very delirium served to shew the kind feelings of his mind, as he then generally talked of being well, and begged of those around him not to concern themselves so much. The wonderful ebb and flow of reason, the entire aberration of mind at some seasons, often succeeded by a complete self-recollection, and full possession of all his reasoning powers at other times, can scarcely be conceived by those who were not eye-witnesses of the fact. After solemnly blessing his grandson, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, he added instantly—*now—no more—go.*—

He afterwards said, “I have taken, what unfortunately the generality of Christians take, the middle walk of Christianity. I have endeavoured to live up to its doctrines and duties, but I have lived below my privileges. I have had large opportunities given me, but I have not improved them as I might have done. I have been led astray by the vanity of human learning, and by the love of human applause.” And when asked by the clergyman in whose parish he died, whether there were any things in particular that he would wish him to pray for, he replied, “I want to be more humbled under a sense of sin, I want more spirituality, more humility.” “No man living,” said he, a short time previous to his death, “can be more sensible than I am that there is nothing in ourselves in which to trust, and of the absolute necessity of relying on the merits of Jesus Christ.” He often repeated the text, and dwelt upon it with evident satisfaction, “Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;” and when the power of distinct articulation was gone, and he was almost in the action of death, and his kind clerical friend said to him, “Behold the Lamb of God”—he added, with an effort that surprised those around him, “*who taketh away the sins of the world;*” and these were the last words he intelligibly uttered\*.

\* Jeram.



BISHOP HEBER. Died April 3, 1826.

THE late lamented Bishop of Calcutta. "Our worthy, our pious, our indefatigable Diocesan is no more! But two hours have elapsed since, his immortal spirit took its flight to that God who gave it. We arrived here on Saturday morning, and his lordship appeared in his usual good spirits. Yesterday he preached to a crowded audience, and in the evening confirmed forty young persons; after which he delivered a most impressive address. This morning, at six o'clock, I accompanied him to Fort Church, where he confirmed eleven native Christians. In going and returning he was most affectionate in his manner, and talked freely of the glorious dispensation of God in Christ Jesus, and of the necessity which rested on us to propagate the faith throughout this vast country. On his return *he went to the bath*, in which he had bathed the two preceding days, but *his servant thinking that he remained long*, opened the door, and *saw him at the bottom of the water apparently lifeless*. The alarm was given; I hastened to the spot; and alas! mine was the awful task to drag, together with Mr. Robinson, his mortal remains from the water. All assistance was instantly procured; such as bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs; but in vain; the immortal inhabitant had forsaken its tenement of clay, doubtless to realize before the throne of the Lamb those blessings of which he yesterday spoke so emphatically and powerfully. *A blood-vessel it appears had burst in the brain, which must have caused immediate death.*" Trichinopoly, 3d of April, 1826 \*.

\* Rev. J. W. Doran's Letter.

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